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*James Ward*









THE  
SEVENTH VOLUME  
OF  
LETTERS

Writ by a

**Turkish Spy,**

Who liv'd Five and forty YEARS  
undiscover'd at

**P A R I S :**

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan*  
at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable Trans-  
actions of *Europe* : And discovering several In-  
trigues and Secrets of the *Christian Courts* (espe-  
cially of that of *France*) continued from the Year  
1642, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian,  
and from thence into English, by the Translator of  
the First Volume.*

THE TENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.



IS not to be expected, that the World will take it for an Excuse of the tedious Delay has been made in publishing the 7th Volume of the *Türkish Spy*, to say, That our *Arabian* now grows Old and Decrepit; is forced to walk with a Staff or Crutch; as he himself confesses in one of the following *Letters*; and is besides worn out with Sicknefs and Care; so that he cannot be so expeditious in Business as he was in his Youth. It may be said, this Apology would be more proper for the *English Translator* to make, were he in the same Condition. But he is in his Prime; in the Flower of his Age, Vigorous and Active; and therefore might have made more Haste, they will say, to oblige the World, and gratify the Expectations of those Gentlemen who perpetually dun the *Booksellers* for the rest of his *Mahometan Letters*.

## To the READER.

It were easy to answer this, by only putting you in Mind, That he who undertakes to lead a slow-footed, short-winded, and weak Person by the Hand, and conduct him to his Journey's End, must of Necessity keep the same Pace with his Charge, tho' he himself were swift as a Stag, when alone and at Liberty. Besides that, a Man is apt to attract a Contagion from the Company he keeps, and turn their ill Qualities into Habits of his own.

But all this is trifling, and our *English* Translator is under none of these Circumstances. To come to the Purpose therefore, Gentlemen, you will commend our *Translator's* Wisdom, for not being in such *Post-Haste* at this Juncture, when you reflect, That, like a wise *Racer*, tho' he gave a Start in the Beginning, At first setting out, yet he soon slacken'd his Pace, that he might make sure of the *Goal*, remembering the Old *English Proverb*, *The more Haste the worse Speed*. Thus he suffered

Three Years to slide by him, be-  
2d Vol. fore he reached the *Second Stage*.

And tho' he began to take up his  
heels more nimbly afterwards, so as to recover by Degrees his lost Time and Ground, yet still he did but moderately jogg on; now springing, then halting, as Occasion offer'd,

## To the READER.

offer'd, and as he found his Strength could hold. At length, having but *Two Stages* more, wonder not, that he is a little more tedious than ordinary in this : For he does it to refresh himself, and keep his *Breath* for the last Strain of all, which brings the Prize : Observing herein the *Old Adage*, *Finis Coronat Opus*.

As to the *Letters* contain'd in this Seventh *Volume*, there is little to be said more particular than of those that have gone before. They in general contain a Miscellany of *Historical Transactions*, *Moral* and *Philosophical Thoughts*, interspersed here and there with *Mahometan Politicks* and *Divinity*.

Only you will find our *Arabian* engaged with a certain *Jew* at *Vienna*, in fomenting the *Discords* of the *German Empire*, encouraging the *Rebels* of *Hungary*, *Croatia*, and mutinous *Provinces*. You will hear of the *Deaths* of *Count Serini*, *Frangipani*, and *Nadasti*, who were all beheaded for being *Ringleaders* in this *Rebellion*.

The next and last *Volume* has this of singular in it, that it will present you with the Rise and Preferment of *Count Teckely*, who has made so much Noise in the World. It relates many of his Publick Actions, and not a few of his Secret Intrigues. In fine, it discovers the Train that was laid to blow



*To the READER.*

up all *Europe* into the Flame of open War, and universal Hostility, which to this Day consumes the Lives and Estates of so many thousand *Christians*, impoverishes and lays waste whole Nations, and 'tis to be feared will end in letting in the *Turks*, once more upon us to our final Ruin and Confusion: since those *Infidels* never take greater Advantage to invade and conquer the *Dominions* of Christians, than when they find us involved in domestick Wars, one with another.



A T A



A  
T A B L E  
OF THE  
LETTERS and MATTERS.  
contain'd in this Volume.

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## LETTERS



# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK I.

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## LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to*  
Mirmadolin, Holy Santone *of the*  
*Vale of Sidon.*



HY was I made a Man, to endure these cruel Agonies, of which no other *Species* of known *Beings* can possibly be capable? Or why, at least, was I particularly form'd of such a Constitution, as to attract the Evils which are scatter'd up and down the World, and Piece-meal dropp'd on the *Nativities* of other Mortal Men; whilst I alone am made the Common Sink of Human Miserey? Surely my partial *Horoſcope* monopolized the most envenom'd *Aſpects* of the *Stars*, without partaking of the least benign and favourable *Glance*. The Planets had laid up an Anci-

ent deep Reserve of *Fatal Influences*, which they pour'd out at large upon the very Moment of my Birth, Nor cou'd the careful *Midwife* with all her Skill and Charms, defend my tender, ductile, reeking Body, from the invincible *Cataracts*, which flow'd upon me from all the envious *Signs* and *Constellations* in *Heaven*.

My whole Life has been but one continu'd Tragedy, wherein the various Change of *Scenes* has not reliev'd me from the least real Evil hid behind, but only amus'd my *Sense* with some new Pageantry, some fair *Idea* of Honour, Pleasure or Profit; when before the *ACT* was done, I found myself cajoll'd, overwhelm'd in fresh Calamities, Misfortunes which I never dreamt of.

Oh! that the *Omnipotent*, when from Eternal silent Thought, he drew the *Idea's* of every *Species*, and every *Individual Being*, which he design'd for actual Existence in the World, had form'd me for a Tree, an Herb, a Blade of Grass, a Stone, a Mushroom, or any insensible thing, incapable of Pleasure or Pain, of Grief or Joy, or other Passions, which hourly thus torment our human Race! I had been then a happy *Neuter* to all false Shews of Happiness, and real Sense of Misery. Oh! that I'd been an Oak, a Beech, a Palm, or Cypress of the Forest: for then, if *Vegetables* have any feeling of their own State, I should be only touch'd with secret Pleasure, when the gentle Winds should play among my am'rous Branches, and teach my wanton Leaves to dance the Measures of young harmless Love; or when I felt the seasonable Rain distilling on my wither'd Bark, and from thence sliding to my thirsty Roots; or when great *Phæbus* prints warm vigorous Kisses on my Cheeks and Neck. But if this be too proud a Thought, I wish I'd been only some humble Shrub, some Pigmy Plant, some vegetable Dwarf, a Page unto the mighty Trees, subsisting on the Drops and Fragments of their large Banquets, meekly cringing at their Feet; whilst I stood safe and free from Storms, under the Shade of their extended Boughs, in happy, low Obscurity.

When

Vol. VII. *a Spy at PARIS.* 3

When I pass through the Fields, and see the harmless Sheep browsing upon the tender Grass, and hear them bleating to their wanton Lambs, I cannot chuse but envy them a Life so void of Care and Pain. They range and sport at large in Flow'ry Meadows, near some Crystal Stream, or take the Pastures of the Mountains: whilst chearful Shepherds tune their Pipes, and sing in Praise of *Amaryllis*, *Daphne*, *Sylvia*, or some other *Nymph*; and watchful Dogs lie scouring on the Plain, to give th' Alarm, and chase away fly Wolves, and other ravenous Beasts.

After I've let my Envy fix it self a while on these, a warbling Melody from neighbouring Groves diverts my melancholy Thoughts, and turns them to new Objects. Then I lament my Fate, in that I was not made a Nightingal, a Thrush, a Lark, or any of the Feather'd Choir, who with sweet careful Notes salute *Aurora* and the rising *Sun*, and chirp all Day the Praises of that Source of Warmth and Life, who vests the Earth in green Attire, who decks the Trees with verdant Leaves, and fills the World with Light. They chirp and fly from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough, rejoicing in the Beams that dart and glide among the moving Shades of Branches rock'd by Winds. Their Thoughts are taken up in building Nests, wherein to hatch their young, and shelter them from Injuries. They have no Plots nor Politick Tricks, to undermine each other; but pass away their Time in innocent Secdurity and harmless Pleasures.

Methinks the Worms and little Reptiles of the Earth are happier far than I. They crawl and creep about in hollow Trees, in Clefts of Rocks and Crannies of the Ground, to hunt for Food and for Diverstifement. They live at Ease without being rack'd by supernumerary Cares and Fears. And if some ruder Foot of Man or Beast shall trample them by Chance to Death, or more malicious Hand with Stone or other Weapon shall wilfully bereave them of their Life, 'tis done so suddenly that they have no Sense of Pain.

Pain; Whereas my Life's a constant Martyrdom, a long continued *Series* of Torments.

I do not complain of the Distempers and Maladies which afflict my *Body*, though those are sometimes so violent as to make me wish for Death, that so I might be at Ease: But 'tis the fretting Anguish of my Mind, that forces all these Sighs and Exclamations from me, I am embarrass'd in the World, Snares compass me round about; my own good Nature has betray'd me: those of my *Blood* conspire against me; they hunt me up and down like a *Partridge* in the Wood; they closely pursue my Life. The Kindnesses that I have sown, spring up in Blades of bitter Ingratitude and Perfidy. My *Seminaries* bring forth *Aconite* and stinking Weeds, instead of pleasant Flowers and wholesome Fruits. *Taot* has set his Foot in all my Works. That sly interloping *Spirit* hates to see any good Thing prosper, or come to Perfection: He steals behind us in all our Ways; and as fast as we weave any Web of *Virtue*, he secretly unravels it, or deforms the Work with intermixing some Threads of *Vice*. I am weary of striving against the Current of my *Fate*. Oh? that I were as though I had never been! That my Soul were drench'd in *Lethe's* forgetful Waters, where all past Things are buried in Eternal Oblivion! Then would my Anguish be at an End; whereas I am now rowl'd about upon a Wheel of Miseries.

Holy *Santone*, when thou shalt read this, pity me; and amidst thy divine Ejaculations, dart up *Mahmur's* Soul to *Paradise*, on the Point of a strong Thought, that so at least I may have a Moment's Respite from my constant Sadness.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

LETTER II.

*To the Kaimacham.*

There is now some Probability of a Peace between the *English* and the *Dutch*: which will also reconcile this Crown to that of *Great Britain*; since the *King of France* engag'd in this War, only on the Account of the *Dutch* his Allies. The Advances toward this Accommodation, took their Rise from the Alliance lately concluded between the *States of the United Provinces*, the *King of Denmark*, the *Duke of Brandenburg*, and the *Princes of Brunswick*. The *King of England* protests against the *Dutch*, as the first Aggressors, in that they had taken above Two Hundred of his Merchant Ships, before he offer'd the least Act of Hostility. Which the *States* seeming to acknowledge, desire the *King* to appoint some Neutral Place of Treaty with them and their Allies in order to a Peace, the Security of Navigation and the Establishment of Commerce for the future.

Here is great Joy for the Birth of a young Princess, of whom the Queen was deliver'd on the 2d of the Moon of January. She is call'd *God's New-Year's-Gift to France*; in regard, the first Day of that Moon begins the Year with the *Christians*. And 'tis common among them to send mutual Gifts and Presents to one another at that Time, which they call *New-Years-Gifts*. And so it seems, *God Almighty* has appear'd very modest and complaisant, in thus timing the Nativity of the *Royal Babe*: For which they express their Thanks in Revelling, Dancing, Ballads, and a thousand other Vanities. And these Divertisements continue to this Time, it being the *Nazarenes Carnival*; a Season consecrated to Sport and Mirth, to Liberty, Buffoonry and all manner of comical and ridiculous Apisness.

During this Time, you shall see an infinite Variety of odd Humours, and mimical Actions in the open Streets, according to every Man's particular Fancy. Here you shall meet with one dress'd half i'th' *French* and half i'th' *Spanish* Fashion. On the left side of his Head hangs dangling down a long thick curled Peruke, which reaches to his Breast, whilst on the Right you see nothing but his own Hair, crop'd close to his Ears. A long Mustach as black as Jet, graces the Right Side of his upper Lip; whilst on the Left, he is as beardless as a Boy of seven Years Old. And so from Head to Foot, he wears two contrary Garbs. One walks with Gloves upon his Feet, and Shoes upon his Hands: Another wears his Breeches like a Mantle on his Shoulders. Here comes a stately Coach, jogging along with a grave slow Pace and drawn by Six fair Horses, as if some *Prince* or *Cardinal* were in it: when behold there's nothing but a silly *Ass* puts forth his giddy Head with flapping Ears, half drunk, with the jolting unaccustom'd Motion. Sometimes he brays aloud, and then the Rabble run a laughing. A Thousand other Fopperies there are, not worth thy Knowledge: For both the Noble and the Vulgar are all upon the Frolick at this Time, and indulge their wanton Fancies to the Height. But 'tis a fatal Season for the poor *Cats*: few of which escape the Multitude, whose peculiar Pastime 'tis to toss these Creatures in a Blanket till they are dead; or else to tye them Two and Two together by the Tails, and then they'll bite and scratch one another to Death. The *Cocks* also are generally great Martyrs during the *Carnival*; The Rabble have a hundred cruel Ways to murder them in Sport. All their Devices are inhuman and bloody. They did not learn these prophane Courses from *Jesus*, or any of the *Prophets* or *Apostles* of God: But they are the Reliques of *Geni*le Vanity, in the Beginning conniv'd at by the *Priests* the easier to retain their Profelytes in Obedience; who would rather have parted with their New Religion,

*igion* than with their old barbarous Customs. And thus the Pagan Fooleries were handed down to the Posterity of the *Primitive Christians*, and were adopted into the Family of *Church Traditions*: And Men are not more zealous for the *Gospel* itself, than for these ridiculous Prophanations of it: So dangerous a Thing is it for Governors, by a criminal Indulgence, to permit their *Subjects* any Liberty, which interferes with the *Fundamental Principles* of the *Law*: For such a Dispensation once granted, passes into a Precedent, which, in Process of Time, becomes of equal Force with the Law itself. And by such preposterous Methods of winning and retaining Converts, *Christianity* arriv'd to the Height of Corruption 'tis now infected with.

Sage Minister, 'twas for this Reason God rais'd up our *Holy Prophet*, and gave him a new Law, with Power to reform and chastise the *Infidels*. He planted the *Undefiled Faith* with Scymitar in Hand; not palliating or encouraging the smallest vicious Practice; but subduing all Things by the Dint of Reason, or the keen Edge of the Sword. God hasten his Return; for the Prevarications of this Age require it.

Paris, 27<sup>th</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

### LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Believe thou hast not forgot the Observations we us'd to make on the *Religion* of the *Christians*, when we were *Slaves* together in *Sicily*. How ridiculous some of their Practices appear'd to us, and yet what a Sanctity was manifest in others? How much we approv'd the *Majesty* of their Publick Worship, the



*Solemnity of their High Mass, the Gravity of their Processions!* And yet how great was our Disgust, when we consider'd that all these Honours were perform'd to Figures and Statues of Stone, Wood, Silver, Gold, or other Materials, the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*.

We scann'd their *Doctrines* also, which we learn'd from their *Priests* and *Books*, and descanted variously on them; as they were more or less conform to the Truth, and to the *Volume* brought down from *Heaven*. In a word, we prais'd the Good, and censured what was Evil in their *Faish* and *Manners*, or at least what we thought to be so; for herein we follow'd the Dictates of our Education.

But now in our riper Years, if we should call over our former Thoughts, perhaps we should be of a different Judgment, and find Matter to condemn even in our own past Censures: For whatever we might then think of the *Nazarenes*, upon a maturer Search, I cannot find them to be altogether such gross *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, as we and all *Mussulmans* are apt to believe.

That which gives me the greatest Scandal is, That the *Doctors* entertain some unwarrantable Speculations about *Three Subsistences* in *One Essence*, and are too venturous in their Thoughts concerning the *Eternal Generation* of the WORD, and *Emanation* of the BREATH, by which they say, *All Things* were *Created*, and are conserved in their *Beings*. They teach a *Doctrine* repugnant to the *Alcoran*, when they say, *That God has a Companion equal to himself*.

As to the *Incarnation* of *Jesus the Son of Mary*, the *Nazarenes* assert nothing, but what is suitable to the *Alcoran*, which teaches us, that he is the Word of God. In the *History* of his *Life*, they indeed come short of the *Mussulmans*: There being not the least mention made, in the whole *Book* of the *Gospel*, of many Passages of his *Infancy* and tender Years, where-with the *Alcoran*, with other *Holy Books* and *Traditions*

*dirions* of the *Ancients*, acquaint the true Believer<sup>s</sup>. The *Messenger* of God tells us, that *Jesus* spoke in h<sup>i</sup>s Cradle, resolv'd Doubts, clear'd up Mistakes, and preach'd the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*. Other *Writings* also inform us, that while he was young, he formed the Figures of divers Birds and Beasts of Clay and his own Spittle, and having breath'd on them, they became living Creatures, and prostrated themselves at his Feet. They relate also that he made a *Pigeon*, which flew up and down through divers Regions, and brought him News of whatever was done in the *Courts* of *foreign Princes*; and that from the Day of his *Birth* to that of his *Translation*, twelve *Angels* waited on him, and brought him down Food from *Paradise*. Of these things the *Christians* are ignorant, and of many other Passages. So that in the whole it is evident, that the *Mussulmans* have a more particular Relation of the Life of *Jesus*, than the *Christians* themselves have, since we reckon those Miracles, and other Actions of his, whereof the *Gospel* is silent.

But then, on the other side, they believe Things concerning his Death, whereof neither the *Alcoran*, nor any other of our *Writings* or *Traditions* make any mention, unless it be to confute the Error of the *Nazarenes* in that Point. I have heard the Arguments of their learned *Doctors*, and comparing them with our Objections, I know not well what to conclude.

They insist much on the publick Signs and Wonders, that fell out at that Time of the suppos'd *Crucifixion* of the *Messiah*; the rending of Rocks, opening of Graves, Resurrection of many Dead, and the preternatural Eclipse of the *Sun*, when the *Moon* was in Sight at the other Part of the *Horizon* in the same Moment: Which made a great *Philosopher* then in *Egypt*, cry out, *Either the Frame of the World is dissolved, or the God of Nature suffers.*

They tell a Story also of a certain Ship, that was on that very Day sailing in the *Archipelago*; and that

as they pass'd by certain Rocks, the Mariners heard a Voice calling *Thamus, Thamus*, very often and loud. Now there being one of that Name on board the Vessel, he answer'd to his Name: upon which the Voice said, *When thou comest to the Island of the Palodes, proclaim it aloud, that the great Pan is dead.* Which he did accordingly, and there follow'd a horrible Howling and Roaring from the Shore of that Island. This Passage was afterwards made known to the *Senate of Rome*, who thereupon, at the Instance of some noble *Romans*, sent to enquire in the *Provinces*, Whether any remarkable Person had died on that Day? And they were informed, That the *Jews* had on the same Day put to Death *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. And *Tiberius* the Emperor, on the Credit of this Passage, being also inform'd of the Miracles which *Jesus* wrought among the *Jews*, conceiving an immediate Veneration for so divine a Person, caus'd his *Statue* to be set up in the *Capitol*, and would have had him number'd among the *Gods*; but in this he was oppos'd by the *Senate*, because they had before decreed, That no new *Deities* should be added to the *Kalendar*.

In these things I rely on the Account which the *Christians* give of the *Death* of *Jesus*, though they bring Authorities also and Testimonies of their very Enemies, and inveterate Persecutors, the *Gentiles*; who therefore, one would think, cannot be suspected of Partiality. In a Word, I know not what to think of these Things. For if it be true that *Jesus* died on the *Cross* for the *Sins* of the *World*, as the *Christians* believe, and that there is no other Way to be saved but by believing this; then in what a sad Condition are all the *Jews* and *Mussulmans*, the one glorying in having murder'd the *Saviour* of the *World*, and the other not believing that he was murder'd? The first seem to merit most of Men; since though the Act was cruel in itself, yet according to this *Doctrine* it brought *Salvation* to all our *Race*: And therefore there was a Sort of *Christians* in former Times,

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Times, who worshipp'd the Serpent that tempted *Eve*, because according to their *Faith*, that Temptation was the first Step to *Mankind's* Happiness after *Adam's* Fall; and they plac'd *Judas* (who betray'd *Jesus* to the *Jews*) among the *Saints*, for having been so particular an Instrument in the World's Redemption.

If *Jesus* be the *Saviour* of Men, it is absolutely necessary to believe in him. But whether he be, or be not, the *Faith* of the *Christians* in that Point cannot hurt them, since our *Holy Prophet* himself has taught us, That *Christians* shall be saved, as well as the *Mussulmans*: Whereas the *Christians* say it is impossible for any to be saved, who follow the Law of *Mahomet*. So that they have our own Grant for their Salvation, which they deny to us. This is a great Advantage on their Side in the Controversy betwixt us.

For my Part, I tell thee ingenuously, were I convinc'd that *Jesus* was the Son of God, and that he suffer'd Death for the Sake of Men, I could readily embrace most of the other *Tenets* of *Christianity* without Scruple. I should not be frighted at their *Invocation* of *Saints*, since 'tis the same as we do our selves practise; nor would their *Images* and *Pictures* startle my *Faith*; I should look upon *Jesus* and a thousand more, as things indifferent in themselves, and only made lawful or unlawful by the Sanction of *Divine Authority*.

I should be most puzzled to know what *Church* to fix in among so many, all pretending to the right Way. I have examin'd their different Opinions, and find Reason, or something very like it, on both Sides. I admire the *Abstinence* of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and generally of all the *Eastern Christians*; yet their Ignorance distastes me. I honour the *Learning* and *Politeness* of the *Roman Church*, and could almost veil to their Pretensions of *Antiquity*, *Universality*, and *incorrupt Doctrine*; but I am highly scandaliz'd at their *Licentiousness*, *Pride*, and *Cruelty*. There is much to

be argu'd for the *Copt's*, *Abyssins*, *Melchites*, the *Christians* of St. *John*, and other *Churches*; but more to be said against them. In fine, if I were to turn *Christian*, I should be in a Wilderness, not knowing which Path to take, for fear of missing the right.

In the State therefore wherein I am, I will think honourably of *Jesus*, as also of *Mary* his Mother, who, at her daily Return from the Temple, found a thousand Sorts of Flowers in her Oratory. I will not speak evil of any Person that has the Character of a *Saint*: but in general, will desire the Intercession of all that are near to God; 'tis ten to one, if some of them do not vouchsafe to pray for me. But whether they do or not, God hears me, and observes my Devotion; and if he please, my Petitions shall be granted. As for the rest, I will endeavour in all things to do as I would be done to, keeping my Conscience free from Stain, so that I may die in Peace; and what becomes of me afterward, 'tis in vain to be solicitous, since the Decrees of Fate are irreversible.

Tell me now, my Friend, whether these Thoughts and Resolves be not more agreeable to Humanity, than to be a furious *Bigot* for I know not what: Is that a commendable Zeal for Religion, which under pretence of defending the Truth, sticks not to assert a thousand Lies? Or that a laudable Charity for Souls, which in order to their Salvation takes infinite Pains to set the World together by the Ears, and embroil Mankind in perpetual Wars? What else do those Disturbers of human Race, who, not content with the Limits which the Fortune of their Birth has set them, invade the peaceable Possessions of their Neighbours, commit all Sorts of Violences, Rapines, and Outrages; and all this under Pretext of reforming the Manners of Men, introducing Purity of Religion, and fulfilling the Will of Heaven? As if it were a Mark of a Divine Commission, to be barbarously unjust, perfidious, and salvage; and that the Height of Piety consisted in shedding human Blood!

For

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For my part, I cannot approve of these Practices, and therefore think it safer to stand aloof from all Religions thus cruelly establish'd, than by entering into their inhuman Secrets, and swearing to their sanguine Articles, incorporate myself with profess'd Murderers, under the Notion of being a good Man.

Happy are those innocent Nations of the East, who from their first Progenitors have kept inviolate the Law of Nature; who have never defiled themselves with the Blood of Man or Beast; but every one contenting himself with his native Home-stall, and the Fruits of his own Land, makes no Encroachments on those that dwell near him, nor butchers the harmless Animals to gratify his ill-natur'd Appetite. These sit under the Shade of their own Trees, and bathe themselves in the adjoining Streams: They go in Peace into the Houses of their Rural Gods, and present them with Flowers, Rice, Fruits, and such as the Ground brings forth: They never dream of foreign Conquests, nor are troubled with domestick Broils, but lead their Lives in a perpetual Tranquillity and Innocence. All that they desire of Heaven, is the Continuance of those harmless Delights they at present enjoy. As for the tumultuary Pleasures of other Mortals, they have 'em in Contempt. This is an Umbrage of the Felicity we are promis'd in Paradise, where the Sound of the Drum and the Trumpet shall not be heard, and the Instruments of War shall be of no Use.

If thou chargest me with Inconstancy in my Opinions, I neither deny it, nor am asham'd; it being better to change one's Thoughts every Day, than to be fix'd in Error all one's Life. This to a Friend.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

L E T

## LETTER IV.

To Asis, Bassa.

THE Warriors and Mechanicks, Statesmen and Fiddlers, Courtiers and Husbandmen, Students and Chimney-sweepers, are all taken up in discoursing of the mighty Preparations the *Grand Signior* is making to besiege *Candia*. They talk of fifteen thousand *Pioneers*, who are at work in order to this grand Undertaking; and that the City is block'd up by an Army of sixty thousand Men: That they have been raising Batteries round about it ever since the *Moon* of *December*; and that the *Sultan* is resolv'd to win this important Place, though he hazard half the *Ottoman Empire*.

This is refreshing News to *Mahmut*, who has heard nothing but prosperous Stories of the *Mussulmans* Arms these many Years. Now I begin to lift up my Head and take Courage, when the *Empire* of *True Believers* makes some Noise and Figure in the World; whereas my Heart perpetually droop'd before, I was like one among the Dead.

It was but last Year when the *Nazarenes* could boast, that notwithstanding all the Menaces and Preparations of the *Grand Signior*, yet the *Venetians* were the first in Field by Land, and appear'd earliest with their Fleet at Sea, doing wonderful Things in *Dalmatia*, and blocking up *Canea* in the Isle of *Candy*: Now 'tis to be hop'd, they'll change their Note, and begin to consider what a formidable Force they have provok'd against them, even the Puissance of all *Asia*, Men of War from their Nativities, an Army of select and chosen Soldiers, undaunted *Heroes*, Sons of Thunder, magnanimous, invincible and destin'd to vanquish the *uncircumcis'd* Nations.

My Heart is reviv'd within me at the Contemplation

tion of sure and certain Victories, attending this glorious Expedition. My Spirits are dilated with Joy; I celebrate a *Dunalma* in my Breast. I am like an *Arabian Horse*, that foams, curvets, and paws the Ground in Fierceness, when he hears the Sound of the Trumpet warning to Battle; his Eyes sparkle with martial Fury, a Smoke goes out of his Nostrils, he lifts up the Voice of his Courage, his Rider can hardly restrain him. So I am all in Transport at these good Tidings: I can hardly contain myself within the Compass of Moderation. As old as I am, I feel a youthful Vigour stirring in my Veins; Methinks I long to be in the Heat of the *sacred* Combat, in the thickest Clouds of Gunpowder-Smoke, to stand the Shock of Showers of Bullets, or with my Scymetar in hand to hew my Way to immortal Honour and Felicity: For those who die in this Cause go strait to *Paradise*. But I must be contented with this tame humble *Post*, and serve the *Grand Signior* in the Manner prescrib'd by my Superiors. I tell thee, 'tis no small Mortification for an active Spirit to be thus confined. But Resignation becomes every good *Mussulman*; and I willingly sacrifice my Passions to the Pleasure of the *Grandeess* of the *Porte*, and the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Here I sit, like a *Fox* in his Den, watching the Motions of the *Infidels*: If any thing occurs worthy of Notice, out I bolt upon it, and make it my Prey, and send it as a *Present* to the august Ministers. I write to all by turns, and therefore none has Reason to take Exceptions.

If thou wouldst know what they are doing here in the Court of *France*; They are mustering the King's Troops; they are revelling and feasting at *Versailles*, the King's new Palace, where the Princes exercise themselves with the noble Discipline, which they call *running* in *Squadrons*. Whilst Thousands of People flock daily to *Versailles* from *Paris* and all the adjacent Countries round about, partly to be Spectators



of these Royal Pastimes, and partly to behold that gorgeous Fabrick, which is esteem'd the fairest and most magnificent in the World.

Serene *Bassa*, this Monarch has a vast *Genius*; whatsoever he undertakes he accomplishes, and all his Performances are surprizingly great. He has a deep Forecast, and seldom fails in his Judgments of what will probably come to pass. He is happily made, born, and brought up. A Prince, one would think, design'd by *Fate* for the *Empire* of the *West*.

Renowned *Asis*, I kiss the Hem of thy illustrious Robe, and with a profound Obeisance bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER V.

To Hafnadar Bassi, Chief Treasurer  
to the Sultan.

I AM convinc'd, 'tis now time for me to be resolute, bold, and assur'd in my own Conduct: For 'tis in vain to ask Counfel of the *sublime Ministers*. I have address'd myself at certain Seasons to them on that account, ever since I came first to *Paris*: But not one of them has vouchsafed me an Answer, or given me any particular Instructions how to deport myself in an emergent Peril of Discovery: Whether I should own myself an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*, or deny it; whether I should boldly stand the Brunt of all Events, or fly to Artifices and Evasions; whether I should persist in acting the *Moldavian*, and continue to personate a *Christian Student*, an *Ecclesiastical Candidate* under the feign'd Name of *Titus*; or frankly  
tell

tell them, I am a *Mussulman*, an *Arab*, and secret *Slave* of the *Sultan*.

I ought to have been certify'd in these Cases; and not left at random to guess, at this vast Distance, the Pleasures of my *Superiors*. But since it is their Will thus to make trial of my Fidelity, Prudence and Skill in warding off the Assaults of common Chance, Misfortune, and the Attempts of sly designing Men, I'll be as cunning as I can, without embarrassing my Peace with constant panick Fears and Apprehensions of I know not what. No vain Endeavours to avoid the fix'd Decree of Fate shall make me change my *Lodging*, or fly from every menacing Contingency. I'll rather trust to *Providence* and present Courage, the Justice of my Cause and Native Innocence, leaving the Event to *Destiny*.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive I am in some Trouble; and I can assure thee, thou art not mistaken. I am hatter'd, hunted up and down, and persecuted worse than the Foxes, Hares, and Hinds near *Adrianople*; I am an old Man, and yet they envy me the Happiness of a natural Death: they would not have me go down to the Grave in Peace. I have been imprison'd, threaten'd, dogg'd up and down the Streets, assassinated in the dark, had my Chamber search'd, my Letters in danger of being seiz'd, with those of the *Supreme Ministers*. I have run the risque of a Discovery, by meeting casually an *Infidel*, whose *Slave* I once was at *Palermo* in *Sicily*. I have been undermin'd by *Mussulmans*, as well as *Naxarenes*; by Strangers, and by *Solyman* my *Cousin*. Yet in all these Perils I have acquitted myself faithfully, come off with Success, and saved the Honour of my *Sovereign*; which is the only Thing for which I am solicitous. But for ought I know, my Care may prove in vain, and the Evils which I have so long fortunately escap'd, may now surprize and ruin me. As to myself, I care not what becomes of me; and if the *Secrets* of my *Commission* be reveal'd, let the *Ministers* of the *Porte*  
answer.

answer for that, who would never give me the least Direction.

About two or three Years ago, I was forced to remove from my old *Lodgings*, where I had resided ever since my first coming to *Paris*. The Dangers that then assaulted me, drove me to this House, where I still am, in a very obscure Place by the Wall of the City. Yet even hither am I pursued by watchful Enemies: New Hazards threaten me on all Hands. But I am resolv'd to fly no more, unless it be into the *City Disch*, where I can find Admittance through my *Landlord's* Cellar. There is a private Passage, dug perhaps in elder Times, during some Siege to serve the streight Necessities of those who then possess'd this House. It is so cunningly contriv'd, that human Wit can never discover it, unless by Chance, or by Direction of those that know it. The Ditch is dry, the Door of the House always lock'd; and my trusty *Hof* swears no body shall come in by Day or Night, till I have made a safe Retreat. So that if all the *Officers* in *Paris* should come to search, I should have time to pack up my Papers, and slink away into my lurking Hole. And if they should by monstrous Accident find the conceal'd Avenue, I could soon slip into the Fields, through the last *Postern* in the Wall, and lock them in beyond the Possibility of Pursuit; whilst I took care to hide myself afresh, or leave the *Country*.

This is my final Resolution, if ever I am put to an Extremity again. In the mean time, I desire thee to make it part of thy Care, that *Mahmut* shall not want for Money to carry on the *Sultan's* private Affairs without a Baulk. I do not demand unreasonable Things: Let me but live, and have enough to defray the necessary Expences of my *Service*, and that's all I crave. But let my Supplies be well tim'd and proportion'd; that I may husband my *Pension* to the best Advantage: Or else I must always press, and that's a Thing I hate. I have writ to all the *Treasurers* that  
went

went before thee on the same Account, and with equal Boldness. Therefore take not in ill Part what comes from blunt Sincerity, and constant full Desires to serve effectually the *Grand Signior*. It will be very easy for thee to anticipate *Mahmud's* Expectations, without exceeding the Orders which thou hast receiv'd. Money be damn'd, if we could breathe and serve our Friends, and carry on the Affairs of human Life without it. I am an *Arab*, and cou'd as freely pass away my Time in harmless Rambles o'er the *Provinces of Asia*; as thus to be confin'd to narrow fretting Circumstances, the only Effects of too unshaken, unregarded, and incorruptible Loyalty.

Wealthy *Dispenser* of the *Ottoman* Gold, I ask no *Alms*, but my appointed *Salary*; in sending of which, I desire thee to remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which says, *That he gives twice, who gives in Season.*

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon.  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER VI.

To Nathan Ban Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Know not whether I shall live to hear from thee again, or to send thee another Letter. Age, Sickness, Misfortunes, together with the Malice of Men, have laid a thousand Snares for my Life; I am as it were, hunted by *Nature*, *Providence*, *Destiny*, and *Chance*, into the very *Toils of Death*; from whence it will be very difficult for me to escape. Not to amuse thee, I am in danger of being discover'd, seiz'd, imprison'd; and then thou knowest, I can expect no less than to be put to the Torture, and rack'd with a thousand Inventions of Cruelty, that so they may force me to confess what I am, and what my Bu-  
ness

ness is in this *Kingdom and City*, where I have resided so many Years.

I was suspected by *Cardinal Richlieu*, for a *Mussulman*, as I have reason to believe from several convincing Circumstances of that *Minister's* Carriage to me, ever since his first Acquaintance with me at *Paris*. And the same Jealousy caused his Successor, *Cardinal Mazarini*, to put me into the *Bastile*, where I was closely confined for the Space of six *Moons*. And I might have lain there till this Time, for ought I know, had it not been for the good Conduct and honest Fidelity of *Eliachim*. In fine, tho' I have hitherto escap'd discovery, yet I cannot flatter myself that I shall always do so. If they once lay hold on me again, they will certainly search me for the *Scar of Circumcision*; and then all the Arguments the Wit of Man can find, will not be of force to blind them any longer, or save me from the Vengeance of the *State*. They will certainly put me to a cruel Death.

However, I'll baffle 'em if I can; and if I once escape, I'll bid adieu to *Paris*, if not to the whole *Kingdom*; being resolv'd not to trust any more to the deceitful Security of new Lodgings in this City, and a vain Removal from one Precinct and House to another: For the very Air of *Paris* is fatal to me. I am never free from Terror, whilst within these melancholy Walls. The *Genius* of the *Place* is at Enmity with *mine*. Every Thing I cast my Eyes on, seems to low'r and frown upon me: I start at the Voices of Men going along the Streets, and discoursing about their own Affairs: And if any one knocks at the Door, I'm presently upon my Guard, my anxious Soul still labouring with sad Presages of some Calamity at hand, ready to rush upon me unawares.

Perhaps I may go to *Lyons*, where a Stranger may live an Age conceal'd, and void of Peril, as in this City. Or I may take a farther Journey to *Marseilles*, *Toulon*, or any other Sea-port Town: where I will expect new Orders from my *Superiors*.

In

In the mean time, thou may'st continue to address thy Letters as before : For that Course can never fail, let me be where it pleases Heaven. *Eliachim* will take care of all Things. I writ to the *Hafnadar Bassi* on the same Account, desiring fresh Supplies of Money; which I suppose will come by the Way of *Vienna* : If so, I trust to thy Prudence in ordering my *Bills* with Speed, and the usual Cautiousness.

*Nathan*, adieu : And whatever becomes of me, live thou long and happily to serve the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER VII.

*To the Venerable Mufti.*

**A**S the poor injur'd Labourer, or *Slave* oppress'd by cruel and obdurate *Masters*; as the despairing *Client*, who can find no Justice from the *Cheicks*, *Cadils*, or *Cadilequers*, fly immediately to the *Serail*, to make their last Appeal, and seek Redress from the *Great Arbitrer* of human Feuds : So falls poor *Mah-mut* prostrate at thy Feet, O *Sacred Oracle* of *Mussulmans*; begging from thy Authority, whom no *Believer* dares to disobey, what I could never yet obtain from any *Minister of State*, or *Bassa* of the *Bench* : That is, how I must act in case I am discovered, or barely suspected, examin'd, and put to my Oath, concerning my Business at *Paris*? Lay thy speedy Commands on those whose Care it ought to be, that no Intelligence, Advice, or Counsel be wanting to me, the faithful *Agent* of the *Port*, residing here *incognito*, a *Spy* upon the *Infidels*. Or at least, vouchsafe to send me thy Instructions, Rules infallible, Orders of perfect Wisdom, and divine Sagacity.

I can

I cannot for the future stand the Brunt of long suspected Casualties; Events which glimmer from afar, like distant *Ignes Fatui*, or other vagrant *Meteors* of the Night: For so Contingencies appear, which are to come, uncertain, and remote; though sometimes near at hand; yet with deceitful Shew, they still mislead bewilder'd Mortals in the dark. So the tir'd Traveller in *Libyan* Wastes, is tantaliz'd by mocking Rays of Sands in drifted Heaps, or flying Bodies loosely wafted by the Winds; on which the *Moon* and *Stars* casting their Beams, create Refractions like *Domestick* Lamps or Tapers; and encouraging the disconsolate Man to hope for neighbouring Villages or Towns, where he may rest his weary Limbs, and find an hospitable Entertainment; secure from *Dragons*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, or the more *Fierce* and *Cruel* Race of *Men*, who lurk in secret Places of the affrighting *Desart*, to rob unwary Strangers, as they pass.

'Tis said, most *Holy Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, that *Men* are thus degenerate, and transcend the *horrid Nature* of the *wildest Beasts*! But sadder still, that *Cities*, first design'd for *Sanctuaries* of the *Distress'd*, should become worse than *Desarts*, and more *Inhospitable* than the Purlieu of *Dragons*, or the dreadful Haunts of *Lynxes*, *Crocodiles*, and other *Animals* of *Prey*. That *Men* pretending to be civiliz'd, to live in Community, and reciprocal Participation of all good Offices; incorporated by the same *Laws*, for no other End, but to help, assist, and defend one another against all *Foreign Enemies*; should, instead of this, prove more barbarous than *Salvages*, and more voracious than *Canibals*, whilst every *Citizen* preys on his Neighbour, and devours him whom he has sworn to protect. They all live by Robbery and Spoil. The Rich and Potent fleece those whose Wealth is not sufficient to defend them from Oppression. Thus are Towns and Cities, from celebrated *Refuges* of *Men*, become the *Dens* of *Thieves*, and  
cruel

cruel Murderers. The whole Earth is stain'd with the Blood of the Poor: The Cries of Widows and Orphans pierce the *Heavens*: The Generations of Men are corrupted with Fraud, Avarice, Perfidy, Ambition, Envy, and a thousand other Vices. Brother cannot trust the Son of his own Mother. Fathers are unnatural to their genuine Off-spring. Children think the Days tedious which prolong their Parents Lives. Self-Love teaches a Man to betray his Friend, for whom he rather ought to lose his Life. An universal Defection from Justice and sound Morality reigns every where.

But what is most surprizing, is, that even among those who bear the glorious Title and Character of the *True Faithful Mussulmans*, there should be found a Crew of Miscreants, Villains, and Traytors to God, his *Prophet*, and their *Sovereign*. I speak not of such, whose *Genial* Inclinations tempt them to commit vulgar Sins, which injure no Man but themselves. I tax no Drunkards, Gamesters, and those amorous Persons, who waste their Bodies, Time, Estates, and sacrifice their Reputation to Voluptuousness. These are but *Venial* Sins, and soon wash'd off by the appointed *Purifications* and *Penances*. A little Water, Dust, or Sand, with Fasting, and devout Invocation of the *Eternal Allah*, cancels these *Peccadillo's*; they are all put to the Account of human Frailty; such is the Pleasure of eternal Goodness. But I accuse the blacker Crimes of those, whom fretting Envy stimulates to persecute their harmless Neighbour; or base Ingratitude prompts to betray their Friends; or native Malice teaches to seek out all Occasions of doing Mischief in the World. A busy, restless Sort of Men, buzzing about like Wasps or Hornets, stinging every one they fasten on. Or, like the *Punes of Paris*, a troublesome Kind of *Insects*, which interrupt the sweet Repose of Men, creeping upon them in their Beds and Slumbers, and stily biting them to suck their Blood.

Such



Such are the *Men* of whom I now complain; who hatter me from Stratagem to Stratagem, from one Retrenchment to another; whose Crime is double, in that they are Persons of my own Religion; Professors of the Genuine Faith brought down from Heaven, Followers of the Prophet, who could neither write nor read; and Subjects to the Grand Signior.

'Tis a long time since I had the first Occasion to accuse some at the *Seraglio*, of private, sly Attempts to undermine and ruin me, that they might gain my Post. 'Twill seem invidious, even in my own Defence, after so many Addresses to the Ministers of the *Porte*, now to repeat their Names, and discompose thy Sacred Thoughts with black *Memoirs* of human Malice. 'Tis not Revenge I seek, but, for the future how to escape, if not prevent, the like Conspiracies. Nor is it for myself alone, I cherish this unusual Zeal and Care; but for my Master's Interest and Honour.

I've serv'd near thirty Years in this precarious *Station*, and never made the least false Step; or, if I have, 'twas not discern'd; which is the same Thing in effect. And I am very unwilling to miscarry at last, through the Treachery of my pretended Friends at *Constantinople*, or for want of full Instructions from the *Imperial Divan*.

'Tis for this Reason, I presume to address to the Dust of thy Feet, *Supreme Judge* of the Faithful, begging the Interposition of thy Paternal Authority on my Behalf.

There is one Thing more, which in all Humility I recommend to thy Wisdom and Sanctity. I have often writ to thy Predecessor on the same Account, beseeching him to promote the Translation of Histories, and other Learned Books, out of Foreign Languages into Turkish or Arabick: That so Knowledge might flourish among the *Mussulmans*, and the Infidels might have no more Ground to call us Barbarous. Let Men skilful in Languages and Sciences be sought for. There  
are

are not wanting such at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Empire*. Let them be employ'd in compiling an *universal History* of the *World* in *Turkish*; more ample, true, and correct, than any that has gone before it, in *Greek*, *Latin*, or any other Language. This will bring eternal Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*, and prove no hard Task to them that shall undertake it; since it will be only a choice Collection out of other *Authors*; a Garland of Flowers cull'd from the various Fields of *History*, and compos'd together with an Order full of Lustre and Beauty, the whole Work being interwoven with a Chain of *Chronological Years*; which will not only give it a singular Grace, but also be of great Advantage to the *Mussulman Readers*.

Successor of the *Apostles*, remember, that though our *holy Lawgiver* could neither write nor read, yet the succeeding *Caliphs* encouraged *Learning*. Benediction on the Souls of them and their *Posterity*. So will future Ages bless thy Memory, if thou vouchsafest to encourage this glorious Work: And *Ishmael*, the *Angel of Science*, will make thee his *Associate* in *Paradise*.

With profound Submissions I retire from thy *sacred Presence*, begging thy *Abolution* and *Blessing*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

A Mong other *Dispatches* I could not forget what I owe to the long continued Friendship which has been between us. Having Leisure therefore before

fore the *Post* goes, I will inform thee of a *Birth*, which has occasion'd little Joy to the Parents, but much Admiration among all that hear of it, and rais'd learned Disputes between the Professors of *Physick* and *Surgery*.

In the Town of *Weerted* near *Ardenburg* in the *Low-Countries*, a Woman was lately deliver'd of a monstrous Child, with two Heads, two Necks, four Arms, and proportionably all Parts both outward and inward double to the Navel, which seem'd to be the Center of Union between the two Bodies: For from thence downwards there appeared only the Proportion and Shape of one Body, with two Thighs, Legs, and Feet. The Faces were different; one squalid and irregular, without a Nose or Mouth, except a kind of Orifice under the Chin; for the Eyes possess'd the Place of the Mouth, and a perfect *masculine Genital* took up the Room of the Nose: The other was fair, and made with Symmetry, having nothing extraordinary, saving two Teeth growing out of the Gums.

This *irregular Production* has been curiously dissected by a famous Anatomist, who found two Hearts, two Stomachs, and the other Vitals all single. What I have said is attested by five profess'd *Physicians*, who opened this wonderful Creature.

There have been many Examples of extraordinary *Births*, especially in these Parts of the World. And I have read in a *French* Author, a Man of Credit, That in the Year 1592 of the *Christian Hegira*, a Woman of *Alsatia* brought forth at once an hundred and fifty Children, each but three Inches long.

But what I shall now tell thee, though it be not remarkable for the Number of Children, yet has something singular in the Circumstances that attended it.

*Irmetrudt*, the Countess of *Altorse*, accus'd one of her Neighbours of Adultery, because she had three Children at a Birth, laying, *She deserved to be tied up*

in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea. Next Year the Countess herself was deliver'd of twelve Sons all at a Birth. And touch'd with Remorse for the Sentence which she had pronounc'd against the other Woman, concluding it now a just Punishment for herself, sent a Maid with eleven of these new-born *Infants*, commanding her to drown them in the next River, reserving only one to be the *Heir* of his Father's Estate.

Fate had so determined, that her Husband the *Earl* met the Maid as she was going to commit this execrable Villainy: and asking her what she had got in her Lap, she answer'd, *I am going to drown a few Young Whelps*. The *Earl* being a great Hunter, and consequently a Lover of Dogs, had a Mind to see whether any of these *Whelps* were of a promising Aspect; when to his Astonishment he found eleven of human Shapes, all living and perfect, but very small. He press'd the Maid so far, that she confess'd the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoining her Silence, and Assurance of a good Reward, he caus'd her to carry them to one of his *Tenants*; where being all cherished and laid warm, he disposed of them afterwards in convenient Places, to be nurs'd and brought up till they came of Age. Then he sent for them privately to his House, having first apparell'd them in the same Fashion as thier Brother was in who dwelt at home.

As soon as the Countess cast her Eye on them, and observ'd their Number and Faces, so exactly resembling him who had been always with her, she wept in a Passion betwixt Shame and Joy, confessing her former cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her Lord, he pardon'd her. From these Eleven descend the Family of the *Whelps* or *Guelphs*, so renowned in Germany, and bearing this Name from the Maid's Answer to the *Earl*, when she had them in her Lap.

Such strange Productions as these, occasion various Enquiries among the *Philosophers* here in the West: Whether human Souls be generated like the Bodies to which

which they are united, or whether they are *created* by the *immediate Power* of God. Assuredly these *Infidels* are much in the Dark, and shut their Eyes against the Light of the *Oriental Sages*. If the *Prophets* should rise from the Dead, they would not be able to convince these *Uncircumcis'd*, that all Things visible and invisible are from *Eternity*, and that there is nothing *new* in the System of the Universe, except the various outward Forms, which change indeed according to the Laws of endless Transmigration, and sometimes according to the Frolicks of *Nature*, who loves to mix her Interludes and Antiques with the establish'd Senses of every Age.

What I have writ is to divert thee: But when shall I have an Answer as from an old Friend? Let not the Honours of the *Serail* make thee forget those with whom thou hast been once familiar. My dear *Hali*, be not too much a *Courtier*. Thy long Silence and Reservedness forces this Language from me. Shall *Constantinople* blot out thy Remembrance of *Arabia*? Or the Blast of a Monarch's Favour be more valuable than the durable Integrity of a Countryman, a Friend? If the *Sultan* trusts his Life in thy Hands, dost not thou know that a Fit of Gripes, the Stone, Gout, or any violent Distemper, will turn all his Confidence into Jealousy? I tell thee, he will suspect Poison in thy very Looks.

Therefore, continue to be the same Man as thou wert formerly, and let not thy Improvements in *Physick* make thee go backward in *Morality*.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

L E T:

LETTER IX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

NOW I see thou art a Man of Business: Thy Mind is cured of its religious Itch, and restor'd to a sound Complexion. Persevere, and be happy.

Let no vain Scruples of Conscience molest thy Soul, concerning the Peace that was lately made between the *Grand Signior* and the *German*. Cares of this Nature belong to those who sit at the Helm, and direct the Steerage of the State. As for thee and me, our Part is only to obey, without enquiring whether it be right or wrong that we are commanded. Every Thing is lawful to us that is enjoin'd by our Superiors: And the *publick* Reason ought to supersede our private narrow Sentiments. Whatever *Pramunires* we incur by our Obedience, the Conscience of the State will be our Bail, our Advocate, and our Ransom: Therefore, once more, go on and prosper.

Thou couldst not have done the *Grand Signior* a greater Piece of Service, than by thus happily insinuating thyself with the *Hungarian Faction* at Vienna: For by that means thou becomest *Master* of the Secrets of both Sides, the *Janus* that overlooks two opposite Cabals at once: and so may'st not only form thy Intrigues the better, but also give a clearer Light to the Ministers of the *sublime Porte*.

I am displeas'd to hear of the frequent *Conspiracies* that have been made against the *Emperor's* Person. Not for any Love that I bear to him, or the House of *Austria*; for I wish there was not a *Branch* of that *incestuous Stem* left alive on Earth: But I never knew such Kind of Plots, if once discovered and prevented, to take Effect again. Besides, they many times spoil the main Design: For what signifies it, if this *Emperour* were seiz'd and put to Death, so long

as there is any one of that *tyrannical Race* surviving? They are all of the same Blood and Interest; educated also in the same Principles and Maxims. In a word, they have all but one Game to play; which is, to aggrandize themselves and their Posterity for ever. And therefore these clandestine Methods of Poison or Assassin, will but make them more watchful to prevent all Designs of the like Nature for the future.

Remember, *Nathan*, that the Mark which thou art to aim at, is to cherish the Discontents of *Hungary*, by all the Arts of a cunning Statesman. Count *Peter de Sereni* is a fit Subject to work upon. The Death of his Brother, and his own Disgrace at the *Imperial Court*, with the rising Fortune of *Monticuculi*, have fill'd him with Sentiments of Revenge and Envy. He cannot behold Count *d'Aversperg* in Possession of *Carlestadt* without much Resentment, having with so great Passion begg'd that Government for himself.

If this Prince can but be induc'd to revolt, many thousand of the *Croats*, *Dalmatians*, and *Slavonians*, will take up Arms under him, which will at once weaken both the *German Empire*, and the State of *Venice*. Besides, the Marriage of his Daughter with Prince *Ragotski*, may engage the *Transylvanians* in his Party. Count *Nadaszi* also, they say, is not well pleased with the Court, aiming to be *Palatine* of *Hungary*, which has been refused him. This News comes to me but by Report: If it be true, thou art in the fairer Way to succeed. Such great Malcontents as these will puzzle the *Ministers* of State, and exercise the Policy of Prince *Lobkowitz*.

Besides, if Things should not proceed to an open Rupture, yet, thou knowest, the *Hungarians* are offended at the late Peace, which will not fail to put them upon committing perpetual Acts of Hostility. They stomach it extremely, that the Town of *New-bawel* is in the *Grand Signior's* Hands; and they will be always on their Guard in the neighbouring Parts, patrolling

patrolling about, and skirmishing with our Foragers: Which will afford a good Occasion at any time for our Sovereign to break the Peace, whenever it is for his Interest. There are abundance of Consequences in such a Case, more than we can think of or foresee, yet all to our Advantage. As long as we go the right way to work, all Things will succeed well. Make no false Steps, and there's no Danger of stumbling.

Remember still, that thy particular Charge is, to foment a *Civil War* between the Court of *Vienna* and the *Hungarians*. 'Tis no matter who gets the better on't. Let 'em quarrel to Eternity, and destroy one another in *God's* Name: Then shall the *Mussulman* Empire thrive.

Before *God*, you have a fine Opportunity, ye factious Comrades: But beware of sly Interlopers. Damn the Easiness and good Nature (falsly so call'd) of those who will admit any Man into their Cabal, provided he puts on a fair Guize of one of the Party. Ye can't be too reserved and close. D'ye think the *Emperor* has not his *Spies* about in every Corner? A Pox of your Stupidity, if you suffer this brave Design to miscarry for want of looking sharp. Damn you, for a Parcel of old thread-bare Fools, if after so many Experiences you don't furbish up your Wits, and look to your selves. There's *Gottendorf*, *Railliwits*, *Skus*, the *Knight Baron Leipsem*, *Elnard* the hereditary Pretender to the Marquisate of *Thanu*, with many others whom I will not name in this Letter: By *Moses* and *Mahomet* they're all Rogues; and if you trust 'em too far, they surely betray you.

*Nathan*, believe me, I would not write so passionately were my Life at all precious. But I have no other End in protracting the Minute of my *Transmigration*, than to exalt, as much as in me lies, the Majesty of the *Ottoman Lineage*, and to guard it from Dangers. I am placed here on purpose by *Fate*: And I'll do my Duty, tho' the whole World should sputter their Venom against me.



O *Israelite*, both thou and I must shortly leave this Earth; or at least we must change the Form of our Earth. We shall never cease to be something; God knows what.

In the mean time, be what thou seemest to be.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER X.

To the most Sublime and Magnificent  
of the Mussulman Bassa's, Achmet,  
the Vizir Azem.

MAY Chaplets of immortal Flowers crown thy noble Head, illustrious *Cuperly*, strong Prop of the House of *Etrogriel*, main Buttress of the Tower of the *Selzuccian Tribe* the Lineage of *Ottoman*, Heir of the Heirs to *Ismael*, the eldest Son of our Father *Abraham*, the Glory of Men, and the Beloved of God.

Not the unmatched Perfumes of *Arabia*, not the surprizing Odours of the *Persian Incense*, which they offered to the Sun, not all the most skilful Compositions of *Eastern Aromaticks* put together, are half so sweet, as is thy glorious Name among the *Mussulmans*.

I receiv'd thy Orders with a Reverence, second only to that which is due to the *Grand Signior*, and will perform them with a loyal Alacrity. I perfectly comprehend thy Design, and the Drift of the sublime *Porte*: For thou hast stated the Case like an Oracle. 'Twill not be difficult, I believe, to suggest under-hand to the *French Court*, the Advantage they may make of the present Distractions in *Hun-*

gary.

*gary*: For they are already become the Subject of common Discourse. *Lewis* the Fourteenth, by encouraging those Malcontents, and supporting their Cause with private Disbursements of Money, will doubtless facilitate his own designed Conquests on the Neighbourhoods of the *Rhine*. For if the *Hungarian Lords* proceed to an open Revolt, and throw themselves under the *Sultan's* Protection, the *Emperor of Germany* will be obliged to turn all his Forces that Way: which yet will not be able to withstand the United Armies of the *Hungarians, Croats, Heydukes, Tartars*, and the most invincible *Osman*s. So that by this means, the *Empire* will be weaken'd on both Sides, and in fatal Danger of its final Dissolution; whilst the Strength and Power of the *Grand Signior*, and the King of *France*, his Noble *Ally*, will daily increase.

Besides, this will put all *Europe* into Divisions and Parties, according as their Interests and Affections incline them, some siding with the *Emperor*, others with the *French King*; whilst the Generality will stand Neuters, and contemplate the Issue of these Wars, without assisting one Side or t'other. Than which, nothing can fall out more happy or propitious for the sacred *Monarchy* of the *Osman*s.

In Obedience to thy Command, I have written to *Nathan Ben. Saddi* on this Account; altogether as from myself, not giving him the least Ground to conjecture, that I had receiv'd an Order from the *Porte*. I frequently take the Liberty to counsel that honest *Jew* in many Cases; inviting him to Projects in General Terms, and to do some extraordinary Service for the *Grand Signior*. So that he will imagine my writing now is only of course, without suspecting any thing else.

I beseech thee to send me all the Instructions that are needful for me, not only to carry on this Affair prosperously, but all others relating to the *Porte*. I will be careful to transmit thy Commands to *Nathan*.

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*Ben Saddi*, in such a Disguise, as he shall not dream they are any other than his own Proposals: Since thou dost not think it fit that the Majesty of the *Porte* should appear to be concern'd in a Business of this Nature, especially so soon after the late *Peace* concluded with the *Emperor*.

'Tis an invaluable Honour thou hast done me, in trusting to my Conduct an Intrigue, whose Effects, for ought I know, may reach all the *Nations* of *Europe*, and last till the *Day of Doom*. Question not my Fidelity, for 'tis of Proof: Besides it many times tempts a Man to be false, when he knows he is suspected to be so.

I am *Slave* of the *Slaves* of those who stand near the *Sultan's* Person, and confess *Mehammed* to be the *Apostle of God*. More particularly I am devoted to those who have the Honour to serve thee, the Grand Pillar of the *Osman Empire*. *God* perpetuate thy Felicity.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## LETTER XI.

*To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer  
to the Sultan.*

**T**Hese *Parts* abound in Action at this Time, Couriers run up and down from *Court* to *Court* with secret *Dispatches*, and Matters of deep Import. The Death of the *Queen of Poland*, and of *Pope Alexander VII.* occasion this new stirring and bustling in *Europe*. She died on the 10<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon: He on the 22<sup>d</sup>. Every *Kingdom* and *State* in the *West*, have some Interest to make or preserve; some Design  
to

to form or to carry on, the Success of which many times depends on the well managing the Consequences of these great and fatal Breaches, which Death makes in the *Families of Mighty Potentates, Houses of Royal Descent.*

The *French Court* were all dissolved in Joy, for the Marriage of the *Duke of Guize* with *Mademoiselle d'Alençon*: They were in the midst of the Nuptial Triumphs and Festival Solemnities, when the Black Expresses came, which soon turn'd all their Mirth to Mourning, at least in outward Appearance. For it was not decent for the *Sons* to continue longer revealing, when the *Great Father* lay embalm'd in order to his Sepulture. Therefore to prevent Idleness, the *King* thought fit to change the Pastimes of the *Court* for more necessary Business; and the soft Entertainments of *Hymen*, for the rugged Toils of *War*. He caus'd his Armies to march into *Flanders*, to give his *Queen* Possession of certain *Estates* fallen to her in those *Parts*. This surpriz'd the *Low Countries*, who began to demolish several *Places of Strength*, that had not sufficient Garisons to defend them.

The *King* was himself in Person at the Head of his Army, which gave immense Courage to his Soldiers. So that *Tournay* quickly surrender'd to him, on the 24th of the 6th Moon; and *Doway* not many Days after. In the mean while, the *Mareschal D'Aumont*, with another Army, takes *Bergue* and *Furnes* near *Dunkirk*. Then he besieges *Liste*, which was taken also after Seventeen Days; but not without the *King's* Presence; who appear'd indefatigable, always on Horseback, or in his Coach, going the Rounds, and surveying all the Works. He slept in his Coach that Night the Town was taken, on a Bridge not far from *Gaunt*. They have also taken *Courtray*, *Oudenarde* and *Alost*. They have defeated the *Prince de Ligne*, and the *Count de Marcin*. In a word, they have done so many Great Things this Campaign, that all *Flanders* is stupified as at a *Miracle*.

Illustrious *Agæ*, I have in a sort of Miniature presented thee with a true *Effigies* of *Western* Affairs at this Juncture. Let not my Abruptness displease thee; since this *Epitome* describes the Truth as lively, as if I'd fill'd an Ell of Parchment up with Words.

Paris, 2d of the 8th Moon  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**I** Know not whether I have Reason to rejoice or be sad in my present Circumstances; so ambiguous are the Events of Human Life. Even the most blandishing Gifts of Fortune, and such as we are extremely taken with, many times prove like the *Trojan Horse*, only fair and gay in outward Appearance; whilst, like that deceitful Engine of the *Grecian Craft*, they carry an Army of hidden Calamities within, which in the midst of our secure Repose, when we least dream of any Evil, rush upon us from their concealed and unsuspected Ambuscades, put us all in Terror and Confusion.

However, since I have had a sufficient Share of Trouble, Grief, and Melancholy; now let other sprightly, chearful Passions take their Turn, be the Event how it will; I cannot always bear the Burden of a loaded Spleen, cramm'd and puffed up with melancholy Winds, the *Embryo's* or Vehicles at least of horrid Thoughts, perplexing Cares, and black Despair. Besides methinks, I have a fit Occasion to be merry; being by a very pleasing Accident, at once rid of a great many vain Doubts and Anxieties, (which have disturb'd my Peace for these Three or Four Years) and restor'd to the charming Conver-

sation.

fation of *Daria*, whom thou may'st remember I so passionately lov'd in the Days of my Youth.

Know then, that one Day as I was walking in the Streets, I met that lovely *Greek* in Mourning. Surpriz'd above measure at the Sight of a Person, for whom I had formerly cherish'd so great an Esteem; I stood still at first, like one Thunder-struck. I cou'd not forbear questioning my own Senses, and giving the Lye to my Eyes, which assured me it was she. Neither Age nor Absence had effac'd her lov'd *Idea* from my Memory, or so much chang'd her Face, but that I easily call'd to mind the Object of my Amorous Desires. Yet my Astonishment was such at this unthought-of Interview, that I had not Resolution enough to believe myself; and her Amazement seem'd no less than mine; whilst neither of us had Power to speak, but stood like Fools. Till I, ashamed longer to lose myself in such an effeminate Confusion of Spirit, first broke Silence, not without some Rapture and Emotion, crying out, "Is it *Daria* or her *Ghost*, I see? Has *Fortune* bleis'd  
 "or mock'd me at the Fatal Hour? Or do deluding  
 "Nymphs and Fairies haunt the Streets of populous Cities, walking about in borrow'd Forms,  
 "and mixing with the Throng of Mortals, to tantalize our softest Hopes with a false Shew of some  
 "dear Lover, Friend or Person highly wish'd for,  
 "never to be enjoy'd? It may be true, that *Cytherea*  
 "left her Heaven, (as *Virgil* does relate) and in  
 "a *Tyrian* Dress met the *Heroick* Offspring of *Antichises* in the Fields, amusing him with a disguised  
 "Semblance of Morality and Human Race,  
 "until her Heavenly Voice discover'd that she was  
 "a Goddess. So us'd *Diana* to descend in dead of  
 "Night, and mix the Slumbers of *Endymion* with Immortal Dreams; stealing soft Kisses from the lovely  
 "Youth, and whispering Cœlestial Words into his  
 "Ears, more forcible, than the Songs of *Orpheus*,  
 "when he mov'd the Trees and Rocks to Passions of  
 "Platonic Love. At other times they would come  
 "down,

“ down, and take the Air of cool Mount *Hamus*, or  
 “ the lofty *Ida*. Thus *Melpomene*, *Clio*, and the rest  
 “ of the *Sacred Nine*, would often visit the refreshing  
 “ Heights of their belov’d *Parnassus*; from whence  
 “ descending to the shady Banks of *Helicon*, with  
 “ more than Mortal Voices, wou’d awake and  
 “ tempt the wanton *Echo*’s to strike up, like *Uni-*  
 “ *sons*, and join in *Concert* with ’em, whilst they  
 “ chaunt the Praises of some *Demi God*, or *Hero*,  
 “ whom they love. But that a *Goddeſs*, *Nymph*, or  
 “ *Muſe*, did e’er frequent the common Crowd of  
 “ Mortals in a City, is not to be credited: There-  
 “ fore unless I dream, it is *Daria* I behold.

My *Dgnet*, I was running on in higher Ecstasies  
 at mentioning of her Name, but that she ſmil’d,  
 and interrupted me with an obliging Reſerved-  
 neſs, and ſaid, “ *Mahmut*, if you are the Man  
 “ I take you for, and would have my Eſteem,  
 “ be leſs paſſionate, and leave off this wild way of  
 “ Raillery: We both are paſt the Vanities of Youth:  
 “ Our Years ſhould now retain no remnant Froths  
 “ of early boiling Blood, and young, green, fooliſh  
 “ Paſſions.

I took this only for a Female Banter and Eſſay of  
 Woman’s Craft, to try the Senſe and Humour of a  
 Man. For, thou knoweſt, the greateſt *Princeſs* loves  
 a truly paſſionate Addreſs, tho’ not a puling, whi-  
 ning one; beſides, ’tis the Faſhion here in *France*, to  
 uſe *Romantick* Forms of Speech, when they make  
 Love. However, in regard it was inconvenient to  
 loſe more time, in the open Street, by this Sort of  
 Diſcourſe, I invited her to a Houſe, where we might  
 converſe with more Freedom. She accepted the Mo-  
 tion, and I conducted her to the Houſe of *Eliachim*  
 the *Jew*. ’Tis pleaſantly ſeated on the Banks of the  
 River *Seine*, and has a fair Garden belonging to it.  
*Eliachim* happen’d to be abroad, which gave us a  
 better Opportunity of improving of Time, without  
 the neceſſary Interruption of Salutes, Compliments,  
 &c. uſual in ſuch a Caſe. And I had the Com-  
 mand

mand of his House, as though he had been there himself.

It being in the Heat of *Summer*, I led *Daria* into a little, shady, green Retreat, in the midst of the Garden, out of the Reach of curious Ears; where under the cool refreshing Shelter of a wide-spread Beech, we sat down and call'd to mind our former Acquaintance and Friendship. *Daria* still retain'd her Native Modesty and Prudence, neither had the external Beauty of her Face suffered any greater Detriment, than what befalls the fairest Roses, Violets, or other Flowers, which even in their most decay'd Estate, merit the Character of amiable Sweetness. However, the Lustre of her Wit, and Goodness of her Humour, supply'd all other Defects.

I protest, my *Dgnet*, it was impossible for me to see, and not to love again, a Person whose *Idea* was once so domestick and familiar to my *Soul*. And I was the more animated to make my *Court*, when she told me, that she was a *Widow*. 'Twas easy to forget, or banish from my Thoughts, her former faithful Treachery, in acquainting her Husband with my Amour. Love soon removes all puny Obstacles; 'tis ready, prompt, and dextrous to find Excuses for the greatest Faults a Friend can ever commit: much more ingenuous to palliate the *Peccadillo's* of a Mistress. This Generous Passion, by a peculiar Force, extirpates all Revenge, and blots out the *Memoirs* of pass'd Unkindnesses. It ever springs and blooms with fresh desires, young vigorous Inclinations: Like to the Palm oppress'd with Weights, it higher grows: 'Twould fain increase, dilate, and stretch itself to Immortality. There's no Consideration, but that of Honour, can pretend to march, or stand in Competition with the Divine Regards of Love. And yet the most exalted Human Glory often veils to this soft Passion: The Conquerors of the World suffer themselves to be overcome by Women.



Wonder not therefore, that I, who am Flesh and Blood as well as other Men, could not now defend myself from fair *Daria's* Charms.

Excuse me in that I cannot now give thee any farther Account of this Adventure; being interrupted by a Messenger from *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who brings me Word, my Mother is very sick, and wants my Company. Expect another *Dispatch* speedily.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master  
of the Customs, and Superintendant  
of the Arsenal at Constantinople.

**T**IS written in the *Fates*, That Man should once at least be vanquish'd by a *Woman* in his Life, But 'tis my Chance to be twice subdued by one of that fair Sex. I know not whether I acquainted thee with the Love I formerly bore to *Daria*, a beautiful *Greek* Lady sojourning in *Paris*. Neither have I at this Instant an Opportunity to look over the File of my Letters, they being in my Lodgings and I at *Eliachim's* House, where I writ this Letter, for the sake of a Convenience, which offers itself, of sending thee a small *Present* of *Watches* and *Oriental Stones* by a *Jew*, a *Merchant*, who is just departing for *Constantinople*.

However, if thou art curious to know the Circumstances of this Amour I speak of, our Friend *Oglou* can inform thee of it. In the mean time, suffer me  
to

to vent some of my Thoughts concerning Women, and the Love of them rooted so deeply in our Hearts by *Nature*. None of our Sex could e'er escape this gentle Passion, it being mixed and blended in our very Original *Embryo's*, and after cherish'd with our Mother's Milk. It was the peculiar Mystery of our Nurses, by a thousand Female Tricks and Arts of necessary Tenderness, to blow and kindle up the little Sparks of this immortal Fire within our Infant *Souls*; whilst from their Breasts we suck'd and guzzled down inebriating *Philters* and *Love-Potions*. more forcible and durable than those the *Grecian Maids* compound by *magick* Rules when they would captivate some lovely Youth within their Snares. Our Blood thus fed with early sympathetick Draughts, becomes the Seminary of a thousand amorous Inclinations; general, unform'd, and volatile Affections to that Sex: Till Time and Opportunity fix our loose Desires on some particular *Maid*, whom *Fate* or *Chance* has brought into our View. At the first Glance, she darts from her enchanting Eyes the perfect Image of her *Soul*, which penetrates like Lightning, our most interior Faculties. The swift *Idea* transforms us into its own Similitude; like melted Wax we take the momentary Impression of a Figure, which may last as long as we; or if we melt again, 'tis but to receive some other Stamp of Love. Thus our whole Life passes away in an enchanted Circle of Amours.

However, 'tis the Part of a wise Man to regulate this Passion, and not suffer it to degenerate into Dotage. There is much to be said in Praise of Women, and not a little in their Disparagement: As we are *Riddles* to our selves, so that Sex is in a higher Degree *Mysterious* and a *Paradox*.

'Twould be a kind of sacrilegious Envy to conceal their Excellencies, and the Advantages they have of us in many Regards, whilst our partial Pea shall only publish their Defects and Infirmities. Some *Hebrew Doctors*, from the different Names of *Adam* and *Eve*, draw

draw Arguments to prove the Dignity and Perfection of the *Female Sex*, in that *Adam* signifieth [*Earth*] but *Eve* expresses [*Life*] For they affirm, that every Name which God impos'd on any Thing, describes its *Nature* and *Qualities*, as a *Picture* represents the *Original*. Therefore by how much *Life* is more to be esteem'd than *Earth*, by so much more excellent, in the Opinion of those *Rabbies*, is *Woman* than *Man*.

They go farther also; and from the Affinity between *Eve's* Name and the *Sacred* Name of God, the ineffable *Tetragrammaton*, the *Cabalists* borrow Proofs in Confirmation of their *Doctrine*.

I know not whether such Critical Observations be of any Moment or no, in this Case; yet thou know'st that all the *Eastern* Languages are full of hidden Mysteries; each Word and Letter being impregnated with some *Divine* or *Natural* Secret, beside the common obvious Sense. Thus *Al Zerbi*, the holy *Musfulman* Doctor says, there's Magick in the *Sacred* Name of *Jesus*, and that whene'er it shall be once pronounc'd through the great Tube or Trump of *Michael*, it shall cause all the Powers in *Heaven*, in *Earth*, and *Hell*, to bow the *Knee*. This *Globe* whereon we tread, shall tremble, and all the *Elements* melt away; the *Firmament* shall be snatch'd up like to the Motion of an *Eastern* Antiport, Veil, or Curtain. The wide-stretch'd *Orbs* above shall warp and rowl together, as a scorched Skin, or a Piece of Parchment does before a Fire. So forcible will be the Energy of that tremendous *WORD* by which the *Universe* was made, when God designs to rend this visible World of ours in Pieces, that he may reveal his nobler Works, the Worlds invisible and eternal. This mighty Frame on every Side will bow, and yield, and vanish: not able to support the crowding Train and Lustre of immortal Glories, radiant, bright *Essences*, descending in a Body from the high *Palaces* of God, the infinite Solitudes and Recesses of the *Omnipotent*

Thou

Thou hast no Reason to be scandaliz'd at what I write as if I were a *Christian*. Thou seest I have a *Doctor* of the *Arabs* for my *Author*: A *True Believer*, and reputed Saint. Besides, if I am worthy to advise thee, let not the common Practice of *Mussulman* Professors in the *Imperial City* tempt thee to despise the *Blessed Son* of *Mary*, of whom our *Holy Prophet* speaks so honourably. How many *Chapters* in the *Alcoran* do celebrate his Praise? I rather counsel thee to imitate the honest *Turcomans*, who are esteemed the best of *True Believers*. These honour both *Jesus* and his matchless *Virgin-Mother*: So do the *Chupmessiasis*, and all good *Mussulmans*. As for the rest, they're either superstitious and morose *Fanaticks*, profligate *Renegadoes*, or loose, wild *Libertines*, who fear neither God nor Man.

And now I've mentioned that incomparable *Mary, Mother* of the *Messias*, of whom the mighty *Alcoran* speaks such venerable Things; it is a fit Occasion to return from my Digression, and proceed in relating what the *Jewish Rabbies* say further in Commendation of the *Female Sex*.

They consider the Order which God, according to the *Writing* of *Moyse*, observed in the Creation, viz. that among his Works, some are incorruptible and immortal; others subject to Corruption and Change; and that as he began in the noblest *Species* of the former, to wit, pure separate *Spirits*; so he ended in the most illustrious of the latter, that is, *Woman*; the last of all his Works, and the most perfect of compound Beings: For in her are center'd and consummated the Nature of the Heavens, the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, with Minerals, Plants, and Animals, and whatsoever else was made before her. This is the Opinion of some *Hebrew Writers*, who believe, that God having made *Eve*, and then survey'd the *System* of his Works, found nothing more excellent or divinely fram'd than *Woman*. Therefore in her he rested and commenc'd the *Sabbath*, as if his Power  
and

and Wisdom now were tir'd and foil'd, and that he could not start the *Idea* of another Creature more perfect than her: Or, as if he did not Esteem the *Universe* itself compleat without the last and most accomplish'd of his Works. For they hold it is absurd to believe, that God wou'd finish such a prodigious and admirable Task, in any mean or abject Thing. They also illustrate this by a Similitude, asserting, that the World being as it were an entire Circle, it follows by necessary Consequence, that it was finish'd in that Part, which by the most intimate Union couples the first Atom to the last.

They endeavour to strengthen this by the common Principle of *Philosophy*, which teaches that the End is always first in the Intention, and last in Execution. *Women* therefore being the last Work of the Creation, it is evident, say they, that she was the chief Design and Aim the *Almighty* had in building this immense Fabrick, which he first furnished and adorned with infinite Riches and Delights, and then introduced *her*, as into her own native, proper Palace, there to reign as absolute Queen over all his Works.

Besides, they take Advantage from the particular Place of her Creation to exalt *her*, in that she was form'd in *Paradise* among the *Angels*, whereas *Man* was made in the Common Waste among the *Brutes*. And therefore they say, *Women* have this peculiar Privilege, that when they look down from any eminent Height or Precipice, they feel no Dizziness or giddy Symptoms in their Head, no Mist or Dimness in their Eyes, being, as it were, nearer their proper Element, or lofty Birth-place; whereas it is common for Men to be troubled with these Accidents in such a Case.

But the most prevailing Argument they use, is taken from the stupendous Beauty of that *Sex*, which like the finer Sort of Clouds in Summer, seems to engross the Splendors of immortal Light, and so reflect *them on the World*. How matchless is a Woman's Form?

Form? What dazzling Majesty environs her from Head to Foot? Gaze on her lovely Countenance without Astonishment; or fix your Eyes on her's without an Ecstasy; those Lights which do mislead the *Morning Stars*, and cause the *Gods* to ramble from their *Heaven*, if what the *Ancient Poets* say be true. So did *Apollo* for his *Daphne*, and *Jupiter* for others of that charming *Sex*. Neither need we wonder at this, since the *Written Law* itself records, that *Angels* fell in Love with admirable *Maids* of *Human Race*, and took 'em for their Wives or Concubines, from whom the *Progeny* of *Giants* came. Thus more modern *Writers* testify, that incorporeal *Spirits* and *Demons* of all Ranks and Qualities, both good and bad, have been enflamed with ardent Passions for some *Mortal Virgin*. Which is no false or vain Opinion, as the incredulous Part of Men would fain insinuate, but a known Truth, confirm'd by many Experiences.

Indeed, so admirable is the Figure, Voice, and Mien of a fair *Woman*, that he is wilfully blind, who does not see, whatsoever Beauties the whole World is capable of, concenter'd in that *Sex*. And for this Reason 'tis, that not only *Man*, with *Angels*, *Demons*; *Genii*, *Satyrs*, and the whole Series of *Rational Beings*, admire a fair *Woman*; but also the very *Brutes* are struck with a profound Amazement at her Sight: With Sighs and silent Vows the *Animal Generations* pay Homage to her, and adore the stately Idol. Every Thing in *Nature* is enamour'd, and lies prostrate at her Feet: She alone commands the *Universe*.

Yet after all, my Brother, they have their dark Side too, like the rest of mixed *Beings*. They are the Frontier Passes of the World above, and that below; the Gates of Life and Death, the very Avenues to Heaven or Hell, according as they are us'd. Like Fire they'll warm and refresh a Man, if he keep at a due Distance; but if he approach too near, they'll scorch and

and blister him, if not consume him quite. Or, like that other Element of Water, they're very good and serviceable, whilst kept within their Bounds; but let them once break down the Banks of Modesty, they'll threaten all with Ruin. In a word, 'tis neither safe to vex 'em in the least, or humour 'em too much. The Excess of Fondness, as well as the Defect of natural Love, may equally undo us. Prudent Generosity is the only Method of making ourselves happy in the Enjoyment of this Sex.

Dear *Pesteli*, let us reverence ourselves, and then we cannot fail of due Respect from our *Wives* and *Concubines*. For they love a Man that's truly masculine and brave.

Paris, the 15th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## LETTER XIV.

*To the same.*

JUST as I'd finish'd t'other Letter, I was alarm'd afresh with new Discoveries of *Solyman's* Treachery. That barbarous Dog is certainly an *Imp* of *Hell*, a *Devil* in human Flesh; an adventitious Plant, pluck'd from the dreary Banks of *Phlegethon*, or *Cocytus*, and engrafted in our noble Stock, on purpose to ruin and destroy us. The whole *Tribe* is bound to curse him with immortal Execrations. He industriously seeks and studies all Occasions to do mischief. His Veins sure stream with fiercest Venoms, rather than with human Blood. The Poison of *Dragons* and *Asps* is under his Tongue, and the Gall of *Crocodiles* within his Lips. His Lungs breathe nothing but infernal Smokes; the Spirit *Negider* times the *Syssole* and *Diaffole* of his Heart; and his whole Body is a

Dea

Den of Fiends, as foul and black, as those which guard the Throne of the Great Prince of *Darkness*.

I could have easily forgiven his sly malicious Attempts upon my Life and Honour, his interloping Tricks and Plots, his Calumnies and Slanders, with all the Train of his perfidious Actions: But that he should abuse the virtuous *Fatima*, Daughter to our Uncle *Useph*, is an Injury I can't put up, or pardon. That innocent Lady ne'er deserved such cruel, unmanly Usage at his Hands. The Dregs of a thousand bitter Curses be his Potion to drink in *Hell*, unless he repent of this prodigious Baseness, and make honourable Satisfaction.

Thou wilt wonder, perhaps, what is *Solyman's* Crime, that fills me with such implacable Resentments. Know then, that *Fatima's* Husband being call'd to the *Grand Signior's* Service in the *Wars of Dalmatia*, and for that Reason forced to tarry from her above these fourteen *Moons*, she entrusted *Solyman* with an Affair of grand Importance, a Matter which concern'd her Life, Honour, and Welfare in the World. It seems she had a Quarrel with an old *Grecian Hag*, who sought to prostitute her to the Great *Cadi* of *Smyrna*, where she lives. This *Grandee* had by a strange Accident seen *Fatima* in a Bath, frequented only by *Women of Quality*. However, through some Neglect of the Servants, he was not spy'd himself, but went away deeply in Love. That Passion, thou knowest, makes every body restless, that is tormented with it. He knew not how to ease himself, but by communicating his Thoughts to the forementioned *Grecian* Widow, whom he had often made the Confident of his Amours. The thorough-pac'd *Bawd* soon promis'd him Relief, and that she would accomplish his Desires. However, she fail'd, and found herself mistaken, when she came to tempt the inviolate Chastity of *Fatima*: For all her glittering Promises, her softest *Rhetorick* could never corrupt a Heart established firm in Virtue.



Mad at her Repulse, she studies how to be reveng'd, conceiving it not impossible to bring her Designs about by Violence, since fair Persuasions would not do. She frames a formal Accusation against *Fatima* before the *Cadi*, taxing her with *Witchcraft* and other Crimes upon Oath. The *Cadi* having learned his Lesson, would not hear the Cause in open *Divan*; but pretending Indisposition of Body, caus'd her to be brought before him in his private Bed-Chamber. The *Greek* had ready by her several suborn'd *Witnesses*, to depose most horrid Things against the innocent Woman. When the *Cadi* professing an entire Respect to *Fatima's* Husband, seem'd to take pity on her Circumstances, and wav'd the farther Prosecution of the Cause till another Time, keeping *Fatima* Prisoner in the mean while in his own Palace.

All this was manag'd so privately, that no body in the Town took notice of it, save an Acquaintance or two of the *Grecian* Widow's, and *Solyman* our worthy Cousin, who happen'd to be at *Smyrna* in this very Juncture among his other Rambles.

Persons in trouble are willing to fly for Refuge to any Friend, desiring their Assistance. *Fatima*, all in Tears at such an unexpected Change of her Condition, had Leisure and Opportunity to speak to *Solyman*, conjuring him to go to certain intimate Friends of our Family, living in *Aleppo*, and tell them her Circumstances. Instead of this, the faithless Villain goes to her Husband's Friends at *Tripoli*, telling them the utmost shameful and scandalous Things of *Fatima* his Malice could invent; and that by her lewd Courses she had well-nigh ruin'd her Husband; producing at the same time forged *Bills* and Letters as from him, whereby he rais'd a thousand *Zequins*, with which the perjur'd Villain's gone no body knows whither, to make his broken Fortunes once again, and lay a Foundation for new Cheats. Whilst the poor injur'd *Fatima*, is forced to bear the Reproach and Infamy of Things

Things whereof she ne'er was guilty. But Time, I hope, will clear her Innocence, and bring that cursed Vagabond to Shame.

I counsel'd him indeed long ago to travel, and see the various *Regions* of the Earth: But I ne'er advis'd him to load his *Soul* in such long Voyages with the Guilt of base Ingratitude, barbarous Malice, Perfidy, and other Vices of the blackest Hue. The smaller Fraillties, Stains, and Blemishes of Human Life, are too great a Burden for a generous Heart to bear without Complaints and Sighs. He that has but a Spark of Virtue in him, blushes for every *Peccadillo* he commits. If tempted by good Company, or in hopes to banish melancholy Thoughts, he indulge himself a larger Draught of Wine than what is ordinary, and so insensibly boil up his Blood to irregular Height, and Superfluities, he's all this while no body's Foe but his own; he plots no Mischief against his Friend, Relation, harmless Neighbour or Acquaintance. All the Enmity he shews is to himself, and in his Cups he is not aware of that. For which Reason afterwards to expiate the criminal Advances he made to Self-Murder, he willingly scums off the grosser Ebullition of its heated Veins in penitent Weeping: A Flood of Tears runs from his Eyes, like generous *Libations* at the Foot of the *Altar*, to pacify the Wrath of God; whilst the lighter Part evaporates in pious Sighs and Vows. Thus this Pollution vanishes like Smoke, and he is soon made clean again. And so in other Vices 'tis the same with Men dispos'd to Virtue: They endeavour to root out the evil Habits they are accustomed to: They try all Ways and Stratagems to reform themselves. But wicked Men, by Inclination, sin on without Remorse: They never study to retrench the Evils they commit: Ever propense to Vice, they chuse its Ways, and court the Opportunities of doing impious Things. They're natively unjust, and cannot live at Ease without premeditated Crimes; It is their Element to be projecting Mischief: And such a one is *Solyman* our Cousin.

God inspire him with more grateful Sentiments towards his Friends, more Natural and Affectionate to those of his *Blood*, and a more just Deportment to all Men: Or else he may be like *Cain*, who for murdering his Brother was condemn'd to be a *Vagabond* on Earth; and like *Zenli Bazar* the *Persian*, who fallily accus'd *Hofain* the *Prophet*, and for that Reason was troubled with a *Palsy* in his Head as long as he liv'd.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## LETTER XV.

To the Mufti's Vicar.

I Sent an Account to the *Porte* of the Death of the late *Rumbeg*, or *Pope*, who is the great *Patriarch* of the *Nazarenes*. Now the *Cardinals* have chosen another to succeed him, whom they call *Clement IX.* a Man of a great Character for Learning and Piety, and one from whom the *Franks* expect glorious Things to be done for the Publick Good of *Christendom*.

These *Popes* seem to inherit the Authority and Honour of the Ancient *Pontifex Maximus*, or *High-Priest* of the *Romans* in the Time of *Paganism*. Nay, they assume a far more ample and uncontrollable Power. For those *Gentile Prelates* always submitted to the *Imperial* Authority, from which they received Protection and Maintenance. But these *Christian Fathers* acknowledge no *Superior* on Earth. *Kings* and *Emperors* do Homage to them, and perform the meanest Services; as to hold the *Basin* whilst the *Pope* washes his Hands; to hold the *Stirrup* whilst he mounts or alights from off his *Mule*. Sometimes Great *Princes* lead his *Horse* by the Bridle; whilst at another Season they carry him on their Shoulders. 'Tis recorded, that  
*Eumenes*,

*Eumenes*, King of *Pergamus*, came to *Rome*, and pulling off his *Turbant*, humbly laid it on the Ground before the *Senate*, confessing he receiv'd his Liberty from them. And *Prusias*, King of *Bithynia*, us'd to stile himself the *Roman Senate's Slave*, and bow down to the Earth before them. But this is nothing to the Reverence which greatest *Monarchs* pay the *Pope*, when crawling on their Hands and Knees, they kiss the Sandal on his Foot.

He can make and depose *Kings* at Pleasure, absolve *Subjects* from their Allegiance, bind and remit Sins, open and shut the Gates of *Paradise*, *Purgatory*, and *Hell*, or at least he endeavours to make the World believe so.

He has Seventy *Cardinals* for his Assistants and Counsellors, all equal to *Princes*: A Hundred and Thirty *Archbishops* under his Obedience: A Thousand and Seventeen *Bishops*: A Hundred and Forty Four Thousand *Monasteries* and *Religious Houses*; Three Hundred Thousand *Parishes* obeying his Will, and yielding Homage to him. So that if he were resolv'd to carry on some lasting *War*, he need only lay an Impost of Six Crowns a Year on every *Monastery*, and Fifty Two on every *Parish*, and it would amount to Sixteen Millions of Crowns yearly Income. And if out of every *Monastery* he chose out Ten Men, he wou'd have an Army of Fourteen Hundred and Forty Thousand Men. Which is more than any *Potentate* in the World can do beside.

Thou wilt say, 'Tis a Wonder then he does not put this in Practice, and so wage *War* with the *Grand Signior*, who has fleec'd him of many flourishing Countries formerly under his Obedience.

O Sacred Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, God has tied up his Hand; he cannot do it. These are but empty Speculations, impracticable Projects, fantastick *Chimera's*. The mighty Train of his *Archbishops*, *Bishops*, *Parish-Priests*, with *Jesuits*, *Monks* and *Friars*, though never so willing to obey his Orders in such a Case, yet cannot stir a Foot without the Leave of their

respective *Sovereigns*. For they're dispers'd through divers Kingdoms, States, and Principalities, where they are subject to the Laws and Government in Force. So that unless he cou'd unite the Hearts of all the *Christian Princes* one with another, and with his own, to undertake so grand an Expedition, it is impossible ever to effect his Will. Each *Nation* has an Interest of its own to pursue, which makes 'em deaf to such Proposals as may embarrass, if not ruin them. No *Peter* of the *Desart*, rambling up and down from *Court* to *Court*, with his Religious Harangue, will e'er again prevail to raise another *Crusade*: That Zeal is out of Fashion now in *Christianity*. Kings in these later Ages, have not half the Attach and Veneration for the *Pope* they had in former Times. When *Pope Boniface VIII.* claimed a Temporal Jurisdiction in *France*, *Philip the Fair*, being then King, sent him this short Answer; *Let thy Great Sottishness know, that in Temporals we are subject to none but God alone.* And a *French Ambassador* at *Rome*, speaking something boldly to the *Pope*, the *Prelate* reproach'd him, *That his Father was burnt for a Heretick*; whereupon the *Ambassador* gave him such a Box o'th' Ear, that he fell down as dead. But it was a tart Messlage indeed, which the *Eastern Bishops* sent to *Pope John III.* who claim'd an Universal Authority over all the Churches in the World. For say they, *We firmly believe thy Absolute Authority over thy own Subjects; but we who are not subject to thee, cannot bear thy Pride, nor are we able to satiate thy Avarice. The Devil be with thee, and God with us.*

In a word, all *Denmark*, *Sweedland*, *Norway*, *Holland*, *England*, *Scotland*, *Geneva*, *Ireland*, half the *Empire*, and half *Swisserland*, are fallen off from their Obedience to the *Pope* within these Two Hundred Years. And those *Kingdoms* and *States* which yet continue under the Yoke, are ready to shake it off at every Turn, when they are never so little gaul'd and vex'd, *France*, *Spain*, and *Venice* often huff the *Pope* into Compliance with their Demands. Nor dares he to resist,

but winks and puts up all, like an old decrepit *Father*, for whom his Sons are grown too strong.

*Holy Successor of the Prophet and Messenger of God ; thou art th' Infallible Interpreter of the Law, and Judge of Equity, yet dost not arrogate a Power above thy Commission. The Grand Signior honours thy Wisdom and Sanctity ; and thou obey'st with humble Submission to the Imperial Edicts. He is thy Lord and thou his Guide and Tutor in the Way to Paradise. May God increase thy Illuminations with thy Years, and inspire me and all the True Faithful with sincere Loyalty to our Sovereign, and devout Obedience to thee, without the least Allay of Treachery or Superstition.*

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

NOW thou seest I am a truer Prophet than thy *New Messias*, that *Impostor Sabbati Sevi*: And yet, though I'm so in effect, I do not aspire at the Title. I claim no Character above that of a Mortal, who has not quite forfeited his Sense and Reason. However, if thou wilt yet retain some Veneration for his Person, shew it by imitating his Example, and embrace the *Mussulman Faith* as he has done: At least he outwardly professes it; and had the Honour to do so first in Presence of the *Sultan*. I know not whether thou hast heard of this or no: Thy Brethren perhaps may be unwilling to disperse the News of a *Conversion* bringing so much Infamy to all your Race. 'Tis possible they are asham'd to own or publish to the World, the Tidings of their

own egregious Folly, in giving up their *Faith* to such a Cheat as this; a Cheat as one would think grown stale and fetid enough, to make a Man that had the smallest Grain of Sense recoil, considering how oft your *Fathers* have been bubbled before by such upstart *Messias's*, such spurious *Prophets* as this.

I commend the Wit of *Sabbati Sevi*, in that he would not stand the Brunt of the *Grand Signior's* *Archers*, or by a vain Presumption hope for Miracles from Heaven to skreen his naked Body from a Shower of fatal Shafts. Had he been so rash, I should esteem him the greatest Miracle of Stupidity that e'er was extant on the Earth. If thou hast not been yet inform'd of these Passages, Fame will quickly bring them to thy Ears, and then my Letter will not seem obscure. In the mean time, assure thyself, he deny'd his *Apostleship* to save his Life, and this before the *Grand Signior*, with the chief *Grande'es* of the *Court*; where at the same time he confess'd *One God*, and *Mahomet* his Messenger. If thou art his *Disciple* therefore thou oughtest to be steadfast, and tread in his Steps, giving Glory to the *Eternal One*, who has sent *Prophets* into all Nations, to lead Men in the right way; as he sent *Moses* to the House of *Israel*.

*Nathan*, suffer no narrow Principles, no partial Prejudices to shut up thy *Soul* from the bright Splendors of Immortal Truth, which shine on every Man. The Light of *Heaven* is not confin'd to one particular Lineage. 'Tis copious, large, and infinite; spreading abroad its Universal Rays, enlightning all the Families and Nations on Earth.

'Tis true, I grant, the *Omnipotent* first sent *Moses* with the *Written Law* to the *Posterity* of *Isaac*. Had they obey'd the *Sacred Institution*, 'tis possible your *Race* had now been blest'd above the rest of Men. Perhaps your *Fathers* would have stretch'd their *Conquests* far and wide to the utmost Limbs of the *Land*; from *India* to the *Western Shores* of *Africk*, and from the remote Borders of the *South* to *Nova Zembla* in the *Arctic Circle*. Then devout Princes would have  
travell'd

travell'd from the *Four Angles* of the World, and made long *Pilgrimages* to *Jerusalem*, there to perform their *Vows*, and offer *Sacrifices* to the King of Heaven.

But, alas! your *Ancestors* turn'd *Infidels* and *Idolaters* even at the very Foot of Mount *Sinai*, whilst the tremendous *Echoes* of the *Thunders* yet were in their Ears. They made themselves a *Calf* of Gold, and ador'd the *Idol* of their own Workmanship. So did their *Children* worship *Adonis*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and almost all the *Rabble* of the *Gentile Gods* and *Goddesses*. For which Reason, the Wrath of Heaven was kindled against that *Generation*: God rous'd the mighty *Monarchs* of the *East* to take up Arms, and punish such a *Wicked Race* of Men. How oft was fair *Jerusalem* sack'd, and all the *Jews* destroy'd or carried away *Captives* by *Persians*, *Modes*, *Assyrians*, or the *Kings* of *Babylon*? How many *Prophets* were sent to tell them of their Errors, and reclaim them? But the obdurate Sons of *Jacob* stopp'd their Ears, being resolutely bent on Wickedness; the Measure of which being once compleat, Fate sign'd the *Edict* of your utter Ruin. For then came *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the True *Messias*, who foretold the irrecoverable *Catastrophe* of *Jerusalem*, which came to pass accordingly in that very Age, when the Victorious *Roman Army* laid it all in Ashes, not so much as sparing the Glorious *Temple* of *Solomon*. Ever since which, the *Jews* have been dispersed abroad through all the Earth. Each *Nation*, *City*, or *Province* where ye live, account ye Execrable *Fugitives* and *Vagabonds*.

In the mean while the Fame of *Jesus* spread abroad; his heavenly *Doctrine*, perfect Life, and mighty Miracles, subdu'd the Hearts of Men. *Christianity* took Root i'th' World: It grew and branch'd itself throughout the *Continent*. The *Roman* and the *Grecian Empires* tamely sat down under the *Church's* Shade within three Hundred Years; and quickly after, other Nations fled unto the *Sacred Shelter*. But in Process of Time, this Religion also, like to yours,



degenerated into Error, Superstition, and Idolatry. And then God rais'd up *Mahomet*, our *Holy Law-giver*. He sent him down the *Book of Glory* by the *Hand of Gabriel*; and commanded him to teach it to the *House of Ismael* first, and then to all Men that were willing to embrace the *Undeified Faith*: but to chastise with Fire and Sword the *Infidels* who should oppose his *Mission*, and resist the *Truth*.

How soon the *Mussulman Law* took place, and gained Ground in *Arabia*, *Persia*, *Syria*, and the adjacent *Regions* of the *East*? Nothing was able to stand before the Warlike Troops of *True Believers*. How bold and matchless were the Actions of the Valiant *Mali*? How wise the Counsels of Sage *Omar*, and *Abu-Bacre*? How eloquent and forcible the Words of the Chaste and Generous *Osman*? The *Prophet* was happy in the Company of all the *Holy Caliphs*: They fought and conquered all before them.

Whenever the Heavenly *Banner* was display'd, Trembling and Horror seiz'd the *Infidels*. Showers of successful Arrows strait were sent, against which the *Uncircumcised* could not stand; much less could they sustain the near Approach and dreadful Shock of our Invincible Cavalry. Their faint Battalions quickly shrunk, and posted from the Field; whilst ours, unmindful of the Spoil, pursued the Chace, and strewed the Ground with slaughtered Carcases of flying Miscreants. Conquest attended the *True Faithful*, whenever they drew their Swords. Thus for above these Thousand Years has Religion made its fortunate Advances on the Earth: And if another *Law* should be revealed, and some new *Prophet* rise to check the farther Growth of *Mussulman Faith*, and undermine the *Empire* of the *Faithful*; we ought not to reflect on *Mahomet* for this, as though he were an *Impious Seducer*, any more than we do on *Moses* for your Calamities; or on *Jesus the Son of Mary*, for the declining State of *Christendom*.

'Tis not impossible, but that the *Omnipotent* may have hidden Reserves of *Precepts*, yet to be divulged. He has had his various Methods and Dispensations in all Ages and Parts of the World: Neither is it fit for Mortal Man to limit the *Eternal One*, or set him Rules. His Methods are to us incomprehensible. He sent *Moses*, a Man bred up in all the Sciences and Wisdom of the *Egyptians*. To *Jesus* he committed his hidden Power and Knowledge; and the *Apostles* spake all *Languages*. But *Mahomet* could neither write nor read, and yet thou seest his Law has proselyted many mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. Who knows, but that in future Times he will convert the *Apostate World* by some *Dumb Person*, who can neither hear nor speak? Or by some blind Man, who could never see? Or it is not impossible, but that he may employ some *Maid* of admirable Beauty, Gifts and Learning in the *Mysterious Work*. So were the *Sybils* of old inspir'd with *Sacred* Wisdom and Foreknowledge of Things to come. All fill'd with inward Blasts of some *Immortal Wind*, the pregnant *Virgins* soon conceiv'd deep *Mysteries* of *Fate*, which they writ down on Leaves of Trees: For they were *Eremites*, and Twelve in Number, as Ancient *Records* say. One of them liv'd at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where her Cave is shewn to Travellers at this Day. They foretold what should happen in After-times, particularly the *Birth* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*: But they never said a Word of *Sabbati Sevi*, or of any other *Messias*, to come after the First. These *Holy Maids* were had in great Veneration by the *Gentiles*, who gather'd up the scatter'd Leaves whereon they writ their *Prophecies*, and transcrib'd them carefully on Paper, that so the *Sacred Memoirs* might be deliver'd safe down to *Posterity*.

By what I have said, *Nathan*, thou may'st perceive that I aim at nothing else, but to wean thee from the superstitious, fond Conceit of your *Nation*, and to make thee sensible, That though *God* once favoured the *Jews* with *Oracles* of *Light* and *Reason*, yet they

have for many *Ages* forfeited this Privilege. Since which, he gave the Gospel to *Jesus the Son of Mary*, the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*, and at all Times has sent *Messengers* and *Prophets* to every Nation and People on Earth.

There are no partial *Biaſſes* in the *Divinity* which made the *Worlds*. He is an inexhaustible *Abyſs* of *Love*, of *Light*, and *Life*; where every *Creature* drinks its *Fill* of *Natural Happineſs*, according to the different *Ranks*, *Capacities*, and *Deſires* of Things. He veſts the *Sun* with an *Immortal Robe* of *Light*, the *Train* of which is *born up* by the *Moon* and *Stars*.

When *Phœbus* is upon the *Wing* by *Day*, his *Garments* covers all the *Sky*; the *Golden Fringes* of it dangle to the *Globe*, and trail along in the *miry Soil*, yet never gather the leaſt *Speck* of *Dirt*: They are *dipped* and *plunged* in *Rivers*, *Lakes* and *Seas*, without being *wet*: and yet they *drink up* all the *Ocean* by *ſucceſſive Draughts*. This lower *World* rejoices in the *glittering Shew*; the *Elements* with every *Thing* compounded of them, *bask* in the welcome *Rays*. So do the *Planets* above, who take a ſingular Pleaſure to *fold* ſome *Part* of the *Illuſtrious Dreſs* about them. They *wrap* themſelves *half up* in *borrowed Light*, and then, like *Weſtern Franks*, they foot it to and fro in their beloved *Walks* above, giving the neceſſary *Salutes* and *Conge's* to each other *en Paſſant*, and to the *Sedentary Signs* and fixed *Stars*, to ſee if any of them mind their *Courtly Garb* and *Mien*: For they are the *Sun's Domeſtick Pages*, the *Favouriteſ* of his *Serail*. At other *Seaſons* they ſtand ſtill, perhaps to gaze upon themſelves, in *Contemplation* of the *Majeſtick Figure* they make.

So have I ſeen a proud conceited *Spaniſh Trumpeter*, after he had blown a *Levet* pretty well, lay down the *Silver Inſtrument* with a diſdainful *Gravity*. His *Cheeks* all ſwolln with incloſ'd *Air*, and *Soul* puffed up with *Arrogance*, he ſtruts and curls his black *Muſtaches*. Then with big *Looks*, ſurveyſ  
himſelf

himself from Head to Foot; casting an Eye of Scorn upon the silent *Tube*, conscious that he alone can make it sound so well.

Thou wilt say, I wander in my Discourse as much as those *Heavenly Bodies* I am speaking of. 'Tis true, *Nathan*, our Thoughts are free, and not confin'd to Rules and Forms: We easily slip from one Imagination to another. And since I have made this *Planetary* Digression, suffer me now, like them, to run retrograde, and come to the Point from which I rov'd.

Doubtless, each individual *Being* is fill'd with its *Essential* Bliss. The Fire has its Specifick Happiness; so has the Air, the Water and the Earth, with all the living Generations on it. And when the *Most High* distributed the *Sons of Human Race* through all the various Climates, Zones, and Provinces, he furnished every Region of the Globe with Gifts and Products, Riches and Delights, agreeable to the Inhabitants; with this *Proviso*, that they should live in Innocence, Justice, and according to Reason. From which Eternal Law, if any People swerv'd, they should forfeit their Privileges, and be subdu'd, if not extirpated, by some more virtuous Nation.

From hence sprung all the Revolutions of Mighty *Kingdoms* and *Empires*; one successively supplanting another to this Day. And the *Sins* of your *Nation* being greater it seems, than those of any other, *God* has dispers'd you over all the Earth, without suffering you to inherit or possess a Foot of Ground.

If ever therefore *Fate* designs to restore the *Jews* again to the *Holy Land*, wherein their *Fathers* liv'd; never expect it, till your erroneous Minds and vicious Manners are reform'd. For *Palestine* was never seated so deliciously for bloody Zealots, Hypocrites, and cruel Usurers to enjoy.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

## LETTER XVII.

*To Dgnet Oglou.*

**D***Aria's* a Quean, a Jilt; and I am once more cur'd of my Dotage. There is no Trust in Woman's Beauty, Faith or Wit: They are deceitful as the Fruit of *Asphaltites*: They are perfect *Riddles* and *Paradoxes*, and have more unlucky Tricks than cross-grain'd *Elves* or *Fairies*. When a Man, overheated by his amorous Passion, thinks to embrace a *Goddeſs*, he meets with *Ixion's Fate*, and only hugs a gaudy *Cloud* or *Meteor*.

I will not make thee sick with a particular Rehearsal of my Second Folly, in being so fond of one who had betray'd me formerly. I will not repeat the vain Addresses I made, the kind obliging Things I spoke, nor her deceitful Answers. I will not tell thee how she drill'd me on into her Snares, and led me Captive in an amorous Circle. Content thy self to know, that I have been *Twice* her *Cully*; and if ever I am the *Third Time*, 'twill be my own Fault, as the *Italian* says. No, my *Dgnet*, I have done with that *False Sex*. Henceforth for ever I abjure all amorous Regards of Woman. I will shun them, as I would a Pestilence. I will either shut my Eyes, or turn them another way at least, whenever I meet a *Female*. I will not think of them, but with Disdain and Hatred. Finally, I am off from them to all Intent and Purposes.

However, as the *Arabian Proverb* says, *That Wind blows from an unlucky Point of the Compass, which waſts no good to Somebody*; so from *Daria's* false and feigned Smiles, I reap some Benefit. I have learn'd a Secret, which has rid my Spirit of a Thousand Cares, Disquiets and Agonies.

In the Year 1664, of the *Christian Hegira*, I sent  
a Let-

a Letter to the noble *Kerker Hassan Bassa*, our Countryman; wherein I inform'd him of an Assassin made upon me in the dark, as I was going to my Lodgings, and how I kill'd the Russian that attempted on my Life. I told that generous *Grandee* all my Jealousies and Conjectures on that Subject; how I suspected some of my Enemies at the *Porte* to have a Hand in the Design; or else that my *Sicilian Master* was concern'd in it. I knew not well what to conclude. But now I am satisfied 'twas *Daria's* Husband, who resenting deeply my former Amour with her, which she discovered to me at large, could never be at rest till he saw *Paris*, where he design'd to be the Executioner of his own Revenge, and lay in wait accordingly for my late returning home: For he was not ignorant of my Lodging. His Wife knew nothing of his Design, he having pretended other Business at the City. And 'twas from accidental Words in her Discourse, that I collected this great Secret. For when I ask'd her of her Husband's Health, she told me, he was kill'd at such a Time by Night, in an Alley of *Paris*, by whom she never yet could learn. But I strait blush'd with Conscience, and took the Hint. I dropp'd some necessary, careless *Queries* by degrees: And all her Answers still confirm'd me, as to Time and Place, with other Circumstances, that he must be the Man I murder'd in my Defence so long ago.

I kept this Secret lock'd up in my Breast; nor could my doting Fondness melt me into such a soft and easy Temper, as to betray myself to her. But I took inward Pleasure at the Thoughts of my Deliverance from that sudden violent Death, and from my After-Cares and Fears by this Discovery. Henceforward I'll suspect no *Mussulman*, tho' my Enemy: Nor shall I be so fearful of my *Sicilian Master*: No panick Terrors shall confine me to my Chamber, and make me spend my Days in fretting and consuming Melancholy. I will not be surpriz'd when Strangers knock at the Gate, or when I hear the blustering Voices of the Parish Of-

ficers below, or the Collectors of the King's Revenues. Yet these before were dreadful as the *Sultan's Attescheriff*, or *Fatal Warrant*, when he demands a *Bassa's* Head; so forcible is Jealousy and suspended Thoughtfulness; so black the Influence even of misgrounded Apprehension, and mistaken Guilt.

My *Dgnet*, this mortal Life is a dark *Labyrinth* of cross Events. Bewilder'd Man gropes up and down; he often trips and stumbles at Contingencies; he strays about in thorny rugged Paths, not knowing where he is, or which way to turn himself. Sometimes an *Ignis Fatuus*, with its deceitful Light, misguides him in miry Places, Fens, and Bogs, where he is in danger of being swallow'd up; or leads him to the Brink of an high Precipice, where if he advance but one Step more, he is gone beyond Recovery; he falls and dashes himself to pieces on undergrowing Rocks.

Reason is the only Clue that can conduct us safe through all the Windings of the perilous Maze. *Heaven* grant that thou and I may never let go our Hold of this so necessary Faculty, until he has conducted us safe to *Paradise*.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1667.

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## LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

**L**AST Year I gave thee an Account of the Birth of a young *Princess* of *France*. Now I shall inform thee, that she was baptiz'd on the 21st of this *Moon*. *Baptism* with the *Nazarenes* is equivalent to our *Circumcision*; nay, tis something more *Divine*, if we may believe them: They call it the *Sacrament* of *Initiation*, the *First Mystery* of *Christian Faith*. But when 'tis apply'd

ply'd to Children of *Royal Extraction*, the Sons or Daughters of *Kings*, it looks more like a *Ceremony of State*, than a *Mystery of Religion*. However, be it what it will, 'tis perform'd with abundance of *Pomp and Magnificence*. And at this *Ceremony* it is that every *Christian* receives his *Name*, which is given by the *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*, that is, Persons who stand *Sureties* for the Child's Education in the *Christian Religion*. This *Princess* was nam'd *Maria Theresa* by the *Dutchess Dowager of Orleans*, and by the *Duke of Enguien*.

On the same Day the *Cardinal Duke of Vendosme* had *Audience* of the *King* and *Queen*, in Quality of *Legate de Latere* from the *Pope*. It seems the *King of France* had desired the *Pope* to stand *Godfather* to the *Dauphin*, which the good *Prelate* accepting, sent this *Cardinal* as his *Deputy* and *Representative* to perform the *Charge*. He is to give the *Dauphin* his *Name*. In the mean while, he stands much upon *Punctilio's*, requires vast *Respects* and *Submissions* from the *French Bishops*; and carries himself with as much *State*, as if he were a *God*, or an *Angel*; looking as big, as if he were the *Emperor of the Universe*. And well he may, since during his *Legation*, he has as much *Power* as the *Pope* himself; that *Sovereign Prelate* having invested him with all his own *Paternal* full *Authority*; which he would make the *World* believe, is greater than that of *Earthly Kings* and *Emperors*. And yet he styles himself the *Servant* of the *Servants of God*. A fine Piece of *Eccelesiastical Hypocrisy*! the *Ways* of these *Infidels* are double. Their *Practice* runs counter to their *Profession*: They would fain appear as *Saints*, when in effect they are little better than *Devils*.

There has been a great *Alteration* lately made in *Portugal*, the *Estates* of that *Nation* having compell'd their *King* to renounce his *Government*, and confer it on *Don Pedro* his Brother. The *Spaniard* laughs at this private, hoping from their intestine *Animosities* to draw *Occasions* of advancing his own *Interest*, and of recovering that *Crown* again. Ac.



Accomplish'd *Minister*, there is nothing new under the *Moon*; but a perpetual Circle of the same Events. What we admire in this Age as a Novelty, has been acted o'er and o'er in former Times. Peace follows War, and War treads close upon the Heels of Peace. Faith, Perfidy, Sedition, Obedience, Virtue and Vice, are the reciprocal Off-spring of each other. There's nothing fix'd or stable; but the World turns round upon Eternal Vicissitudes.

Paris, the 30th of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

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## LETTER XIX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President  
of the College of Sciences at Fez.

**I** Received thy invaluable *Dispatch*, containing marvellous Things, Revelations of a sublime Rank, Mysteries heretofore undiscover'd: Yet I was not much surpriz'd, having all along presag'd some vast Improvement of *Learning* from thy accomplish'd Spirit, O thou *Terrestrial Star* of the *First Magnitude*, Chief in the *Constellations* of the *South*.

Glory be to GOD, who from infinite Darkneſs started the Eternal bright *Idea's* of the Universe: and on the Womb of everlasting Silence, begat the WORD by which he formed all Things. Doubtless, there is no Blemish in his Works; no Botches, Knobs, or disproportionable Unevenneſſes: The World's a perfect Beauty.

Were *Ptolemy* alive, thy *System* of the *Heavens* would put him to the Blush: And *Tycho Brahe* would sneak out of his *Planetary* Fame, by some wild and more than *Eccentric* Motion, ashamed that he had been such a Botcher in *Astronomy*. *Copernicus* himself would

would sink under the Burthen of the *Moon*, which the overloaded Earth would in revenge let fall upon him, for his unnatural Cruelty to his aged Mother, in burthening her so long; and all the World would celebrate thy Praise, who hast thus happily rescu'd *Heaven* and *Earth* from their Embarrassments.

Thy Thoughts are high and elevated to the *Heaven* of *Heavens*; yet thy Humility stoops to the *Centre* of the *Earth*. But all Mankind would be obliged to thee afresh, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to take the middle Path, and survey with thy accustomed Accuracy the Surface of this *Globe*, whereon we Mortals tread. *Geography* being already sensible of her elder Sister's Happiness, in thy Correction and Amendments of the former *Astronomick* Schemes, languishes also for thy Supervisal of her own Defects and Blemishes.

Those that have measured the Earth, cannot agree in stating her Circumference: And there were few in former Times who did believe the *Antipodes*. The *Mussulmans* of *India* do assert, that the Earth is supported by eight mighty *Elephants*: And those of *Turky* say, it rests upon the *Horns* of a great *Bull*. If either of these Opinions were to be taken in the Literal Sense, it would put the dullest *Philosopher* to *Subsannation*, or at least a Fit of Laughter. But doubtless they are *Allegories*, under which are veil'd some true and natural Secrets.

However, let the *Globe* rest where it will, on *Bulls*, or *Bears*, or *Elephants*, or *Camels*, *Dromedaries*, *Horses*, or the Back of *Atlas*, as the *Gentiles* did affirm; I would fain know, methinks, how large a Space of Land we have to tread upon, and what Proportion is allotted to the Sea.

'Tis true, we have a common Notion of *Four Quarters* of dry Land; *Asia*, *Africk*, *Europe*, and *America*. Yet this is quarrell'd at by those of later Times, who add a *Fifth*, which they call *Magellanica*, or the *Southern unknown Earth*. From immemorial Times, our *Fathers* were acquainted with the *Three First Divisions*

or Precincts of the *Globe*: But the two last were but of late discover'd, since the Improvement of *Navigation*, and the Invention of the *Compass*.

There is a vulgar Tradition, every where in Vogue, that after *Noah's Flood*, *Asia* fell to the Share of *Sem* and his *Posterity*, *Africk* to *Cham*, and *Europe* to *Japhet*. Whether this be true or no, cannot be prov'd, but is wholly owing to Conjecture. However, this is certain, that if it were so, there have been mighty Changes in the Inheritances of *Noah's Offspring*, and Alterations of their several Limits: Insomuch, as now they seem to be in part blended and mix'd together, or at least shuffled from one to another.

Those who liv'd in the *Middle Ages*, made but *Two Divisions* of the *Globe*, viz. *Asia* and *Europe*, And in this they also differ'd: For some made *Africk* only a *Province*, or Part of the latter, persuading themselves that they were antiently joined together, tho' afterward separated by a violent Irruption of the *Atlantick Sea* by the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, which before was a narrow *Isthmus*, or Neck of Land; but from the Time that Bank was washed away, the *Mediterranean Sea* derived its *Origin*. Others made *Africk* a Part of *Asia*, they being not absolutely parted by any *Sea*; tho' some *Egyptian Kings* and *Roman Emperors* attempted to make a *Canal* between the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea*.

A third Sort divided the known Part of the World into *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africk*, and *Egypt*: Whilst a fourth plac'd *Egypt* to the Account of *Asia*, making the River *Nile* the Boundary between it and *Africk*. But this was incommodious, in regard it left that Part of *Egypt* on the *West* of *Nile* to *Africk*. Such was the Confusion of the ancient Greek and *Roman Geographers*.

As for *America*, it takes its Name from *Americus Vesputius* a *Florentine*, who made the second Voyage to discover it. For it was first descry'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, in the Year of the *Christian Hægry* 1442, by the Order and at the Charge of *Ferdinand*.

*nand*, King of *Arragon* and *Castile*. This Part of the *World* is divided into two mighty *Empires*; the *Northern*, or that of *Mexico*; and the *Southern*, or that of *Peru*.

*Magellanica*, or the *Southern Unknown Land*, derives its Name from *Ferdinand Magellan*, the first that e'er discover'd it; in the Year 1520, when he sail'd quite round the *Globe*. About Five and forty Years afterwards, *Francis Drake*, an *Englishman*, touch'd upon the same Coasts; and twelve Years after him, *Thomas Candish*, one of his Countrymen. Likewise *Oliver van Noord*, a *Hollander*, undertook the same Voyage. But none made such Advances in this new Discovery, as a certain *Spaniard*, call'd *Ferdinand de Quiro*.

GOD knows, what strange and unexpected Novelties this *Country* might afford, if Men were once acquainted with it. This may be the Sanctuary of the Ten Tribes of *Israelites*, which were led away Captives by *Salmanasser* King of *Assyria*: Or perhaps the Inhabitants of this *Country* are of another Race than that of *Noah* and *Adam*. We may from them, 'tis possible, derive new Lights, as to the Pre-existence of *human Souls*. Who knows, but they have Records more exact and antient than the *Indians* and *Chinese*? Be it how it will, I'm clear for new Discoveries. There is a certain specifick Boldness in my Spirit, which prompts me to invade the pretended Modesty of *Nature*: I long to furl the Veil, which hides so many Secrets; and with a Philosophick Confidence, were I in Power, I'd rumple up the envious Coverings of such desirable Wonders.

Oh! that some *God-like Monarch* in this Age would in *Royal Bounty* equip a *Navy*, and man them with the most expert and resolute Mariners on Earth, with Vessels to transport an Army of Land-Soldiers, with Tenders to carry Meat, Drink, Apparel, and other Necessaries for so vast an Expedition. Surely, the Event would answer Expectation, the Gains would far transcend the Cost, the Honour infinitely surpass the  
Peril

Peril; and all our known familiar World would be oblig'd by such a fortunate Undertaking.

Sage *Omar*, it depends on thee to bring this Thing to pass. Start but the Proposal to some mighty *Sovereign*, thy Recommendation will be of Force. Thou wilt be more than a *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or *Pizarra*. In fine, thou wilt wind up the Searches of this inquisitive Age, and put a Stop to future Scrutinies.

I only hint the Thing; do thou pursue it, and all Generations shall celebrate thy Fame. God inspire thee with fresh Ardors.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## LETTER XX.

To Osman Adrooneth, Astrologer to  
the Sultan at Adrianople.

**O**LD *Ptolemy* was much out of his Byass; his wild irregular Fancy, drunk with the Lees of *Aristotle's* dark Opinion and Conceit, stumbled and fell asleep upon the Thought of the *Earth's* being Centre to the *Universe*, and then the rest of the *World* seem'd to run round his giddy Head. He often strove to lift his heavy Noddle up, to see whether it were so or not. But the besotting Load of Prepossession weigh'd him down again: He slumber'd, dream'd, and snored loud, stretch'd out at large upon the fair *Chimæra*.

The studious Candidates of Truth and Science, by his Example fell to the same Riot in *Philosophy*, and continued the Debauch for many Ages: Till, too much surfeited and cloy'd with such a fullsome Entertainment, bold *Tycho Brahe* rubs up his Eyes, and wakes the Company with a new System of the mighty  
Frame.

Frame. Then all began to start and rouse, as at some Prodigy. His heavenly Gimcracks pleased the Palate of the Age. His *Eppicycles*, *Eccentricks*, *Periga's*, and *Apoga's*, with all the rest of his gay Whim-whams, were receiv'd with general Applause, till the more excellent *Copernicus* appear'd with something *Newer* still: And then the blundering *Dane*, abash'd, slipp'd off the Stage, without so much as taking his Leave.

The Astronomers soon fell in Love, and paid implicit Adoration to the Idol which *Copernicus* set up; and it was but reason, since they had never seen a fairer or a juster Scheme of the World before.

Yet every Age improves itself in Knowledge on the Ruins of the former. And thus what *Ptolemy* never found out, nor *Tycho Brahe* or *Copernicus* could mend or match, if now they were alive; is very lately discovered by the incomparable *Abdel Melec Mulli Omar*, President of the College of Sciences at Fez.

The happy *Musa Abul Yaruslan*, Professor of *Philosophy* there, first started the Proposal of a *Mathematical* Experiment: And laying Heads together, the Primate of *Morocco* Doctors, Fathers of the *African Alfaqui's* living, found a true *Demonstration* in it.

I have lately receiv'd a *Dispatch* from that renown'd Prelate, with an inclosed Model of this Planetary Machine: A copy of which I send thee, drawn by my own Hand. It represents the Original to a Point. Examine it well, and thou wilt find 'tis much more regular and exact, than any of those antiquated Schemes; and answers all the Questions of *Astronomy* without the least apparent Blunder. Besides, it has a perfect Symmetry and Proportion in every Part: It makes the World appear a complete Beauty. Whereas the Frame which *Tycho Brahe* made, was all deform'd with wild Unevennesses. Nor was the *System* of *Copernicus* without a manifest Botch, in making the small Orb of the Moon alone to interfere with that of the *Earth*: Whilst all the other *Planets* circulate in their own entire and solitary *Spheres*, without an Interloper to disturb them.

Beside,

Besides, he makes the *Earth* an *Aslas* to the *Moon*, whilst this poor weary *Globe*, is forc'd, in his Opinion, to drudge yearly round the *Zodiack*, with the vast Burthen of *Diana* on its Shoulders

If it be so, 'tis no wonder that the *Earth* so often faints and trembles under the mighty Load. Henceforth we need not lay the Blame of *Earthquakes* to *Enceladus*; as if the drowzy, snoring *Giant*, turning his monstrous bulky Corps from one side to the other, were the sole Cause of these Convulsions: When Mortals reel and stagger, as they walk upon the Surface; when Trees and Mountains rock as in a Cradle, and whole Cities are sometimes swallow'd up.

No; let poor *Enceladus* sleep on, and take what Rest he can in his *Infernal* Prison. There was no Danger of his ever stirring again, after he had been once thoroughly souc'd in *Lethe's* All-benumbing Streams. *Copernicus* is only in the Fault: Whenever we feel these fatal Heavings of the *Globe*, 'twas too unmerciful a Task he impos'd upon it, especially in its Old Age.

It would have grumbled in its early Day and sturdy Youth, had it been thus severely us'd by *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hermes Trismegistus*, or any other of the Primitive Sages. But now to be thus roughly handled by an upstart Infidel in its declining Years, when three Parts of its Marrow are decay'd, and its once potent Nerves and Sinews are shrunk, its Liver wasted, and every Vital winding away, almost broke its Heart.

Therefore these *African* Sages, in Duty to their aged Mother the *Earth*, have found a Way to free her from the Burthen of the *Moon* in her decrepit State; and yet to make the *Sun* the Centre of the *World*; adjusting at the same time, with accurate Laws, and an unblemish'd Order, the Motions, Stations, and various Postures of the *Planets*.

This happy Revelation in *Astronomy* is not to be divulg'd in publick Writings, lest some inquisitive, curious Traveller, ambitious *Nazarene*, or envious Jew,

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*Jew*, should chance to light upon the sacred Scheme, and boast himself the Inventor of it.

Let it be only communicated to Learned, Faithful *Mussulmans* of the First Rank: For such Celestial Mysteries ought not to be prostituted to the Vulgar. Tell not the little *Fasmir Sgire Rugial* of it: For, if thou dost, all the *Frank* Merchants at *Aleppo* soon shall be made privy to the matchless Secret. Be it a perpetual *Arcanum* in the Breasts of sublime Men, exalted Souls, *Friends of God*, and little less than *Prophets*. And be it, till all the *Sages* of the *East* and *South* are first made sensible of it, and able to defend it against the vain Attempts of the *Uncircumcis'd* Nation. Then let it be promulg'd in *Allah's* Name throughout the *Globe*, to the Eternal Honour of *God*, and Glory of his Prophet, who could neither write nor read, yet has Disciples, to whom alone the purest Reformation of the Universe is owing.

Do but survey with an indifferent Look, the last and loveliest Portraiture of the World that ever was made by Man. Fix thine admiring Eyes on the Magnifick Seat and *Palace* of the *Sun*. Consider at the same time the true and equal Forms, Dimensions, Distances, and mutual Intersections of the ambient *Orbs*, without the smallest Blur or Blot in all the Eternal Frame. Then tell me thy Opinion, whether thou canst not calculate *Nativities*, erect all Manner of *Schemes*, make *Almanacks*, tell credulous Men their future Fortunes; appoint the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, set *Venus* and *Mercury* together by the Ears, to stir up furious *Mars* to make a Hurly-burly in the *Havens* and *Elements*; or, if thou canst not wheedle the sowre Curmudgeon *Saturn*, into a soft obliging Humour; or fret the noble *Jupiter* to Madnels, by a damn'd *Conjunction* with his mortal Enemy; and a thousand more *Astrological* Enterprizes. Tell me, I say, whether thou canst not perform all this and more, as well by the inclos'd *Effgies* of the World, as by the old Threadbare, Weather-beaten, Worm-eaten *Italian Clock*  
work



work of *Ptolemy*; or the later Inventions of *Tycho Brahe* and *Copernicus*.

It will now no longer be a Secret, how those Birds dispose themselves, which at a certain Time of the Year are seen to gather in mighty Troops, and fly directly upward out of human Sight; not one of the whole *Species* being left behind, or found on any Part of the Earth, until the *Moon* has roll'd full six times round the *Zodiack*: When they return again in equal Companies into this *Globe*, each *Species* to his native Region. For the intelligent *Fowls* exactly know the Hour in which the Earth does in its yearly Circulation intersect the neighbouring *Orb* of the *Moon*, and then they snatch the Opportunity to quit the attractive *Atmosphere*, and take the Air of that adjacent *Planet*.

I have a great deal more to say on this Subject, which I will reserve for another Letter. In the mean time, thou venerable *Star-gazer*, adieu, and remember to be private.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## LETTER XXI.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Principal Support of Learning and true Science.*

THE Orders of thy *Sanctity* came like a Message from Heaven, surprizing me at once with equal Pleasure and Astonishment. Every Line increased my Rapture. And now I thought I had no more to wish for in the World, since the Great *Patriarch* of the *Faithful* has condescended to embrace the Advice of so mean a Slave as *Mahmut*. It has been my passionate Desire to see Knowledge flourish in the Re-  
nowned

noun'd *Ottoman Empire*, that the *Infidels* may no longer reproach us with Ignorance and Barbarism. This was the Reason that I so often importuned thy Predecessor to encourage the Translation of *Histories* into the *Turkish* Language. Now thou art pleas'd to begin this glorious Work, and to honour me, by requiring my Instructions in the Management of it. Nay, thou hast commanded me to lay the Foundation of so illustrious an Enterprize, in presenting thee a Pattern or Model of this great Work, containing an *Historical Epitome* of the Four Great *Monarchies*, with a brief Series of the most remarkable and famous Translations, Changes, and other Events in the World, with reference to the Nation and Age wherein they happened.

As to the Advice thou demandest of me, I think it would be for the Honour and Benefit of the *Mussulmans*, that a compleat *History* of the *World* should be collected out of the most antient and sincere *Writers*, and digested into *Annals*, from the very Beginning of Time, down to the Reign of our present *Emperor*, the August Sovereign of the whole Earth: That so whatsoever has been done on Earth worthy of Memory, may be rank'd in its proper Time and Place; and we may not grope any longer in the dark, when we would know in what Year or Age any Famous Warrior or Monarch lived or died; or when any renowned City was built, besieg'd, taken, and destroy'd, and by whom all these Things were done: With many other useful *Memoirs*, in which the *Ottomans* are now wanting.

In the Beginning of this *Work*, it will be absolutely necessary to have recourse to the *Chronicles* of the *Indians*, *Persians*, and *Egyptians*, and to the *Writings* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Thales*, *Zeno*, and others of *Greece*, *Phœnicia* and *Thrace*. For tho' the *Nazarenes* of the *West* despise the Authority of these *Authors*, and calumniate all for *Fables* and *Romances* which was deliver'd before the first *Olympiad*; yet the more impartial Inhabitants of the *East*, whether *Christians* or

*Mussulmans* reject nothing which has the undoubted Stamp of Antiquity; but rather seek to unriddle the mysterious Expressions of the *Poets* and *Philosophers*, who strove industriously to cover all their Knowledge and Traditions under dark *Ænigma's*, *Figures*, *Parables*, that so the *Divine* Secrets of *Antiquity* might not be prophaned by the rude and unpolished *Vulgar*.

It was ever the *Maxim* of some ancient *Sages* and *Politicians*, thus to keep the People in Ignorance of past Times; the better to assure their Dominion and Authority over them. They only reveal'd what was obvious to every Man's Sense, the manifest and visible Influences of the *Heavenly* Bodies of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, the Natures of *Plants* and *Animals*, with whatsoever else was liable to any Man's Eye and Apprehension. But as to the more abstruse and less conspicuous Works of *Nature*, they were like the Secrets of State kept under a Veil.

Yet there wanted not Men of Wisdom in other *Parts* of the *World*, who strove to unfold all Things, and render Mankind familiar with whatsoever fell under human Intellect. Among these, the *Indians* and *Chineses* deserve the first Place, who were never covetous of the Gifts of *Nature*, but sought to improve all those of their *Nations* in the Knowledge of the *Arts* and *Sciences*, and especially in the *System* of antient *History*. These People shut up themselves from the rest of the World for many Ages, fearing lest Commerce might corrupt the Simplicity of their Primitive Laws and Institutions. Only *Alexander the Great*, and before him, *Semiramis* Queen of the *Assyrians*, had ever Access to the *Indies* in old Time. And *China* was never open till of late, when their too potent Neighbours the *Tartars* broke through their Famous Wall, and subdued the whole *Empire*: And their Business was not with *Books* but with *Men*.

For these Reasons we may not wonder, that the *Indian Brachmans*, and the *Bonx's* of *China*, deliver an  
Account

Account of the *Origin* of the *World*, and the next succeeding *Ages*, so far beyond the *Epocha's* of all other *Historians*, especially these in the *West*.

For Events of later Date, the *Compilers* of this *Work* may make use of such *Historians* as have written the *Annals* of several *Nations* since the first *Olympiad*.

If thou know'st not what an *Olympiad* means, 'tis the Form of Computation us'd in the ancient *Grecian* *Hegyra*, every *Olympiad* containing Four Years. And the First of these *Olympiads* began in the Year of the *World* 3228. At which time *Chorebus* of *Elis* signaliz'd himself, by winning the first *Race* that ever was run at the *Olympick Games*. These *Games* were celebrated every *Olympiad*; and all the *Youth* of *Greece* flock'd to them, to try their Skill in Running, Wrestling, and other Manly Exercises.

About this Time *Historians* began to write partially, and the Truth could hardly be discern'd from the Fabulous Errors with which it was adulterated. Yet this rather proceeds from a *National Emulation*, than from a Design to corrupt the *Antient Belief*. However, thou mayest give Credit to *Thucydides*, who in the 86th *Olympiad* began to write his *History* of the *War* in *Peloponnesus*, between the *Lacedaemonians* and those of *Athens*; which *War* continued One and twenty Years, as that Author testifies, who wrote *Annals* of it from the Beginning to the End. And among other remarkable Passages, which he is very exact in recounting, he mentions a famous *Eclipse* of the *Sun*, that happen'd in the first Year of that *War*; and was so great, that the *Stars* appeared at Noon-Day in the *Sky*. *Plutarch* also speaks of this *Eclipse*, telling us, that *Pericles*, Prince of the *Athenians*, being at Sea when the *Sun* was thus darken'd, and perceiving the *Master* of the *Vessel* in a great Fright, at some Prodigy, he threw his Cloak over the Man's Face, and ask'd him, *If he was afraid of that, or look'd upon it as a bad Omen?* And when the *Master* answer'd, *No: Pericles* reply'd, *What Difference is there between*

*this Eclipse of the Sun, and that, since both are caus'd by the Interposition of a Veil between the Sun and thine Eyes; only that Veil is larger than my Cloak, -it being the Moon which covers that Glorious Lamp from our Sight?*

Much about the same time liv'd one *Herodotus* and *Hellanicus*, two Famous *Historians*, Men of Integrity and Credit; and *Hippocrates*, the Renown'd *Physician* of *Athens*. These are worthy to be translated into the *Turkish* Language; as are also *Xenophon* and *Polybius*, who wrote after them. They all, except the last, liv'd in the Time of the *Persian Monarchy*, and therefore are most likely to deliver down a true Account of the memorable Events that happened during that formidable *Empire*.

As for the *Macedonian Monarchy*, the most Eminent *Writers* were *Curtius*, *Arrianus*, and *Diodorus Siculus*; but this last is frequently mistaken in his *Chronology*, and therefore ought to be corrected by the others. *Plutarch* also must be consulted, and *Josephus* the *Jew*, with *Strabo*, *Appian*, *Livy*, *Justin*, and *Pausanias*. For they either serve to illustrate one another, where they treat of the same Matters; or else the one carries on the Thread of *History* where the other left off. And therefore thou needest not wonder that I name so many *Authors*, since they are worthy of Credit, and absolutely necessary to the compleating an entire *History* of the *World*; whereas there are a Rabble of other *Writers*, who are scarce worth the naming; much less their Authority to be trusted to, in compiling an *Universal History*, which is to give a new Luitre to the *Ottoman Empire*, and raise its Credit in the Learned World.

As for the *Roman Empire*, it will be necessary to make use of *Josephus*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, *Philo*, *Xiphilinus*, *Zonaras*, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Seneca*, *Florus*, *Livy* and *Suidas*.

These will be sufficient Materials with which the *Translators*, *Scribes*, and *Compilers* may accomplish the  
Illustrations

Illustrious Undertaking; the Encouragement whereof I again earnestly recommend to thy Liberality and Munificence.

What concerns the Injunction thou hast laid on me, to draw a *Pattern* or *Model* of this great *Work*, in presenting thee with a brief Abstract of the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Four Monarchies*, with such memorable Events as will be proper to direct the Undertakers in the Method of digesting this *Universal History*; I will reserve it for another *Letter*, not having those *Books* by me which are requisite to assist me in this *Affair*.

In the mean time, I pray *Heaven* prosper this noble Enterprize, and grant that thou mayest live the Space of many *Olympiads*, to see the Effect of thy Bounty; when this *Universal History* being finished, shall instruct the *Mussulmans*, and defeat the Calumnies of the *Uncircumcis'd*.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

*The END of the First Book.*





# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK II.

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## LETTER I.

*To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at  
Alcair in Egypt.*



THY Sufferings pierce my Heart ;  
I owe thee Pity on the Score of  
human Nature ; and more Com-  
passion as thou art a *Mussulman* :  
But where's the Tongue or Pen  
that can describe the Sympathy of  
Friends ; Canst thou in a despond-  
ing Manner cast thyself upon thy Bed, there to  
exhale, in melancholy Sighs, that pungent Sorrow,  
which can find no other Vent, unless those Vapours  
of the Spleen condense to Showers of Tears ? Canst  
thou do this, and I remain insensible all the  
while ? No ! I'm a perfect *Echo* to thy saddest  
Groans. And when thou weepest, my Heart is not a  
Stone, that spatters back again the Drops that fall on  
it ;

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it; but 'tis like Clay, that softens with the gentle, solemn Distillation. Believe that I sweat Blood, when thou dissolv'st in Tears. I am not capable of Moderation toward my Friend. My Love, my Joy, my Grief and Anger are all excessive, when such a one as thou occasion'st them. 'Tis equal Pleasure to live, or die in this magnetick Point: For *Souls* of Friends are perfect *Unions*. Then, if thou hast a Spark of Love for *Mahmut*, do not kill me with thy sad Complaints. For whilst I hear that thou art thus abandon'd to Misfortune and Despair, how can I live, without perpetual Deaths, more terrible than what we all must undergo by the Course of Nature? Dost thou delight to make a constant *Martyr* of me?

Thou art bred a *Courtier*, and so was I. Our Infant-Blood was season'd with the *Grand Signior's* Bread and Salt; we equally imbib'd the Manners, Habits, Customs, Maxims, and the Pride of the *Serail*, with the Pillow, the Milk, Sorbets, and other Nourishment of our early Years. Since which, we have seen the various Revolutions of mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. We have beheld the invincible *Emperor* of *China* fall a *Victim* to the Perfidy of his *Slaves*, and to the more propitious Fortune of the *Tartars*. After another Manner was the Glory of the *British Monarchy* eclipsed. But no Foreign Story can match the barbarous Massacres of our Majestick *Sultans*, *Mustapha*, *Osman*, and *Ibrahim*, all within our Memory.

Oh! *Mehemet*, we have liv'd too long after these Spoils of *Royal Blood*. How can we repine at our own private Losses and Afflictions, whilst we do but sip the flat insipid Relicks of those tragical, sprightly Potions, brew'd for all the Palates of the greatest *Princes*. Henceforth let us live, as if we were among the Dead. Let us hear, and see, feel, taste and smell these outward Objects *en passant*, without being sensible what we do or suffer. Let us anticipate, by a wise Prevention, the last Stroke of Death, by dying every Moment.



Go to the *Pyramids*, my *Mehemet*, or would to God I could go thither for thee; there to contemplate the Fate of human Glory, the Mock Grandeur of this World. Consider all the *Race* of the *Egyptian Kings*, who built these costly and magnificent Structures, or their *Fathers* for 'em: Who fill'd the hollow Piles with Silver, Gold, and precious Stones; whilst, with their Magick Laws, they list'd Legions of *Spirits*, dwelling in the Air, Fire, Earth, and Water, obliging them to guard the wealthy Sepulchres: And tell me then, what thou canst find in those superannuated Vaults? Nothing but Stench and Darkness. Old *Time* has filch'd away the slighter Glories of the Place; and his younger Brother *Avarice* has plunder'd all the rest, which was the more substantial Part. He could have done no less in common-good Manners, than take the Leavings of the Heir, the Elder of the two. The great *Al-maimun* thought to have the Gleanings of their Harvest; but he found the Gain would never exceed the Cost.

But what's become of all the Founders of these astonishing Fabricks? Look in the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, who is supposed to build the greatest of the *Pyramids*; and thou wilt find not the least Relict of his Ashes: Or if thou shouldst, 'twill be impossible to distinguish them from the common Dust of other Mortals, tho' his meanest *Slaves*: So mutable is human Glory; so inconstant all the Smiles of Fortune.

Do but reflect on all the Glorious Conquests of *Alexander the Great*, and on the Triumphant Entry he made in *Babylon*, when the *Chariot* which carry'd him, was an *Epitome* of all the Riches which the *Indies* cou'd afford; and yet that *Chariot* which he esteem'd but one Degree before his *Hearse*, which in a very few Days, with an Obscurity beneath the Merits of so great a *Victor*, convey'd him to his Grave.

Consider *Cesar*, who after four and twenty Battels, wherein he always got the Day, was drawn in a Triumphant *Chariot* to the *Capitol* by forty Elephants; yet now his Name is hardly thought of.

So

So *Epaminondas* thought to out-vye the World in his magnificent Insults; yet all this glorious Pageantry ended in Dust and Ashes. *Aurelian* led the *Græcs* Captive with *Zenobia*: yet he himself at last became the Prisoner of Death. The pompous Galley of *Cleopatra*, when she celebrated the *Sicilian Triumph*, serv'd but to mend the Poop of *Charon's Boat*, which she was to be ferry'd to *Elixium*. So the proud *Sesestris*, whose Coach was drawn by Four vanquish'd Kings, at last was fain to owe his uncouth Funeral to Four sordid Slaves, who stole his naked Corpse away from the designed Revenge of factious *Eunuchs*, and bury'd it in a Heap of Camel's Dung.

But where is the Pen or Pencil, that will to the Life describe the unmatch'd Cavalcade of *Pompey*, when by a prosperous *Chymistry* he had extracted all the richest Spirits and Essences of *Eastern Wealth*, to grace his Entry into *Rome*?

The Front of the *Procession* dazzled every Eye, with the strange Lustre of Diamonds and Carbuncles mix'd in chequer-wise: an *Oriental Figure*, or rather the Substance of all *Asia* in *Epitome*. Then follow'd the Image of the *Crescent Moon* in massy Gold, with a Train of Mountains of the same Metal, whereon were Woods of Jet, Vines whose Grapes were entire Sapphires, and Animals all of Prophecy, grazing on Fields of verdant Amethyfts.

To sanctify this glorious Shew, the Golden Images of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Pallas*, came next in sight, with thirty Crowns of Gold, born up by the Chief Captains of his Army, as if so many Kingdoms were design'd for their Rewards. And because *Gods* and *Goddesses* should not want a *Temple*, Five hundred Slaves bore up a *Fane*, built all of massy Silver, wash'd with Gold. And at the Back of this appeared the Statue of the Conqueror, on which no Eye could fix, being crufted over with Hyacinths and Pearls.

Behold, my *Mehemet*, an Exuberance of human Glory: Yet wonder not to see a Man come after all;

a Mortal Man, I say, made radiant as the Sun with borrow'd Jewels. And to compleat this fading Triumph, read these Letters, all pure Jaspers on his Chariot-Wheels: *Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Media, Colchis, Syria, Cilicia, Mesopotamia, Phoenicia, Palestine, India*, and the *Desarts of Arabia*. All these were the Conquests of this Triumphant Warrior, and yet his *Destiny* insulted over him. Poor *Pompey*, thou art gone, and all thy mighty Territories in the *East* are now possessed by *Sultan Mahomet*, our glorious *Sovereign*.

And what need thee and I repine, after we have seen all this? Let *Asdrubal* astonish *Carthage* with the Glory of four Publick Triumphs: Yet that Theatre of his Honour quickly proves the *Stage* whereon he was degraded, strip'd stark naked, and in Triumph led away by Death. So *Marius*, after he had been exalted to the Top of human Felicity on Earth, was seen all naked, lying in a stinking Ditch.

What is become of *Nero's* Silver Gallery in the Capitol? Or the pendant Gardens of *Semiramis*, which cost no less than twenty Millions of Gold? Where is now the glittering Hall of *Atabalipa*, King of *Peru*, whose Pavement was of *Sapphires*? Or the Gardens of *Cyrus*, fenced round with Pales of Gold? Or *Cesar's* Fountains garnish'd with *Dryads* of the same Metal? Where is the Ivory Palace of *Menelaus*, or the Crystal *Louvre* of *Drusus*? All these Things are vanish'd with their Founders.

How wise and happy then was *Saladine*, the great and most invincible Conqueror of *Asia*, who triumph'd over himself; and in his victorious Return, caus'd a Shirt to be carried before him on the Point of a Spear, with this Proclamation; *That after all his Glories, he should carry nothing to the Grave but that poor Shirt*? So *Adrian*, a Roman Emperor, to qualify the excessive Joys of his high Fortune, celebrated his own Funeral and caus'd his Coffin to be born before him, when he was to make a publick Cavalcade through *Rome*. This was  
a Sacred

a Sacred Triumph, an Heroick Insult over *himself* and *Death*.

Let thou and I, my Friend, imitate these sage Examples, and ever have the *Image of Death* before our Eyes. Then we shall never mourn for the vain Trifles we have lost, or covet what we never enjoy'd: But being ever content with what our *Destiny* allots us, shall pass our Time away in a *Divine Tranquillity*.

*Mehemet*, thou'lt find this to be a profitable and true Experiment. Try it, and the Issue will convince thee more than a thousand Counsellors.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## L E T T E R II.

*To Mohammed, the Illustrious Eremit  
of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.*

**I** Lodge in a House near the Wall of *Paris*, which gives me a daily Opportunity of surveying out of my Window the adjacent Fields: These extend themselves in a Plain for the Space of a League, or thereabouts; and then the Eye is arrested by a long Ridge of rising Ground, a Row of Hills or Hillocks, not meriting the lofty Name of Mountains, yet high enough to put a Valley out of shape, and make the *Horizon* crump-back'd.

These Hills are cover'd thick with Woods and Groves; among whose verdant, shady Tops, some stately *Palaces* lift up their glittering Crests, and make a sociable pleasant Figure in those Solitudes.

This Prospect represents so much to the Life the Valley of *Admoim* in *Arabia*, the Place of my Nativity, that I could as well grasp Coals of Fire with naked Hands, and not be burnt, as cast my Eye out of my Window on this lovely Landskip, and not be inflam'd

with secret Passions for my *Native Soil*, the Place where I first drew the Vital Air. It is a perfect *Magnet* to my Spirit, wheresoever I am, attracting all my Wishes, Inclinations, and Desires. Methinks the *Eastern Winds* at certain Hours waft to my ravished Ears the Whispers of my *Countrymen*. Methinks, sometimes, I see the Faces of my *Kindred*, and their Rural Train; I hear their Voices, and converse familiarly with them, as though they were present: Such is the Magick of strong Desire and Sympathy; it steals the *Soul* away from itself, and with sweet Violence unites it to the beloved Object, tho' at never so great a Distance. Thus when my wandering Thoughts have taken up their Residence for a while in that delicious Vale where I was born, a far more powerful *Magnet* draws 'em to thy *Cave*, Mysterious *Solitary*, Mirror of Virtues, Exemplary Guide of such as consecrate themselves to God.

Glory to *Him* that was before *All Time*, the *Father of Eternal Ages*. He changes not, yet is the Source of indefatigable and unwearied Revolutions. He is the only independent, true, and self-existent *Being*; the uncreated Essence from whom all other *Beings* derive their Origin and Conservation. He is the *Prop* and *Basis* of the *Universe*. He is but *One*, the *Primitive Unity*, and cannot be divided into Fractions: Yet every *Species* and *Individual Being* in the World participates a Share of his *Divinity*: Immortal Praises exhale from all Creatures, and ascend like Clouds of Incense before the *Throne* of his *Adorable Majesty*, or like Vapours which the grateful Earth returns in a hot Summer's Day, by way of Acknowledgement for the Benefits perpetually flowing on her from the *Sun*. So all the Elements respire their Thanks to *Him* that *made them*. The *Firmament* expands itself, and bows down to the Brims of this low Globe; *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* do stoop and kiss the Floor o'th' Earth, in Token of profound Humility and Devotion to the *Immortal Source of Light*. Only ungrateful Man repays the Boun-  
ty

ty of the *Omnipotent* with Neglects, Contempts, Affronts and Blasphemies. I mean the general Part of Human Race; excepting always from this Charge the Just, the Innocent and Pious: were it not for such as these, the *Divine Patience* would be tir'd with the continual Profanations of vain Mortals.

Oh! Venerable *Sylvan*, thou art the only pacifick *Victim* of this sinful Age. Thy constant Self-denials, Mortifications, Abstinences, and the whole System of thy accomplish'd Sanctity, stop the Wrath of *Heaven* from falling in large Cataracts on Mankind: When the *Eternal Eye* beholds thy Virtues, it drops down Tears of Love and Mercy on the Earth, glad that a Son of *Adam* yet survives, not stain'd with Vice. Thou art the effectual Propitiation for the sinful World. When Storms and Tempests of impetuous Winds, when Lightning, Thunder, Hail or Rain disturb the Air, or Earthquakes menace more effectual Tragedies to the Earth, I think of thee, the Favourite of *Heaven*, and then repose in full Security: Thy very *Idea* is my Shelter from all Evils: I shroud myself under the Shade of thy inviolated *Beard*, over which the *Razor* never pass'd. I take Sanctuary in the *Umbrella* of thy Arms, when stretch'd in fervent *Oraisons*: Thy Remembrance is my certain Refuge in Calamity.

I am impregnated with Sacred Emulations of thy Virtue; I burn with fervent, passionate Desires to become thy *Disciple*: I languish to withdraw myself from this vain World, and from the contagious Society of Mortals. How happy is the Life that is led in quiet Solitude? Where the *Soul* can feel herself, and being awaken'd to a Sense of her Immortal Strength, rouses and vigorously shakes off the heavy Clogs of Sleep and Death: Whilst the *Divine Afflatus* gently breathing on the Intellect, and fanning the oppressed Sparks of Reason, which lay smothering under a Heap of Errors, Lusts, Affections, and unlimited Desires, kindles the Mind into a perfect Flame of Light, which soon consumes the Rubbish of bodily

Plea-

Pleasures, dissipates the Smoke and Mists of pamper'd Flesh and Blood, and then a Man becomes all radiant within, shining with unclouded Splendors.

We Mortals seem to be rank'd in a *Middle State*, between the *Separate Spirits* and *Beasts*: Our *Virtues* make us like the *former*, our *Vices* like the *latter*. For when a Man has quite subdued his Appetites, and Reason sits Triumphant in her Throne, he is like an *Angel*, living above the Race of his Mortality. He does not, with the *Stagyrite*, place *Virtue* in a *Medium*, or rank the *Excess* of *Goodness* in the *Predicament* of *Vice*; but makes direct and swift Advances to the *Zenith* of Heroick Generosity, scorning to halt or make lame mungrel Capitulations with himself, as if he were afraid of being too good.

I would ask a *Peripatetick*, whether it be a *Virtue* or a *Vice*, in him that stomaching the enormous Villanies of wicked Men, boils up with an excessive vehemence Anger? Or whether a Man can err in loving *God* too much, or in conceiving too violent a Sorrow for his past Offences, or who can be too thankful for the Favours of *Heaven*? no! the farther Distance *Virtue* keeps from this cold, earthly *Mediocrity*, the brighter is its Splendor. And so on the other Side, the greater is the Barbarism, Brutality and infernal Stamp of *Vice*, by how much more remote it is from this *Indifference*. In a word, *Virtue*, and *Vice* are two contrary *Extremes*: So *Piety* is diametrically opposite to *Prophaneness*; *Intemperance* to *Sobriety*; *Fortitude* to *Cowardice*; *Incontinence* to *Chastity*; *Avarice* to *Bounty*; *Modesty* to *Impudence*; *Pride* to *Humility*; *Enmity* to *Friendship*. &c.

Now the *Mediums* between these *Extremes*, are *Hypocrisy* between *Virtue* and *Vice*; *Superstition* between *Piety* and *Prophaneness*; *Baseness* between *Modesty* and *Impudence*, and so of the rest.

Yet after all, 'tis necessary to observe a *Medium* in those Things which pertain to mortal Life, and to the Perpetuation of Mankind: Such are Meats, Drinks, Natural

Natural Passions of the Body and Mind, proceeding from the alternate Sense of Pleasure and Pain. So when we are press'd with Hunger and Thirst, we ought not presently to covet the plentiful Tables and superfluous Banquets of the *Great*; but rather such a Diet, as being easily prepar'd, may satisfy the Cravings of our *Nature*, without nauseating and giving us a Surfeit. To this End, the *Divine Providence* has scatter'd up and down the Surface of this Globe, an infinite Variety of Roots, Herbs, Fruits, Seeds, with all Sorts of Corn and Pulse. The Cattle afford us Plenty of Milk; the Bees are no Niggards of their Honey; the Fountains, Rivers, and Lakes abound with ever springing fresh Supplies of sweet refreshing Water. We also have the Use of Salt, Oyl, Wine, and other exhilarating Beverages; that being content with so many Benefits and Enjoyments, we might prolong our Lives in this World by Sobriety, as in a most pleasant Garden or *Paradise* of Health.

But, alas! instead of gratefully acknowledging the Bounty of *Heaven*, and pregnant Fertility of the *Earth*; instead of sitting mannerly down at the *Table*, which *God* has spread and cover'd for us with such a Train of Festival Dainties, we break the Rules of Hospitality; and rushing violently on the Creatures under his Protection, we kill and slay at Pleasure, turning the Banquet to a cruel Massacre; being transformed into a Temper wholly Brutal and Voracious, we glut ourselves with Flesh and Blood of slaughter'd *Animals*. Oh! happy he that can content himself with Herbs, and other genuine Products of the Earth; that sleeps as well in a solitary Cave, upon a Bed of Moss or Leaves, as in a Palace on a Couch of Down. He never wants, because he never desires what is not in his Power. He is not burden'd with a Crowd of Servants and flattering Retainers; nor his Repose disturb'd with early and late Addresses of pretended Friends, officious Sycophants, importunate Petitioners, and other fretting Business of the World.

Why



Why should I longer then demur or hesitate? What hinders me from presently embracing a Course of Life, that promises so much Happiness? A Discipline that will at once free me from a Thousand Tyrannies of Imperious Lusts, and Hostile Passions? I shall then have no need of Money, or the Help of cross-grain'd Servants. I shall not want a Multitude of Goods, the needless Pageantry of superfluous Ornaments, to make a dazzling Figure, and draw the Eyes of People to a Reverend Admiration. I shall be free from sottish Drowsiness, and turbulent Dreams. My Lungs will in my Sleep respire the Air with Ease: Whilst gentle Slumbers, mix'd with happy Visions, shall transport my Soul to unknown Worlds. No Fevers, Gouts or Dysenteries shall invade my Health, nor magisterial Menaces of Empiricks bespeak my certain Death, unless I will patiently submit to all the needless Tortures they are contriving for me, and tamely swallow down their new-invented Poisons, and be rack'd to Death in Hopes of Ease and Life. From all which horrid Circumstances, a slender innocent Diet, not stain'd with Blood of any Animal, will set me free.

Holy *Eremit*, the Idea I have of this Manner of Life, makes a profound and durable Impression on my Soul. I am ravished with the Sentiments of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, and resolutely bent to undergo the Discipline of their Philosophy. I will first endeavour to rid myself of vain Affections, Habits, and prophane Negotiations of the Earth: I'll gradually die to all Concupiscence and bodily Pleasure, that so I may by equal Steps revive to the Contemplation of *Celestial* Things. Then being free from every Spot and Stain contracted in the Days of my Security and Carelessness, my Thoughts and Works will be acceptable to *God*; who in return, will certainly infuse into my defæcate Mind a secret Virtue, the Magick of this Visible World; which purifying my Soul yet farther, will prepare it for the last and highest Gift  
of

of the Eternal Bounty to our Race whilst in this Life; to wit, a Power of doing Supernatural Things, and of Foretelling Events to come.

Do thou but pray it may be so, and all the Powers of Hell can never prevail against me; For thou hast the Ear of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 3d of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

### LETTER III.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

**I**N this Time of Wars with *Nazarenes*, when the Ottoman Fury is rouz'd and provok'd by *Infidels*; it will not be amiss to expose the Nakedness of Europe to the *Supreme Divan*, which is on Earth the close Committee of the Court above.

I chuse to address my Letter to thee, in Compliance with my former Orders, wherein thou seem'dst passionately desirous to know the present State of *Christendom*. God give thee a perpetual Serenity, Scribe of the Scribes: May'st thou never be troubled with a running Eye, a shaking Hand, or the Tooth-ach. As for me, I'm a perfect Magazine of Diseases, a walking Hospital, the School of *Æsculapius* where the necessary God has Scope to vent his Skill on all the various Kinds of Maladies, which afflict our mortal Race: Gouts, Fevers, Cramps, and horrid Dysenteries, are as common with me as my daily Diet.

However, amidst all these Afflictions, I serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends with a cordial Alacrity;  
never

never grudging to sacrifice my Ease and Health to the Interest of *True Believers*.

The Face of *Europe* is much chang'd since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*, and the Usurpations of the *Popes*. That once mighty *Monarchy* is now shrunk into a very narrow Compass, being shut up within the Confines of *Germany*, which formerly was but a *Province* of the *Ancient Empire*. All *Italy* is revolted. So are the *Swisses*, and the *United States* of the *Low-Countries*. The *Hans-Towns*, which in Time past paid Homage to the *Emperor*, have now shaken off the Yoke, and are become Independent *Commonwealths*. *Transylvania* plays fast and loose with him, according as their Interest requires. *Livonia* laughs at his Menaces, as appears by the Answer they sent to *Charles V.* when he demanded their Submissions, and that they would return to their Native Allegiance, otherwise threatening them with Fire and Sword. For all the Reply they made, was, That they knew the *Emperor's* Horse would be founder'd, before he could reach the Frontiers of their Country.

'Tis a general Observation, that since the *Reign* of *Rodolph I.* above Two Hundred *Principalities* and *States* have fallen off from the *Empire*. And those that yet continue in their Obedience, I mean the *Electoral Princes*, claim so many Privileges, stand so much upon *Punctilio's* and Prerogatives, that there remains now little more of the *Imperial* Majesty and Power, save the bare Title and outward Pomp. It is remarkable, That within these Three Hundred Years, no less than Nine *German Emperors* have been murder'd, and many more have been depos'd and banish'd. To sum up all in a few Words: If we survey the present State of the *German Empire* accurately, if we pry narrowly into its true Circumstances, we shall find, that after all the Clatter of his noisy Titles, the *Emperor* can call nothing properly his own, but his *Hereditary Estate* in *Austria*, which is  
hardly

hardly equivalent to the Territories of some *Lords* whom he calls his *Vassals*.

The *Germans* in general are a rude, unpolish'd People; greedy of Novelties, inconstant, rash, perfidious, and very phlegmatick; much addicted to unnatural Lusts, and incestuous Copulations. It is recorded of *Barbara* the *Empress*, Wife to *Sigismund* another *Messalina*, that after her Husband's Death, her *Confessor* advising her to reform her Manners, and live more chastly, like the *Turtle*; she answer'd, *If I must imitate the Life of Birds, why not of a Sparrow, as well as a Turtle?* Her Brother *Frederick* was much such another: For at Ninety Years of Age he murder'd his Wife for the Sake of a Strumpet. And being advised to repent, and think of his Grave; he said, *I am now studying my Epitaph, which I design shall be comprized in these Words:*

*This is my Way to Hell; I know not what I shall find there: What I have left behind me, I know. I abounded in all Delights, whereof I carry nothing with me: Neither my dainty Meats, or pleasant Wines, or whatsoever my insatiable Luxury exhausted.*

*Drunkenness* is said to be the Original Sin of *Germany*, from whence it spread itself into other Countries. They give this Character of a *German*, "That he is an Animal which drinks more than he can carry: A Tun that contains more than he can express." They tell a Story of Four old Saxons, who  
at

at one Sitting drank as many Healths as they could make up Years amongst them, which amounted to Three Hundred. And 'tis recorded of a certain *German Count*, that he used to make his Children, whilst yet Infants, drink lustily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no : For if they grew sick after it, he presently concluded them to be Bastards; but if they could bear the Debauch well, he cherished them as his own true Offspring. In a word, thou mayest have the same *Idea* of the *Germans* at this Day, as *Solyman* the *Magnificent* had in his Time, who used to say, “ I slight  
 “ the *Germans* above all other People of *Europe*,  
 “ because they are always at Discord among them-  
 “ selves, nor can they ever be united any more  
 “ than my Fingers and Toes. They cannot endure  
 “ Labour, and are the excessivest Gluttons and  
 “ Drunkards in the World: They always maintain  
 “ a Regiment of Whores in their Camp. Their  
 “ *Generals* take more Pride in their *Feathers*, than  
 “ in their *Military Arms*.

In a word, the *German* is so over-run with all Kinds of Vice, that he wants nothing to make him a compleat *Devil*, but only a little Tincture of the *Italian* Qualities, according to the Proverb, *Tudesco Italianato è un Diavolo Incarnato*; A *German Italianiz'd*, is a *Devil Incarnate*.

'Tis certain, the *French* have so weaken'd 'em on one Hand, and the *Swedes* on the other; that considering the frequent Troubles they meet with from the *Hungarians*, *Bohemians*, and other Tributary Nations, besides the Intestine Feuds of the *Electoral Princes*; we need not fear the blunted *Talons* of the *Eagle*, which are scarce strong enough to support her tottering State, or prop her from falling into Ruin: So far is she from being able to offend her Neighbours, that she never makes War her Choice, or takes the Field but by Compulsion in her own Defence.

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray God inspire the Victorious *Osmans* with Prophetick Courage and Resolution, and the final Conquest of *Germany* will soon be the Prize of *True Believers*.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.

## LETTER IV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at*  
Vienna.

THE Friendship that has been contracted between thee and me, ever since it was thy Fortune to serve the *Grand Signior* in that Station, obliges us both to mutual Sincerity. Besides, the Duty and Allegiance we owe our Sovereign, requires Plain-dealing between us. We ought to shun Flattery as the Bane of all friendly Engagements, the Pest of the Courts of Princes, and the General Contagion which infects chiefly the most Effeminate Part of Mankind. Such as are these *Western Nazarenes*, who abound in a Thousand little Complaisances and false Civilities: Thus suffering their own Integrity to be corrupted, their Virtue and Fastness of Spirit to be surprized and debauched; whilst their Friends, by these Means, not seldom run on Precipices, and fall into inevitable Ruin. In a word, they betray one another and themselves, out of pretended good Nature.

By what I have said, thou wilt comprehend, that I do not reprove thee out of Spite, Envy, Malice, or an affected Gravity; when I tell thee, that you took wrong Measures, in endeavouring to set the *Emperor's Palace on Fire*, or to poison him at his  
Dinner.

Dinner. I told thee once before, that these preposterous Methods will never take Effect. Besides, they will do the *Grand Signior* no Service.

Though thou art seemingly engaged in the Cause of the *Malcontents*, remember that thy Business is different from theirs. What signifies it to thee, whether the *Hungarians* have their Liberties, Rights and Privileges granted them, or no? Or what Reason hast thou to espouse the Interest of the *Evangelicks*, rather than that of the *Catholicks*, any farther than as an Umbrage to cover the greater Designs thou hast in Hand, as an *Agent Incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. Let the *Jesuits* pursue their own Game, and the *Protestants* theirs: Stand thou Neuter in the main, and rather endeavour to keep both Parties in a Counterpoize, than to turn the Scales for either. For the *Sultan* will gain by the Divisions of the *Nazarenes*, let the Case go how it will between themselves. Besides, there are *Catholicks* engaged in the *Faction*, as well as *Protestants*. 'Tis rather a *Civil Quarrel*, than a *Religious* one. The *Nobles* and *Gentry* of *Hungaria* and *Transylvania* are concerned for their *Estates*, more than for their Churches. They see the *Imperial Court* wants Money, and it is a Crime for an *Hungarian* to be Rich. Those that have the *Supreme Power* in these Cases, will find Reason enough to condemn a wealthy *Lord*, whether he be guilty or not.

'Tis this puts them upon caballing and entring into *Confederacies*, that so they may consult the Means of their own Safety, and be in a Posture to defend themselves.

I perceive the *Count de Serini* has made another Address for the *Government* of *Carolsstadt*, and been repulsed; *Joseph* Earl of *Haberstein*, and *Knight* of *Maltha*, being appointed to succeed the *Count d' Aversperg* in that Honour. Which is an evident Sign, that the *Emperor* has no good Opinion of *Serini*, notwithstanding all his former good Services. And  
this

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this is enough to alienate a Man of his great Courage and Merit.

*Count Frangipani* also has his particular Discontents: So has *Tatembach*, with many other potent *Lords of Hungary and Croatia*. Indeed, the whole Body of those *Nations* are disobliged and almost wearied out with the continual Oppressions of the *Germans*.

*Nathan*, thou wilt find it no hard Matter to bring 'em to a Necessity of putting themselves under the *Grand Signior's* Protection: 'Tis thy Part to cherish their Discontents. As for the *Imperial Court*, thou may'st perceive they are resolv'd to mortify these People, and to take from them all Opportunities and the very Capacity of rebelling, by not suffering the Natives of *Hungary and Croatia* to possess any Office of Command.

Every Party pursues its own Interest, and so must we ours. Self-Preservation is the Root of all mutual Society and Justice. Take care of thyself, thy Friends, and the Cause thou art engaged in, and then thou needest not fear any Qualms of *Conscience*. In fine, I counsel thee to put in Practice the Advice of one of thy own *Rabbi's*, *Jesus Ben Syrach*; *Be not over-just*.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1668.





## LETTER V.

*To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master  
of the Grand Signior's Customs at  
Constantinople.*

**P**Repare thyself for surprizing News, and receive it with a Moderation becoming a Man. *Oncomiche* our Mother is dead. One and the same Night lodg'd her in the Apartments of *Hymen*, and the Chambers of Death. Before the Days of the *Nuptial* Solemnities were over, the mournful Rites of her *Funeral* commenc'd: She made but one Remove from her Marriage-Bed to the Grave.

If thou wonderest, that a Woman of her Age, being Seventy Five Years old, and having already had Two Husbands, should marry a Third; Know, that it was not Dorage, but Discretion, which prompted her to take this Course. The Integrity, Wisdom, and prudent Conduct of *Eliachim* the *Jew*, had charm'd her Affections long ago, and improved her Acquaintance with him into a strict and virtuous Friendship. As a Mother, she ow'd him Respect and Love for his constant Fidelity to me: And on her own Account, she could not but entertain Sentiments of Esteem and Gratitude for a Man, who had been so nicely careful to preserve her Person and Honour from Injury and Violence, ever since she came to *Paris*. For he alone, among the many Myriads of People inhabiting this *City*, was the only Confident both of her Secrets and mine. In a word, these Regards, with some others of Piety, Zeal and good Nature, made her willing to become his Wife, who in all Things had performed the Part of a Friend, and a Person of Honour.

*Besides*

Besides all this, it was really her Interest thus to dispose of her latter Days in a *Foreign Country*, where she knew no body but *Eliachim* and me. As for me, she considered that my Life was not only subject to the same Casualties with other Mortals, and that I might be snatched away by a Thousand Deaths; but that my *Station* here was very precarious, and I might be suddenly recalled by my *Superiors* to *Constantinople*, or at least be removed to some other *Post* whither she could not accompany me, being incapable of bearing, at these Years, the Hardships and Fatigues of Travel: That after my Departure, she should be neglected, contemned, and abandoned by all, but those who would desire her Death for the sake of her Money and Jewels.

In these Circumstances, to remain a Widow, professing the *Faith* of *Mahomet*, and believing the *Alcoran*, in a *Region* and *City* swarming with *Infidels*, would have been but an uncomfortable as well as a dangerous Condition. Wherefore having had Experience of *Eliachim's* Virtue, and incorrupt Manners, he also making Addresses of Love to her, and giving her Encouragement to hope that he would become a *Mussulman*, she yielded at last to the Thoughts of taking him for her Husband, and they were married on the 7th of this *Moon*, in a private *Synagogue* of the *Jews*: For they are not allow'd a *Publick* one in this *City*, as they are in many other *Cities* of *Europe*.

My Mother appeared neither too dejectedly sad, nor profusely merry, during the *Nuptial Feast*. But comporting herself with a cheerful Reservedness, seemed to have her Thoughts rather fixed on something else, than the vain Ceremonies, Noise, and Mirth of the Company. It looks as if her Prophetic Soul was sensible of its approaching Release: For, to be brief, she was found dead in her Bed next Morning.

Brother, she is now in her *Sepulchre*, at rest from all the Toils of Human Life. Let not this News affect thee with fruitless Melancholy, since Death is the

common Fate of all Mortals. Rather advance the Bliss of our deceased Parent, with devout *Oraisons* for her Soul; remembering that ere long we shall be in the same Condition. For tho' Man, like a Moth, be passionately enamour'd with the Light of this World: tho' he flutter and dance about it for a while, basking in the Splendor and Warmth of his good Fortune, yet at length he is consum'd by the very Flame which gave him Nourishment, and falls a *Victim* to his own Pleasure.

Paris, the 9th of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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## LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I Sent thee a Letter some Days ago, wherein I exposed the general Nakedness, Imbecility, and languishing State of the *German Empire* in this Age. My *Dispatch* abounded with Characters of their Vices: It has described exactly the present Eclipse of ancient *Imperial* Majesty, Power and Strength, the Revolt of many *Principalities* and *States*, the Feuds and Discord of those that yet remain in Obedience, and pay a seeming Homage to *Cesar*, with many other Things, which being well consider'd, may for the future prevent, or at least diminish that Consternation and panick Terror, which uses to seize the Hearts of *Mussulmans*, when we are in *War* with the *Emperor*.

Now, as a farther Incentive and Encouragement to take up Arms against the *Infidels*; as a Spur to certain Victory and Conquest, I will unlock the  
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Treasures of the Country, without taking Notice of the Inhabitants. And since nothing more excites the Resolution and Valour of military Men, than the Hopes of Plunder, and passing away a Campaign in Plenty of all necessary Comforts; I will give thee a true Account of the natural Dowry of these Regions, the Riches of the Soil, and the Wealth, which Commerce with other Nations, together with the Spoils of former Wars, the Industry of the People, and the Benevolence of Fortune have added to their Store.

*Germany* abounds in Generous Wines, and those more lasting than any other in *Europe*. The *Rhenish* Wines will keep above Fifty Years. The Wines of the *Necker* are wholesome, and clear as Water from the Rock: Those of *Franconia* are strong and operative; the *Austrian* Grape is sweet and luscious. Several *Roman Emperors* have prefer'd the Fruits of the *German* Vintage to those of *Italy* and *Greece*. And such is the superabundant Plenty of Vineyards, that at a Place called *Stutgard*, there is a *Proverb* current, that *They have more Wine than Water*. If our *Familiarities* knew this, they would be for an Expedition into *Germany*: Nay they temper their Mortar with Wine in some Places, and slack their Lime with it.

They have strong Beverages also made of Barley, Wheat, and other Grain, which they transport from *Brunswick*, *Breslaw*, *Delph*, *Dantzick*, *Lubeck*, and other Places, to most Countries in the *North* and *West* of *Europe*. They likewise make a Sort of Wine of Honey, as strong and sweet as the Wine of *Candy*.

There is Abundance of Frankincense and Myrrh in *Moravia*, of Saffron in *Austria*, of *Licorice* in *Franconia*, of *Madder* for Dyers in *Silesia*, of Amber in *Thuringia*.

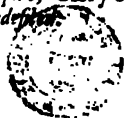
There are innumerable Orchards full of all delectable Fruits; the Fields stand thick with Corn, the Pastures are throng'd with Cattle, and they have a Breed of the stoutest Horses in the World. They have.

have Timber enough to serve all the Nations in the World for Shipping. But that which is most inviting, is the Variety of Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Tin and Iron. Before *America* was discovered, *Germany* was the *Peru* and *Potosi* of all *Europe*. They have also Plenty of Marble as bright as Crystal.

Besides their native and Domestick Riches, they have mightily improved their Stock by Foreign Commerce; exchanging their Superfluities for Things more precious, and of greater Value: Which in a constant Course of Bartering, brings into the *German* Coffers many Hundred Millions of Crowns in a Year. In a Word, their Cities are so rich, that when they have been pillaged by an Enemy, the Booty of one City has been valued at Two Millions of Crowns in ready Money, besides Plate and Jewels. The common Soldiers have made Hilt for their Swords and Daggers of Gold and Silver; nay, some would make their very Helmets of the same Metals. Publick Gaming Tables have been set up in the Streets, and it has been common for a private Trooper to win or lose Five or Ten Thousand Crowns at a Time; This would be rare Sport for our *Fanizaries* and *Spahi's*.

I tell thee, Serene *Minister*, considering the Immense Wealth of *Germany*, and the Degeneracy of its Inhabitants, *Providence* seems to invite our Arms to make a Conquest of those fertile Regions, and take from the *Uncircumcised* the Goods which surfeit them. They abuse the Gifts of Nature and Fortune, by employing them to the Ends of Vice; whereas the *True Believers*, were they once possess'd of them, would turn them to virtuous Purposes, the publick Advantage, the Increase of the *Empire*, Glory of God and Propagation of the *Faith Unde*

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 4<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1669.



LETTER VII.

To Hebatolla, Mir Argun, *Superior of the Convent of Derviches at Cogni in Natolia.*

**T**Was with a specifick kind of Joy not easy to be defin'd, that I received thy venerable Dispatch. I perus'd the welcome Orders therein contained with a Delight not in the least inferior to his, who being abandoned to Distress and miserable Poverty, has by good Luck discovered a hidden Wealthy Treasure: For so my Spirit is ravished, to find in this degenerate Age, a rich Reserve of Piety and Devotion to the ancient Prophets of God.

I'm glad to hear the Character of *John the Baptist*, which I sent thee formerly, was so well accepted by thee, and all the *Religious* under thy Charge, that thou vouchsafest only to accuse the Shortness of the Relation, desiring a more particular Account of that *Prophet's* Manner of living, especially of his Abstinence, and what may be the most proper Interpretation of the *Grecian Word anelous*, mentioned in the History of his Life.

Praise be to God, who has inspired thee with this critical Regard to one of his most *Holy Messengers*. I revere thy learned *Soul*, and that accomplish'd Intellect which is ever busy, prying into weighty and important Matters. I honour thy impartial Mind, which scruples not to pay th'Attach that is due to a *Saint*, tho' of the *Christian Kalendar*. If we should reject all that the *Followers of Jesus* do, we should neither Fast, Pray, give Alms, or perform any other good Works. Therefore in this, thou art an Exemplary Pattern to the rigid, superstitious Sort of

*Mussulman Fanaticks*, who bear an endless Grudge against all those that are not of their narrow Faith, and dark Opinion.

Glory be to God, with whom the WORD was present from the *Dawning of Eternal Light*, before the *Morning* of his *Works* had peep'd o'er the Mountains of the antient *Chaos*, or penetrated the dark Abyss and misty Vale of *Nothing*, and painted the Tops of the Creation, the highest Ranks of *Beings*, with Splendors of the early Day. Before the *Sun* had drank the immortal *Halo* in, and spong'd up all the visible Beams, to squeeze them out again upon the *Moon* and *Stars*, and on the lower World. That WORD remains for ever, and at a determined Hour became incarnate, in the Person of: *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, as the *Holy Alcoran* informs us.

In those Days *John* the *Baptist* went into the Wilderness, and preached Repentance to the *Jews*, foretelling the near Approach of the *Messias*. The sacred *Hero* made a Cave his Residence; and at first, to wean his Body from all Softness, he wore a Vest or Shirt of Camel's Hair, which was girt about him with a Belt made of that painful and religious Creatures Skin, to put him in mind, that he was born for *holy* Labours, Toils, and Mortifications. He had no Table spread with far-fetch'd costly Dainties; no Dishes cramm'd with bloody and large Inventories of Birds, four-footed Beasts, and Fish. His Diet was simple, cheap, and innocent, easy to be got in every Wood or Field, without the Detriment of his Fellow-Animals. For he either contented himself with a Repast on Honey, which he found in hollow Trees; or on a kind of *Manna*, a sweet *Dew* falling on their Leaves, and there condens'd by heavenly Influence; or else it was a kind of luscious Moisture, which he sucked from certain Plants, perhaps not much unlike our *Sugar-canes*. For thus Interpreters do differ about the Words τὸ μέλι ἄσπερον. Whatever it was we may conclude it to be some slender, light and easy Nourishment:

rishment: And when this Diet fail'd him, or his Stomach requir'd a little more Variety, he banqueted on what the *Grecians* call *axelids*. Some will have these to be a kind of *Locusts* or *Grasshoppers*, a Meat indulg'd the *Jews* by *Moses* in the *Law*. The *Syrians* also counted them a Dainty; so did the ancient *Parthians*, as *Aristotle* and *Pliny* tell us. And my Countrymen the *Arabians* eat of them to this Day. Others are of Opinion, that these *axelids* were a sort of little Shell-fish, such as *Crabs*, *Crayfish*, or *Shrimps*, which Nature has generally lodg'd in Holes along the Banks of Rivers. A pleasant, temperate sort of Diet, commended for their Virtues in expelling Poison, and being Remedies for the Strangury, and Antidotes to cure the Biting of mad Dogs.

The Divine *Prophet* therefore oft frequenting the Waters of the River *Jordan*, wherein he used to wash his *Converts* and *Disciples*; these Men suppose, he took occasion to allay his Hunger with these little Shell-fish which he might easily take in mighty Numbers from their watry Nests. And they endeavour to strengthen this Opinion, by asserting, That the Food which the Waters afford us, is much more pure and holy than what the Earth brings forth, in regard the Earth lies under the Malediction of God ever since *Noah's Flood*, whereas the *Waters* never were curs'd. Hence, say they, it is very probable, that the consecrated *Hero* would not defile his spotless Life with cursed Banquets from the Earth, but rather chose to appease his Hunger with the harmless, blessed, and wholesome Product of the Waters.

If thou wilt have my Opinion after all, I'm apt to think these *axelids* were nothing else but the tender Tops of Plants, such as we call *Asparagus*, or perhaps they were the wild Apples of the Wood, and then we may suppose there's some Mistake in the *Greek Copy*, *axelids* for *axpas*. Or it may be, the *holy Prophet* in the proper Season of the Year, did use to crop and eat the Ears of Barley, and then the Word



should be ~~regarded~~. For what could be more sweet and pleasant to an abstemious Man, than to sustain his Life with Fruits, Grains, Herbs or Roots? Nor did the Malediction reach the *Vegetables*, but only the *Animal* Generations, from which a perfect Man abstains.

Certainly those, who out of an Aversion for Purity, Prayer, and Fasting, turn themselves from human Bodies to Swine, and from religious Abstinence to salvage gormandizing on Flesh, seem to derive their Pedigree from a Race of *Devils*: Especially such as after the manner of *Spiders*, gathering Poison from the Flowers of Piety, blaspheme this sacred Virtue of Abstinence, and call it by the infamous Name of Superstition.

For if the Veneration we pay to God consist in the Knowledge, Love and Fear of his *Divine* Majesty, with Adoration and Praise of his Eternal Attributes; it follows, that we ought to worship him with the most fervent Application of our Spirits. But this *religious* Ardor cannot subsist in any *Soul*, whose Body is not mortified; nor can the Body be mortified without Austerity, which always is accompany'd with rigorous Fasting and Abstinence from Flesh. Wherefore if we ascend to God by the very same Degrees as we fall from him, it follows, that Abstinence is the first Step to Immortality and supreme Happiness.

I do not mean by Abstinence, that natural Aversion which some Men have for Flesh, who never durst to taste of any in their Lives, compelled to this by some occult *Antipathy* in their Stomachs. For such a Necessity cannot make a Virtue, it being common to Men and Brutes; there being many *Animals* who fast from all Provender certain Seasons of the Year, and others that taste not some kinds of Food during their Lives: So there are some Men to whom Wine, Flesh, Cheese, Apples, Herbs, and other Things, are an Abomination from their Cradles. There have been others, who, by a *Præternatural* Necessity have

have liv'd some Days, Weeks, Months and Years, without either Meat or Drink. So *Plato* records, That *Hermus Pamphilus* lay ten whole Days among the Dead Carcases of Soldiers slain in Battel; and when he was taken up to be laid on the Funeral Pile, they perceived him to be alive. *Laertes* tells us, That *Pythagoras* fasted forty Days and forty Nights from Meat and Drink. From whom *Apollonius Thyanaus* learned the Art of keeping almost a perpetual Fast. And these Modern Times afford us the Example of a *Spaniard* whom they call *Alcantare*, who every Moon used to fast for seven or eight Days together. So a famous *German Maid* was diligently observed and watched, whilst she pass'd away full seven Years Time without Meat, Drink, Sleep or Excrements. *France* also boasts another *Virgin*, who fasted above three Years together.

Such Abstinences as these are not to be put to the Account of Virtue, in regard they were not the Effects of human Choice, but the Decrees of Fate. So would our Abstinence be depraved, if we should only practise it, as the old *Gentiles* did, who forbore to kill or eat some certain Beasts, because they held them consecrated to their Gods. As the Dog to *Diana*, the Tyger to *Bacchus*, the Horse to *Neptune*, the Wolf to *Mars*, the Eagle to *Jupiter*, the Peacock to *Juno*, the Swan to *Apollo*, the Dove to *Venus*, the Owl to *Minerva*. Nor need we to abstain on the Account of the Soul's Transmigration; for so we ought to forbear the Vegetable Products of the Earth, as well as Animals, since the Soul is indifferent to all Bodies in its separate State.

But our Reason in this Point ought to take its Rise from the Fundamental Law of Nature, the Original Justice of the World, which teaches us, Not to do that to another, which we would not have another do to us. Now since 'tis evident, That no Man would willingly become the Food of Beasts; therefore, by the same Rule, he ought not to prey on them. Next to this Foundation of our Abstinence, we ought to

build our Aims at the Perfection of our Nature, which cannot be acquired but by Degrees: We must endeavour to abate the Aliment of our Concupiscences, by exhaling the superfluous and grosser Vapours of our Blood in sacred Fasts and Oraisons. Then we should refresh our fainting Body with Food affording little Nourishment and Pleasure: That so our vain Affections, Appetites and Lusts, may gradually die: whilst the pure Mind revives, and being free from the gross Vapours arising from too much, and too fatt'ning Meats and Drinks, the Films which darken'd her Sight fall of: and she can better now discern the naked Forms of Things by her own simple Intuition, than before she could through all borrow'd Spectacles and other *Opticks* of *Book-Philosophy*: also she will more easily raise herself to the Contemplation and Science of Divine Eternal Things. He therefore that in earnest will apply himself to the Study of accomplish'd Sanctity, must first by Fasting exhaust the Marrow from his Bones, the Fatness from his Flesh, the wild and rampant Spirits from his Nerves, and then he must purge the Words and Actions of his Life from Vice. When this is done, the *Soul* becometh a pure *Tabula Rasa*, and is fit for the Impressions of Celestial Virtue.

Those who labour under acute Diseases, run great Hazard of their Lives, according to *Hippocrates*, unless their Diet be accommodated with proportionate Regard to the Quality and Time of the critical Fits or Paroxysms. But those who are entangled with Vice, do labour under far more dangerous Distempers, than such as afflict the Body. Wherefore the Prophet, our Holy Lawgiver, like a wise Physician, appointed certain Seasons of the Year for sacred Abstinences, Fasting, Pilgrimages, Vigils, and other holy Exercises, especially the mighty Fast and Vigil of *Ramezan*, wherein tho' it be not forbid to eat of Flesh after the Stars appear at Night, yet none but loose and indevout *Believers* take that Liberty; whereas the better sort content themselves with an

asce-

ascetick Diet. The *Hebrews* fasted with unleavened Bread, and a little Salad: the *Christians* also taste no Flesh on their prohibited Days: And shall the *Mussulmans* be greater *Libertines* than these *Infidels*?

O *Hebatolla*! how radiant is the Lustre of a Lamp when shining through a clean, and fine, defæcate Crystal! So does the Soul display the Rays of her immortal Virtue round about, when she inhabits in a well purified, chaste, and almost pervious Body. Wherefore it is absolutely necessary for him to attenuate his Body with perpetual Temperance and Abstinence, who consecrates himself to Virtue and Devotion. He will not be ensnared or catch'd by any Baits of Luxury or Voluptuousness; nor yet affrighted from his constant, sober Course of Life, by any Pain or thwarting Accident: No Frowns or Menaces shall divert him from his noble Purpose: But he will so nourish his Body all his Life, that it shall never be surfeited or over-fill'd with Meats. And such is the Magick of this sacred Virtue, that it can never be hurt, much less subverted by all the Machinations of evil *Demons*, or the malicious Attempts of Men. But it proceeds from Strength to Streagth, and fights the Combat valiantly, till having overcome at last, it triumphs for ever, and receives the Palm, the Crown and Chaplet of Divine Reward in *Paradise*.

Holy President, pray that I may practise what I so admire, and not be self-condemned for living contrary to my Knowledge. For God neither loves a double Tongue or Heart, neither delights he in Feet or Hands that are swift and nimble to do Mischief.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1569.

## LETTER VIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

NOW the *Christians* are in a general Consternation for *Candy*: The Pope has sent Letters to all the Princes that are in his *Communion*, inviting and pressing them to succour that distressed Island. Levies are making every where; and the King of *Franco*, who seeks all Occasions of Glory, appears the most forward of any to assist the *Republick* in this Fatal Juncture. The Duke of *Beaufort*, and *Chevalier de Vendosme*, are appointed to lead the Forces design'd for that Service. They are gone to *Toulon*, in order to embark. The Pope has sent the Duke of *Beaufort* a *Breve*, declaring him General of the Troops *Ecclesiastick* that are to serve in *Candy*; and for his greater Encouragement, he has sent him the *Pontifical* Standard. In the mean while there is a *Triple League* concluded between the *Emperor*, the King of *Spain*, the King of *England*, the King of *Swedeland*, and the *States of Holland*.

There is great Joy in *Portugal* for the Birth of the *Infanta*, who is call'd *Elizabetha-Maria-Louisa*. She was born the 6th of the 1st Moon; and on the 18th, the *Empress* of *Germany* was also delivered of a Daughter. These *Western* Queens are very pregnant; Not a Year passes without the Birth or Baptism of some Royal Infant.

This is all the News at present; but to oblige thee, I will say something of *Italy*, which is esteem'd the Garden of *Europe*. Nay, *Constantine Paleologus*, Emperor of *Greece*, was wont to say, *Unless I had been assured by very Learned and Holy Men, that Paradise was seated in Asia, I should have sworn that Italy had been the Place.*

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It is most certain, *Italy* is a delectable Country abounding in Riches and Pleasures. The Eye is not satisfied with seeing the infinite Variety of Beauties, which grace this happy Region. Such is the lovely Intermixture of Hills and Valleys, Groves and Plains, Palaces, and Gardens, that a Traveller is ravish'd as he passes on the Road. But this is not all: She is as rich as fair. No Country in the World can match *Italy*, for the Plenty and Variety of excellent Wines; only they are of no long Continuance. Above all the rest, Travellers commend that Sort which they call *Lachryma Christi*, or the *Tears of Christ*, for its delicious Taste: which when a *Dutchman* once tasted, he burst forth into this Exclamation; *O Christ, why didst not thou weep in my Country?* At *Papia* there are a Kind of Aromatick Grapes which leave a fragrant Odour in the Mouth of him that eats them. It is recorded of a certain *Roman Lord*, That when he was in Prison half dead with Melancholy, he drank a Glass or two of this generous Wine, which so reviv'd his Spirits, that instead of despairing, as he was ready to do before, he wrote a *Treatise*, entituled, *De Consolatione*.

Besides, *Italy* abounds in Cattle, Sheep, Fowls, Mines, Rocks of Alabaster, Marble, Porphyry, Coral, Ophirs, Agats, Chalcedonis, Azures; and innumerable other precious Stones. Hence it comes, that in this Country are seen the most Glorious and Magnificent *Temples* of the World.

But this so fair and wealthy a Spot of Ground is inhabited by a very wicked Sort of People; they are quite degenerated from the Virtues of their *Ancestors*. They are a Base, Effeminate, Sly, *Sodomitical* Race of Men, Covetous, Revengeful, and Inexorable. I have heard a Story of two *Italian* Brothers that were walking one Night in the Fields; it being a very serene Sky; when one of them looking stedfastly on the Heavens, wish'd, *he had as many Oxen as there were Stars*. The other wish'd, *he had a Field as large as the Firmament*. What would you do with it? said the first.

Let

*Let your Oxen graze there,* reply'd he. But as they proceeded in this Kind of foolish, loose Discourse, they kindled each others Anger; and at length, falling from Words to Blows, kill'd one another on the Spot. Behold the Consequence of their covetous Desires! They are extremely addicted to Revenge, and are as dextrous at poisoning as the *Indian Princes*. A certain *French* Author gives us a very compendious Account of the Benefits a Stranger gets by travelling into *Italy*, in these Words; *We go into Italy,* says he, *with incredible Charges, only to purchase the mere Shadow of Civility, and we bring back from thence the whole System of Vices.* The *Milanese* teach us how to cheat. From the *Venetians* we learn Hypocrisy. *Rome* transforms us into perfect *Atheists* and *Libertines*. *Naples* turns us to *Satyrs*. *Florence* instructs us in the Artificial Methods of poisoning. There is not one City, which does not tincture us with some Specifick ill Qualities.

Sage *Hamet*, in all my Letters to thee, I studiously insert some Remarks on these *Western* Nations, that so I may gratify thy Wishes. Pardon the Want of Order; for I write Things as they present themselves to my Memory. Accept all in good Part from *Mahmoud*, who obeys thy Commands chearfully, and honours thee without Flattery.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.



L E T T E R    I X.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

Thou may'st register in the Archives of the Sacred Empire, That *Dom John of Austria* is made perpetual Governor of the Low-Countries under the Spanish King's Obedience. He is also Viceroy, and Vicar-General of Arragon, Catalonia and Valencia. But it is fit for thee to know also, That this is so far from being esteem'd by that Prince a Happiness, that he counts it his greatest Misfortune, in regard 'tis no better than an honourable and irrevocable Banishment from the Court of Spain; where his Royal Blood and Merits are out-master'd by the Genius of a certain Priest, whom they call *Father Nisard*. This Man is very ambitious, always aiming at high Matters; yet admir'd by no body for his Learning, Beauty, or any other good Qualities, Only the Queen of Spain is pleas'd to make him her Favourite.

He cou'd ne'er buckle to the Humour of *Dom John*; and hence arose a secret Envy between 'em, which afterwards burst forth into open Animosities, Feuds, and Quarrels: So that at the last the Favourite got the Day, and *Dom John* was forc'd to quit the Field.

It is impossible to trace the Sovereigns of the Earth in the Footsteps of their Royal Conduct; or else one would of course conclude, That so great a Prince as this, of the same Lineage as the Queen herself, should have easily eclips'd the borrow'd Lustre of an Upstart Minion. But Monarchs have specifick Reasons to themselves, which others cannot penetrate,

Perhaps this cunning Priest used a Trick like that of a Soldier in the Army of *Alexander the Great*: Who being of an ambitious Spirit, and coveting to  
make



make some greater Figure than that of a private Centinel, consider'd *Alexander's* Humour, and how to hit it. He knew, that his Heroick-Master took delight in any thing that was bold and brave. But how to come into his Presence, he was ignorant. At length, he pitch'd upon this Method. One Day, as *Alexander* was debauching with his beloved *Parmenio*, *Hephestion*, *Lyfimachus*, and other Officers; this Fellow (whose Name was *Clytus*) put himself into a Mimick Dress of War, counterfeiting himself mad, and dancing the *Pyrrhick* Measures, with his brandish'd Sword, kill'd five new-listed Soldiers lately come from *Colchis*. The Guards soon seiz'd upon him; and it being a *Tragical* Novelty, the News was carried to the *King*; who caus'd the Fellow to be brought before him. And examining him on the Point, *Clytus* answer'd, " Great *King*, those  
 " Five Men, whom I have kill'd, had conspir'd to  
 " take away thy Life this Day, being hir'd thereto  
 " by the *King* of *Colchis*, and therefore sent into  
 " the Army. Their Tent being next to mine, I  
 " had an accidental Opportunity last Night of over-  
 " hearing their Discourse, when they were plotting  
 " together the Time, the Place, and Manner of  
 " thy Death. I kept a Watch upon them, and  
 " observ'd their Motions from that Moment. For,  
 " though I knew the Hour appointed by them for  
 " this execrable Regicide, yet I was sollicitous lest  
 " some ill Fate should prompt the *Russians* to ante-  
 " date their own Resolves, and hasten a Murder,  
 " whose Delay might else discover their Designs, or  
 " at least prevent 'em. Therefore I took this mad  
 " Disguise, to execute the soberest and most impor-  
 " tant Purpose that e'er I fram'd in all my Days;  
 " which was at once to save the Life of the World's  
 " Conqueror, and get myself Immortal Honour by  
 " the happy Deed.

After profound Deliberation of the drunken Cabinet-Council, *Alexander* approved the Fact, and order'd Publick Honours to be done to his Deliverer.

Accord,

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According to the *Macedonian* Custom, he vested him with purple Robes, and gave him a Chain of Gold, admitting him to the latter End o'th' Banquet, and afterwards esteeming him above his most Familiar Friends. 'Till such another Debauch as this, but more unfortunate to *Clytus*, at once depriv'd him of the *King's* Favour and his own Life: So inconstant is the State of Human Greatness.

Sage *Hamet*, the Favour of *Princes* is like a Reed of *Egypt*, which either transpierces him that leans upon it; or flinches from the Burden, and so gives him a Fall, which most times plunges him o'er Head and Ears in the choaking Mire of popular Hatred.

God grant thou may'st never be crush'd to Death from above, by the Weight of the *Sultan's* Displeasure, or undermined from beneath, and swallow'd up in an Earthquake rais'd by the Multitude.

Paris, 18th of the 7th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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L E T T E R    X.

To Hebatolla, Mir Argun, Superior of  
the Convent of Derviches at Cogni  
in Natolia.

**T**Hou wilt not be displeased to hear of a mighty *King*, that laying aside his *Diadem* and *Sceptre*, and abandoning the Height of Human Glory, has consecrated himself to a private *Religious* Life, vowing perpetual *Poverty*, *Chastity*, and *Obedience*.

Yet this is true of *John Casimir*, late *King* of *Poland*, who from a *Sovereign Monarch* is become an *Humble Subject*, and having forsaken the Pleasures  
and

“ manner they have violatèd their Oath. If ~~tho~~  
 “ art a *God*, chastise them now by my Means, for  
 “ their abominable Perjury, and Prophanation of thy  
 “ Name. His Prayer was heard of *Heaven*: For  
 the victorious *Osmons* gave a total Overthrow to  
 the *Infidels*: and that blasphemous Prince was him-  
 self kill’d in the Battel.

Whatever various *Forms of Religion* there be in  
 the World; we know there is but *One True God*  
*Creator of Heaven and Earth, Conservator and Gover-*  
*nor of Men.* He connives at the invincible Ignoran-  
 ces, Frailties and Infirmities of our Mortal Race  
 He accepts the good Works and sincere Vows of  
*Pagans* and the *Uncircumcised*, as well as those of the  
*True Believers*, and *Followers of the Prophet.* But  
 he abhors and punishes all Injustice, Perjury, Treason,  
 both in One and the Other. For he has no  
 partial Regards for this Nation or Person, more  
 than that. They are all equally the Works of his  
 Hands; and his Care is alike over all.

The *Sun* runs from the *East* to the *West*: In his  
 daily Circuit he illuminates and warms this *Hemisphere*;  
 and by Night our *Antipodes* enjoy his Favour  
 and welcome Influences. At one time of the Year  
 he comforts the *North*, at another he revives the *South*.  
 There is no Part of the *Globe*, which in due Season  
 does not rejoice in his all-chearing Beams.

The *Moon* never slackens or deviates from her wonted  
 Course; but from the *Crescent* to the *Wane*, observe  
 the *Laws* of him that made her. She is exact in  
 timing the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*: And she guides  
 the wandering Mariners by Night. The Inhabitants  
 of the *Arctic* and *Antarctic* Circles wait for her Light  
 when the *Sun* absents himself for half the Year. As  
 soon as they see the *Chariot* of *Diana* appear on the  
 Road of their *Heaven*, every Man claps his Hands for  
 Joy. They rouse from their domestick Dulness and  
 Melancholy; they come out of their Dens and Caves:  
 With Dances and Songs they welcome the Approach  
 of the Beautiful Goddess; knowing that she is but

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nd Remove from the *Eternal Light*; the Mirror  
he *Sun*, in which that glorious Planet may see  
Face; in whose, by Reflexion, we see the Face  
iod.

do the *Stars* keep on their various Traverses  
ugh the *Heavens*. Each *Constellation* faithfully  
ntaining its Post; each *Planet* pursuing its Road.  
lft all together, at so vast a Distance, appear  
ing Camp, never setting up their bright Pavi-  
; but by Night, and in the Morning taking them  
n again. This may be called the *Army of Hea-*  
the *Host of God*, embattel'd in the *Firmament*,  
guard his Friends on Earth, and to chastise his  
mies.

o descend lower yet into our *Sublunary* Elements;  
find the Rain, Hail, Snow, Winds, Thunder,  
htning and other Meteors, are impartially scatter'd  
and down the Climates of the Earth; I do not  
in by Chance, but by the Universal *Providence*  
ich governs all Things. As the *Alcoran* expresses

“ ’Tis he directs the Seminal and Prolifick  
showers to Barren and Desert Places: Doubtless  
his is a Sign of his *Divine Unity*.

n fine all Provinces and Corners of the Earth  
g forth their proper Fruits in Season. And the  
roes of *Africk* and *America*, though gross *Idola-*  
, and some of them worshipping *Infernal De-*  
ss, yet enjoy *God's* Blessings, and live as plentifully,  
h as much Content and Joy, as we that adore  
*Eternal Unity*.

Every *Nation* takes up their *Religion* on the Cre-  
of their *Priests*; and so long as they observe the  
*natural* and *Moral Law* imprinted in their Hearts,  
indulgent *Judge* and *Father* of Men will dispense  
th those that err, in Obedience to the *Positiv-*  
ws of their *Nation*: For Sedition is like Magick,  
ious to God and Man, and equally liable to Uni-  
rsal Punishment.

Once more, O pious Father of the *Dervishes*, I beg  
thee to pardon the Freedom I take, in discoursing  
of

of *Religious* Matters in thy Presence, who art a Light to the Blind, a Guide to those that err; a Resolver of Doubts, an Arbitrator of difficult Questions; the only Oracle of thy Province.

I endeavour not to inform thee, but to disentangle myself from Error; and testify, that tho' I honour God and his Prophet, yet I think there is no need of a Falshood to defend the Truth.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

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## LETTER XI.

To Useph, Bassa.

**D**Eath has of late celebrated a *Triple Triumph* in the Court of *France*; having led away Captives to the *Invisible World*, the Cardinal Duke of *Vendosme*, a Dutcheß of the same Title, and *Henrietta Maria*, late Queen of *Great Britain*, being the Relict of King *Charles I.* and youngest Daughter to *Henry IV.* of *France*.

Thou may'st also report to the *Divan*, that *Casimir*, late King of *Poland*, is now at this Court; having left *Poland*, as soon as he saw Prince *Wiesnowiski* elected his Successor. The Dukes of *Lorraine* and *Newburgh* had severally laid claim to that Crown, and levy'd Armies apart, in order to make good their Pretensions. But the *Polanders* being aware of it, were resolv'd not to bring themselves under the Jurisdiction of any Foreigner, so long as there was a Prince of their own Nation capable of the Dignity; and one who being the Son of King *Casimir*, seems to have the best Title to his Father's Throne, whose Virtues he inherits.

Here

Here is also arriv'd the Prince of *Tuscany*, who has travell'd through all *Europe*, and takes *France* as the last Kingdom in his Return Homewards: Protesting he does this in good Manners, as preferring *France* to all the Nations in *Christendom*. Indeed, he could do no less, in good Manners, than make this Apology, which yet sounds very flat to a Court so refined as this; which might have expected his first Visit, as a Token of his Regard; since, tho' in Domestic *Processions*, *Entries*, and *Cavalcades*, those of highest Dignity take the last Place; yet in *Foreign Embassies* and *Voyages*, it is usual for Princes to address to those first, for whom they have the greatest Esteem.

The Politicians here keep very secret the News that comes from *Candy*, which makes all Men conclude, 'tis none of the most prosperous. 'Tis generally reported for a Truth, That Admiral *Beaufort* is either kill'd or taken Prisoner by the *Ottomans*; and that the *French* have lost near Two Thousand Men in this Undertaking.

I wonder why the Painters always describe Death in the Form of a *Naked Skeleton*, a starv'd System of dry Bones. Whereas one would think, he ought to be pourtray'd as a Monster, a Miracle of Fatness; since he is the greatest Glutton in the World, hourly gormandizing on all manner of Flesh; and is the very Original, Universal *Cannibal* of Nature, who from the Beginning of the World has feasted himself with human Bodies. But perhaps he has a bad Digestion, and none of all his raw and bloody Diet will afford Nutriment enough to form so much as a poor Skin to cover his Nakedness; And therefore 'tis he is always drawn in this *lean* Figure.

Courteous *Basso*, suffer me from this vain Jest to fall into a serious Reflexion on our Mortality, and the frail State of Human Race.

Man's but a fetid Vapour, first exhaled from the Earth, and afterwards advancing, is condens'd to a Cloud, that so his Filthiness may be concealed under  
the

the Covert of a Skin, there in Secret to engender a Thousand Meteors of Fiery Passions, Lusts, Concupiscences, and extravagant Thoughts : Which in time burst forth, and trouble all the World : Yet end at last in empty Smoak, Rain, Hail, or Wind, and are extinct almost as soon as they were form'd.

The Elements of which we are compounded, may serve as Mirrors to represent the constant Mutability of our Nature. So the devouring Fire, when all its Fuel is spent, decays and dies. Earth, Air and Water, all are subject to Corruption, and from thence our Generation takes its Rise : Likewise thither we return again. This is the Eternal Circle of Natural Products. The Trees, the Flowers, with all the Vegetable Race ; the Birds, Beasts and Fishes, with every Species of Animals, are so many Remembrancers of our Mortality. Which way so'er we turn our Eyes, they are presented with fresh Images of Human Weakness : and the very Breath which does prolong our Life, helps equally to shorten it, since every Respiration carries away some Portion of our Substance. Our finer Particles gradually vanish into Smoak and Air, whilst the more gross Remainder scums off in noisome Excrements : And if there appear a Shew of any thing solid in us at our Death, 'tis soon reduc'd to Ashes, Dirt, or Worms. Our Bodies, of which we make so great Account whilst Living, are lost in the Abyss of Universal Matter soon after Death.

What were the greatest Prince the happier, tho' he possess'd the whole Circumference of this Globe ? 'Tis but a mighty Heap of Dirt or Dung, perpetually exhaling or crumbling away : 'Tis one of the Dishes which compose the Banquet of all-devouring Time. And whilst the insulting Monarchs of the Earth trample on it in Disdain, spreading their Armies far and wide, and boasting that their Empires have no Bounds ; each does but hasten to be shut up himself within a little, obscure, and putrid Hole, not much surpassing the Limits of a Mole-hill.

Great

Great *Bassa*, Let not the Honours and Dignities thou possessest, make thee forget the Miseries to which thou art liable each Hour: But, remember thou art a Man.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.

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## LETTER XII.

*To the Kaimacham.*

**H**ERE is arriv'd a *Musa-faraca*, call'd *Solyman Ismael*, with Expresses from the *Grand Seignior*. 'Twas no small Refreshment to see his publick Entry, which appear'd like a little *Epitome* of the *Mussulman* Grandeur and Magnificence. The young Rabble were as curious to be Spectators of the *Eastern* Cavalcade, as the *Romans* were fond of beholding the *Secular* Plays, which were exhibited but once in an Age. Nay, People of all Ranks, Ages, and Qualities, fill'd the Streets, the Windows, and Battlements of their Houses: Some, because they never saw such a Sight before; others, despairing that they should live long enough to be Witnesses of such another.

Yet with all their Curiosity, none but the Ministers of State are able to dive into the least Secret of his Instructions. These willingly communicate the Titles which that *great Arbitrer of the Earth* gives the *French King*. That so not only his Subjects, but neighbouring Nations may conceive the profounder Veneration for him, without penetrating the Measures he takes. This is an Artifice common to all States, to turn the best Side outermost; only the *Hollanders* excepted, who in the Days of their *Revue* from the King of *Spain*, could not so much as put a

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good.



good Face upon a bad Matter: But were forc'd to expose their *Poverty* and *Nakedness*, as well as *suffer* under it; addressing themselves to *Elizabeth*, then Queen of *England*, in the Character of *The Poor Distressed States of Holland*, and so begging her Assistance.

However, *Solyman* has faithfully imparted to me his Affairs, as I have reason to believe. He's too well born and bred, possesses more Reason and Wit, than to amuse *the Old Man in the Cassock* (so they call me here in the Streets, who know me not by any other Character; so private is *Mahmut* in *Paris*, at this Hour, notwithstanding all his publick Sufferings.)

I esteem *Ismael* as one fit to represent the *Grand Signior's* Person, among better People than *Infidels*: Yet, I tell thee, the *French* are the most refin'd of all the *Western Giafers*.

*Ismael* understands the Force of the Civil Laws, which he learn'd from *Justinian's* Code, and other Books. For he is perfect in *Greek* and *Latin*, and has bestow'd some Years in reading their Books, both Prints and Manuscripts.

He makes a very personable Figure, being tall, full-body'd, well shap'd, and not of an ugly Face, which is enough to be said of a Man design'd for Business; and not only for Love. He's never in danger of falling under *Cato's* Censure, who seeing two Ambassadors sent from *Rome* to a Foreign State, one of which had his Head so little, that it could hardly be distinguished from that of an Owl; and the other such a Cripple, that he could not walk without Stilts; cry'd out, *Here's an Embassy which has neither Head nor Tail*.

And then, our *Musa-faraca* is rich: He supports the Charges of his Commission with extraordinary Munificence. His House is already become the Sanctuary of all the distress'd *Levantine's*, whether *Greeks*, *Armenians*, or *Followers of the Prophet*: And he speaks *French* as readily as a Native. Yet he dissembles his Expertness in that Language, to keep up the State  
and

and Reservedness of the *Ottoman* Empire, which disdains to condescend to any other Speech than *Turkish* or *Arabick*. Besides, he has the Advantage, by thus artificially shutting his Ears, that he can at one Time both *Hear* and be *Deaf*; *Understand* and be *Ignorant* of whatsoever is said by the Spies of the *French* King. And this is no small Gift in a Man of his Character and Trust: For he had need of an *Angel*, or a *Devil* at his Elbow, that thinks to overreach this Court.

Above all, I believe our *Solyman* will never be guilty of the Error committed by the Ambassadors sent from *Tenedos* to one of the *Roman* Emperors: I'm sure he is not yet. For those Gentlemen had seen the Death of the Emperor's Son, Eleven Moons, and Fourteen Days, as the Story says, before they knew 'twas their Duty to make an Address of Condolance: Or, at least, before they call'd it to mind; for they were drown'd in the *Roman* Luxury. So that, when they came to perform that *Devoir*, the *Emperor* could not forbear to scold at them in these Terms: *I much lament, said he, the Fate of the Renowned Hector, your Countryman and Champion, whom Achilles the Grecian kill'd above a thousand Years ago.*

I speak this in a particular Regard to *Solyman's* Deportment here. For, when he first came to this Court, he found them all in Mourning for the Death of the King's Aunt, the late Queen of *England*, and of other High Personages, (particularly those that were slain in the late Action at *Candia*) whereof I have already given an Account to the *Sublime Porte* in another Letter. Without Instructions, he very demurely accosted the King, and told him, "There could be no *Dunalma* in the *Ottoman* Empire, for the late Success at *Candia*, so long as the *French* Court were Mourners."

This was a sensible Touch to those that understood it; and from that Moment, the Grandees and Ministers of State have made a Difference in their Entertainment of this ingenious *Muta-sarafa*, and that

that which they used to give to the *Chianuses* formerly sent from the *Porte*.

I can assure thee, he is, at the same time, very blunt and very elegant in his Discourse. There's Fire in every Word he utters, to warm and refresh, if they take it at a due Distance, but if they approach too near, he scorches their Spirits, and puts them into a Choler they dare not shew. They consume inwardly in their own Despight: Yet cannot help themselves.

Doubtless, the King of *France* is the greatest Monarch, the most powerful and victorious Prince in *Christendom*, the only *Inuincible* Emperor of the *Western Franks*. Yet he veils to our *Majestick Sovereign*, Lord of the whole Earth. And our *Eunuch* will not part with a Tittle of his Master's Honour, or give any Advantage by an Easiness worthy of Blame, in a Case that may be turn'd to a Precedent. He is very happy in his Repartees, as thou wilt perceive by the Answer he gave to a *French* Lord Yesterday, when he ask'd him, Whether he thought it not a Violation of the Civil Law, for Ambassadors to be imprisoned, as they often are at the *Ottoman Porte*? No, (says *Solyman*) *it is not, where the Ambassador is guilty of Treason, or Crimen læsæ Majestatis. But, if it were, you Frenchmen have the least Reason to accuse us of it; since we first learn'd this Maxim from the Backside of your Salick Law, where it is endor'd.* And then he produced twenty several Instances of this Kind in the Court of *France*.

In a word, *Solyman* has hitherto acquitted himself with marvellous Success in every Thing; tho' the *French* *Grandeas* often set upon him, to try what Metal he is made of; having generally a mean Opinion of *Mussulmans*, because Learning is so little countenanc'd among us.

I have no Matter of News to acquaint thee with, save that a violent Plague broke forth not long ago at *Soissons*; and a terrible Earthquake in *Sicily*, fright-  
ed

ed the Inhabitants of *Catanea*, and the adjacent Towns from their Habitations; after one whole Village had been swallowed up.

Those who were curious to pry into the Cause of these particular Convulsions, and that affrighting Overthrow, perceiv'd, after diligent Search, that it proceeded from a new Eruption, or Breach in *Mount Gibel*, about two Miles from *Catanea*: Where the *Horrid Chasm* vomited forth Floods of Fire, with flaming Stones; which being carried violently through the Air, for the Space of near a League round about, at last fell down in flaming Showers or *Cataracts*, producing sad and calamitous Effects in the neighbouring Country.

Serene Minister, it is evident, that the Judgments of God are upon these *Infidels*: Yet, they will not be converted from their Errors and Vices. They have felt the same Tempest of Fire which overwhelmed the Nine Cities of the Lake *Asphaltites*: Yet, they remain insensible and obdurate: Surely, they will be exterminated from the Earth.

*Paris, 4th of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1669.*

*The END of the Second Book.*





# LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK III.

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## LETTER I

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd Eunuch, at  
Alcair in Egypt.*



Be no longer melancholy, my Friend,  
nor sink under the Burthen of thy  
Misfortunes. Give not thy Enemies  
an Occasion of double Triumph, in  
that they have driven thee from thy  
self, as well as from the *Grand Sig-  
nir's* happy Presence. Thou hast  
Money and Jewels enough left to purchase thee a  
competent Felicity any where. Or, at least, thou  
hast Virtue, which renders every Place a *Paradise*.  
Associate thyself with the other *Exiles* in that  
City, Victims to a *Royal Caprice*; suffer'd with all  
their immense Riches, to make a pompous and  
magnificent Entry into that *Metropolis of Egypt*;  
but soon after stripp'd of all their Wealth,  
and

and sacrificed to the *Court-Avarice*. So were the consecrated Bulls of old, dress'd up in stately Equipage, their Horns and Hoofs all gilded over with Gold, adorn'd with Ribbons of costly Silk, their Bodies cover'd over with Mantles of Brocade and Tissue, embroider'd with Pearls and precious Stones, and trailing on the Pavements of *Apollo's Temple*; whilst the Priests stood ready at the Altar to dispatch whole *Hecatombs* of these gay Sacrifices.

Your Case is not so bad at *Caire*, in that your Lives are spar'd, and you at Liberty to carve new Fortunes to yourselves, where-e'er you please. You ought to aid and counsel one another in your Misfortunes. It is a Comfort to the Miserable, to have Companions in their sad Estate. Insinuate thyself into the *Bassa's* Favour. He may do something to alleviate thy Grief. He'll measure thy Circumstances by his own; considering that he has but three Years to enjoy his present Wealth and Grandeur.

Go to the banish'd *Mufti*, if he be living at *Caire*; desire his Spiritual Advice: Perhaps thou may'st receive into the Bargain some Temporal Advantage from it. He has a greater Influence on some of the *Egyptian Beys*, than the *Grand Signior* has himself. You are all alike embark'd in one Affliction, whose Essence does consist in being degraded from your former Honours, (tho' in different Degrees) and being separated from your Friends, that bask in the immediate Lustre of Imperial Dignity. It is your Business therefore now, to find out some new Source of Happiness: To make new Friends, since you have lost the old; or, at least, to prop up one another by a mutual Friendship, not to be broke or dissipated, but by a *Destiny* equal to the former. And then you have no more to do, but prosecute your several Interests, and be resign'd to *Fate*.

As for thee, I am particularly solicitous; being engag'd together from our Youth, by a reciprocal Participation of good Offices, which was the Effect

of a deep-rooted and strong *Sympathy*. The Agreeableness of Humour united first our Souls, and taught us the mysterious Lessons of *Platonick Love*. We saw each other, and were streight inspir'd with Sacred Inclinations. My Eye no sooner fix'd on thine, but through that *Perspective*, I could see the inward Virtue of thy Soul, which immediately produced a Ventilation in my Breast: And I soon found our Hearts bore Time to one another. This generous Passion afterwards increased as we grew up; and what it lost of its first Violence, is gain'd by acquiring a more lasting Strength, more durable Integrity, and constant Faithfulness. Our Joys and Griefs were still the same. No prosperous or adverse Fortune could ever change our Minds, to warp us either to Flattery or Contempt: But with an even Mind we still sustain'd the different Accidents of human Life, and prop'd up one another with a right Affection; till 'twas the Will of Fate to separate us, I being made a Slave in *Sicily*, whilst thou enjoyest the Smiles and Favours of thy Infant-Fortune, which introduced thee first to the *Serail*. Afterwards I gain'd my Freedom, and return'd to the *Imperial City*, and to the Palace of the *Sultan*. But was not suffer'd long to enjoy that Happiness, being appointed for this hazardous Post in *Paris*.

I tell thee, *Mehemet*, I reckon my Case far worse than thine, in that I am forced to take my constant Residence up amongst these *Infidels*. Could my propitious Stars encourage me but with the smallest Hopes to change my present Course of Life, I'd ne'er repine at what was past, but please my self with flattering Prospects of some future and unknown Felicity. But to be irrevocably chain'd down to the Oar, without a Glimpse of any Sign that I shall ever be reliev'd, is worse than Death it self.

Whereas, on the other side, thou art dispos'd of in the happiest Region of the Earth; *Egypt*, the Mother of *Sciences*, the Midwife of *Celestial Secrets*, the Nurse of *Sages*, *Saints*, and *Prophets*; the Gra-

uary

nary of the *Mussulman Empire*; and the Refuge of Distressed Mortals. Oh; *Mehemet*, prize the vast Advantage thou hast of me, and others of thy Fellow-Slaves. Improve thy Privilege and Opportunity of ranging where thou list. Go, visit all the Antiquities of *Egypt*, and trace her Borders to the *West* and *South*. If this will not divert thy Melancholy, go farther yet, and search the mighty *Cataracts* of the *Nile*, which deafen Mortals with their Fall. Go view the Mountains of the *Moon* in *Æthiopia*: Or, see the Desolation of the *Smoky Vale*, and of the Cities, whose Inhabitants were in a Minute *metamorphos'd* into the Stones, as a Memorial of Eternal Vengeance against crying Sins.

But, after all, my *Mehemet*, depart not from thy Reason, Loyalty, and Faith. For these are Armour-Proof against the Assaults of Chance and Destiny, of Men and Devils of Earth and Hell. And when thy Travels are finished here on Earth, those Virtues will not fail to carry thee to Heaven.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## LETTER II.

*To the same.*

I Cannot forbear giving thee the Trouble of another Letter by this Post, that I may yet more encourage thee to a virtuous Resignation to the Will of *Fate*, which thou knowest is inexorable.

There is an Eternal Law fix'd in the Universe, which admits of no Repeal. No Prayers or Tears of passionate Mortals; no Vows, Alms, Pilgrimages, or any other Supererogating Works, can move the



*Destinies*. They are more inflexible than the Judges of the old *Athenian Areopagus*. And the unchangeable Edicts of the *Median Empire* might sooner be reversed, than the Decrees of *Fate*.

If thou couldst make *Corban* with an hundred thousand Sheep, and feed the Poor of all the *East*, according to the *Musfulman Practice*; or sacrifice as many Bulls, after the Fashion of the ancient *Gentiles*; couldst thou monopolize all the *Aromaticks* of the *Orient*, to compound the most exalted Incense, and make a *Pyramid* of odoriferous Smoke ascend high as the Shadow of the Earth at Midnight, whereby the *Heaven of Heavens* should be all perfum'd, and every sleeping *Deity* should be awaken'd by the fragrant Smell; couldst thou bribe the Choirs above, to tune the Spheres anew, and raise the sweetest Harmony that ever reach'd the *Eternal Sense*; yet all would not prevail to alter the Resolves of Heaven, or reinstate thee in thy former Honour. No! my *Mehemet*, thou art lost for ever at the *Serail*: The Face of Things is chang'd, since thou hast been in *Egypt*. Thy Friends are all dispersed abroad in the World, or dead; which is but another Kind of Separation. There are no Hopes now left thee, of ever returning again to that proud City, which inherits the Character of ancient *Rome*, *The Lady of the Earth*. I wish the *Roman* Luxury be not alike entail'd.

Rouze up, my Friend, and look not on thy State, through the deceitful *Optricks* of thy Passion; but let Reason light the *Prospect*. Thou wert before a Slave; now thou art free and Master of thyself. However, to rid thee of the very *Idea*, or fancy'd Misery, I counsel thee once again, to travel.

Go, make the speediest Retreat thou canst out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, that thou mayst forget thy Cares and Fears. Take not the Way by *Barbary*, nor covet to see the Place where ancient *Carthage* was situated; be not curious to enquire after Queen *Dido*, *Aeneas*, or *Hannibal*; or to hear some Stories

Stories of the famous *Scipio*. Nor would I counsel thee to pass the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fez*. For, tho' those Realms pay no Obedience to the *Sultan*, yet they are his Allies; and that Reflection will always keep thee in Pain. Besides, the Sight of *Mussulmans* will terrify thy Mind, and fill thee with a thousand Apprehensions.

Go rather the directest Way thou can'st, unto the Kingdoms of the *Negroes*, or Black People inhabiting the *Torrid Zone*. But, take this Rule: Be sure to coast along the River *Nile*, as near as the Roads of *Africk* will permit: That so thou mayest avoid the horrible and affrighting Desarts of *Lybia*, *Nubia*, and *Zanfar*, with other inhospitable mountainous Parts between the *Tropick of Cancer* and the *Equinox*. For, thou wilt not find it very pleasant to encounter and converse with none but Dragons, Basilisks, and other Monsters of those Regions. And yet, for ought I know, 'tis better, than to fall into the Hands of human Salvages.

I know not how to give a General Character of the *Southern Blacks*; since every Province varies in its particular Principles, Customs, Laws, and Institutions. The *Abyssines* are *Christians*; so are the Inhabitants of *Congo*, *Songo*, *Angola*, and other Countries bordering on the Upper *Ethiopia*. Those that dwell along the *Red Sea*, are generally *Mahometans*. They discourse also of a very populous Country thereabouts, possess'd by *Jews* alone. And there are Authors who assert a *Female Kingdom*, a Nation of *Amazons*. 'Tis certain, on the *Western Side* they are all *Pagans*.

It will be worth thy Labour to observe the different Humours of these People, and make comparison between the Ancient and this Modern *Gensilism*; to abstract their Morals from their Superstitions: And tell me then, whether they do not better deserve the Title of *True Believers*, than we *Mussulmans*; since they act according to their Faith, whereas we go by a quite contrary Method. They believe no

other *Gods* but their Domestick Priests, and these they never willingly offend. Whereas, whilst we profess the *Eternal Unity*, we scruple not to sin against him every Hour. They circumcise, wash, pray, abstain from Meats, give Alms as well as we. Their Justice is as strict, their Mercy soft as ours. In fine, they are Men differing from us only in Colour, Education, and the peculiar Maxims of their Country, which they rigorously observe, and hope for Happiness thereby, as we do by obeying the Law brought down from Heaven.

*Mehemet*, Our Holy Prophet has said, "That who-  
" soever lives innocently, and does Justice, whether  
" he be a *Christian*, *Jew*, or *Pagan*, shall be saved  
" as well as his Disciples." Therefore in all thy  
Travels, despise not any Man for his Religion, be it  
never so ridiculous in Appearance; provided he be  
good and honest in his Conversation; much less con-  
temn those *Africans* for their Colour; since *Black*  
and *White* are all alike to him, who first gave Man  
the Power to know the Difference.

*Mehemet*, If thou acceptest my Advice, take  
also my Wishes for thy good Voyage and Prospe-  
rity.

Paris, the 5th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.



## LETTER III.

*To the Mufti, Venerable Patron of  
Learning and Knowledge.*

FROM thy Clemency I will not fear a Charge of Negligence, in that I have delay'd to perform the Task thou enjoinedst me. Thou know'st my Circumstances, and wilt consider, That tho' I have read *Books*, yet I have not a *Library* of my own. 'Tis true, I often frequent those of this City, but my Seasons are limited either to those Hours when the *Libraries* are open'd, or to those I can spare from the Affairs of my Commission. I cannot serve the *Grand Signior*, and follow my Studies both at once: Yet I have outpass'd Frugality, and turn'd a Niggard of my Time, that I might obey the great *Oracle* of *True Believers*, and promote a *Work*, for which I have so passionate a Regard.

The enclosed Paper contains the Size of the Volume, which I conceive will be most proper for so great a Work, with the Contrivance of the Pages, which I have divided into Columns, that so the Years of the World, the Date of the Olympiads, with other Remarkable *Eras*, may be rank'd in Order, each parallel with the rest, and all with the Matter treated of at such a Time.

This I have done in the enclosed Paper, not thinking it proper to interrupt the Series of my Letter with a blank Scheme, which is for the Use of the Compilers; but to present thee with a transient View of the *Four Monarchies*, which have made such a Noise in the World; wherein thou needest not fear the Fatigue of a tedious continued History; for I design only to cull out such Passages as are most diverting, and worthy of Perusal.

To

To begin then with the *Assyrian Monarchy*, which was the first of the Four: This Nation was, for a great while, contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was the first of the *Assyrian Kings*, who enlarged his *Dominions* by *Conquest*. He subdu'd the greatest Part of *Asia*, and rais'd *Assyria* to the Title of an *Empire*.

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife took upon her the Government, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninyas* his Son, who was yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and being like her Son, pass'd for him, as the lawful Successor, unsuspect. This *Virago* enlarg'd the *Conquests* of her Husband, and spread her *Empire* from *India* to *Aethiopia*; and to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, she built *Babylon*.

To her, succeeded *Ninyas* her Son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of *War*, he spent all his Time among his *Concubines*. And the same Stain is fasten'd on his Successors, even to *Sardanapalus*; in whose Death the *Assyrian Monarchy* suffer'd an Interruption, being cantoniz'd into petty Royalties by the *Governors* of *Provinces*. Among whom, those who assum'd the Crown of *Babylon* were of most Note; in regard they first recover'd the broken Empire to its old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succession therefore of many Kings, in reference to whose Actions History is silent, the *Monarchy* descended to *Moradac*, *Paladan*: In whose Days happen'd that wonderful Retrogradation of the Sun, mention'd by *Hebrew Writers* and others, which occasion'd those famous Controversies among the Philosophers and Astronomers of that Age, mention'd in the *Persian Chronicles*. For they observing, that not only the Sun, but the whole Planetary System, and all the fixed Stars went back, at the same Time, or at least seem'd to do so, began to revive that curious Question, about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans*, and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started before,

before, when the Sun and Moon stood still at the burning of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of them, That the Motion of the Earth being granted, its standing still, or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the Astronomical Appearances better, and in a more Natural Way, than by supposing such a prodigious Stop to be put to the whole Coelestial Frame at one Time, or that the everlasting Spheres should be roll'd backwards at the other.

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Conflux of the *Eastern Sages* to *Babylon*, mentioned in the *Persian Poets* and *Historians*. For *Baladan*, being very inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be informed in the Groups of this preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers into *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all *Kingdoms*, where Learning flourish'd; inviting the *Astrologers*, *Priests*, *Magicians*, *Prophets*, and all that had the Character of *Wise Men*, to come to his Court of *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertain'd; and when they had fully satisfied all the King's Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents; every Man to his own Country.

*Arkiannus* succeeded *Baladan* in the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in whose Time *Eobatan* was built. To him succeeded *Belithus*, *Aphronadius*, *Rigibelus*, *Messismordacus*; after whom the Kingdom was again translated to the *Assyrians*, in the Reign of *Escharhaddon*, in the 3333<sup>d</sup> Year of the World, and the 24<sup>th</sup> Olympiad. During the Empire of this *Escharhaddon* the *Assyrian Monarch*, *Chalcedon* that lies over-against the Imperial City, was built by the *Thracians*, in the 25<sup>th</sup> Olympiad, and the 3329<sup>th</sup> Year of the World.

To *Escharhaddon* succeeded *Sasfuchinus*, *Chyladanus*, *Nabopolassar*; in the Reign of which last, *Neshe*, King of *Egypt*, attempted to cut a Canal from the Nile to the *Red Sea*, wherein he employ'd an Hundred and Twenty Thousand *Egyptians*; but discouraged by the slow Progress they made, and the vast Expences he was at, he gave it over.

This

This *Nabopolassar*, once more rais'd the Kingdom of *Babylon* to an Universal Monarchy; for before his Time it had been for some Years in the Hands of the *Assyrians*; but he subdu'd all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judea*, and *Egypt*, and expell'd the *Scythians* out of *Asia*.

To him succeeded his Son *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dream'd of the *Four Universal Monarchies*, that were to succeed one another. In his Reign was born the *Grand Cyrus*, who rais'd the *Persian Monarchy*. Of him it is recorded, that one Night he dream'd, *The Sun stood at his Feet, whom when Cyrus Thrice attempted to lay hold on, the Sun as often disappear'd*: Which the *Magi* interpreted as a sure Sign that he should reign Thirty Years; which came to pass accordingly.

During this Reign, there was a notable Duel fought between *Pittacus*, one of the Seven Wise Men of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the most renowned Combatant of those Days; for he always won the Prize at the Olympick Games. He was General of the *Athenians*, and being puff'd up with his constant Successes, he defy'd any Man to a single Combat. *Pittacus* the Sage accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engag'd in the Field, he suddenly threw a Silken Net over *Phrynon's* Head, and having thus entangled him, thrust him through with his *Lance*.

This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having besieg'd and taken *Jerusalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, raz'd the Walls, and carry'd away all the *Jews* with their Riches into Captivity to *Babylon*.

Afterwards having conquer'd all the Neighbouring Nations; he new-built *Babylon*, and enclos'd it with Three Walls: He also built those *Pendulous Gardens*, renowned throughout the Earth; and made those *Brass Gates* which were reckon'd among the *Wonders of the World*. But at length, being puff'd up with the Thought of his magnificent Works; he was metamorphos'd into a *Saty*r or *Silvan*, and dwelt Seven Years in the *Desarts* of *Arabia*, being a Companion of the *Brutes*. My Countrymen shew the  
Places

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Places of his wild Haunt to this Day, having receiv'd it by *Tradition* from their *Fathers*. They say also, that *Paremiel*, the *Angel* of the *Woods*, when the Term of seven Years was expir'd, interceded with *God* for *Nebuchadnezzar*, who thereupon turn'd him into a Man again, and restor'd him to his *Empire*. He died peaceably in the 344<sup>th</sup> Year of the World, and the 43<sup>d</sup> of his Reign.

To him succeeded *Evil-Merodach*, *Neriglissor*, *Laborsarchod*, and *Labyritus*, in whose Time there was War between the *Babylonians* and *Persians*; when *Cyrus* after many victorious Campaigns, at last laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and translated the *Empire* to the *Persians*; and having subdued all the *West* of *Asia*, even to the *Red Sea*, he died at Seventy Years of Age; Commanding his Servants not to embalm his Body, nor use any costly Pomp at his *Funeral*, but burying him decently like a Man, should cause this *Epitaph* to be writ on his *Tomb*.

*O Mortals, I am Cyrus who laid the  
Foundation of the Persian Monarchy,  
and was Emperor of all Asia:  
Therefore envy me not a Grave.*

To him succeeded *Cambyfes* his Eldest Son, who marching with his Army into *Egypt*, and laying Siege to *Pelusium*, caus'd a great Number of Cows, Apes, Birds, and other Animals, to be plac'd in the Front of his Army; knowing that the *Egyptians* worshipp'd such for *Gods*, and consequently would forbear to shoot their Arrows that way: By which Stratagem he took the City, and afterwards conquer'd all *Egypt*, carrying away many Thousands of the *Egyptians*, with Foreigners residing there, into *Captivity*, among whom was *Pythagoras* the *Philosopher*.



After this, *Cambyfes* sent *Spies* under the Notion of *Ambassadors* to the King of *Æthiopia*, with rich *Present*s. But the King ſuſpecting what was their Buſineſs, took a *Bow* in his Hand, and bent it as tho' he would ſhoot; and giving it to the *Spies*, he bid them carry it to their *Maſter*, and tell him, *That when he and his Perſians had learn'd to bend Bows of ſuch Strength, he might think of invading Æthiopia, and not before; for that the Æthiopians were Giants in Vigor.* And when the *Spies* return'd to *Cambyfes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers, which was able to bend that *Bow*. Yet he march'd directly towards *Æthiopia* with a great Army; part of which was overwhelmed in the Sands of the *Deſerts*, to the Number of Fifty Thouſand, and the reſt being reduc'd, for want of Proviſions, to a Neceſſity of eating one another; he return'd in a great Rage to *Memphis*, where he ſlew *Apis* the God of the *Egyptians*, and caus'd his *Prieſts* to be maſſacred. He alſo ſlew his own Brother, and kill'd his Wife, becauſe ſhe mourned for him. He ſhot *Prexaspes* thro' with an Arrow, and commanded Twelve *Perſian Nobles* to be buried alive. He ſet Fire to the *Temples*, blaſphemed the *Gods*, and at laſt kill'd himſelf by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the *Magi* crown'd one of their own Order, and ſet him on the *Throne* of *Perſia*, giving out that he was *Smerdis* the younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murder'd by the Command of his Brother *Cambyfes*. And it was eaſy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Perſian Kings* rarely ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen; which is a Cuſtom, thou know'ſt, obſerv'd by all the *Monarchs* of the  *Eaſt*.

One *Oſtan*, a *Perſian Prince*, firſt diſcovered the Cheat, by means of his Daughter, a *Concubine* of the *King's*: For ſhe by his Inſtruction, found out, that the *King* had no Ears; which was a convincing Argument that he was one of the *Magi*, whoſe Ears *Cambyfes* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Oftan* drawing Six other Princes into a *Conspiracy*, they rush'd into the Palace, and kill'd all the *Magi*, and singled out of their own Number, one *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, to succeed in the Throne. This was not done by Election, but by Lot: For they agreed to meet all together, one Morning, before the Palace-Gates on Horse-back; and that he whose Horse first neigh'd after the Sun was up, should be King. This fell to *Darius's* Share, by the Stratagem of his 'Squire, or Master of the Horse. Then the other Princes crown'd him, and made him swear by the Sun and the Fire, that he would never put them to Death, or deny them his Presence.

But *Darius* finding himself curb'd by these Princes, was resolv'd to rid himself of such dangerous Companions. Wherefore he caus'd a Stove to be built on purpose for a *Banqueting-House*, and so artificially contriv'd, that the Fire-place being under the *Banqueting-Chamber*, should, in so many Hours, burn asunder the Pillars that supported the said Chamber, and cause the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited these Princes to a Feast, which he held in his *Banquet-House*: and was merry with them till the Signal was given him to depart: At which Time he left them in the midst of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down, with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the Princes were soon consum'd to Ashes.

After this, *Darius* manag'd all the Affairs of his Empire without Controul. He rul'd over all the Provinces of *Asia*, from *India* to *Æthiopia*, containing above a Hundred Kingdoms. He extended his Conquests to the Provinces of *Greece*; and setting forth a prodigious Fleet, he sail'd into the *Mediterranean* and *Archipelago*: He conquer'd the Islands of the *Ægean-Sea*, reduc'd *Chalcedon*, and all the Cities along the *Hellefpont* and *Propontis*, even *Byzantium* it self, the present Seat of our *August Emperors*. At length, having reigned prosperously Thir-  
ty

to six Years, he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to succeed him in the Throne.

Thou seest, Great Guide of the Faithful, that I have not yet reach'd to the End of the *Persian Monarchy*; whereas I thought to have comprehended all the Four in one Letter; for I have only touch'd upon the most remarkable Passages, omitting the main Body of the History, which it would be too tedious for thee to peruse.

If thou approvest what I have written, I will continue thus to abbreviate the History of the *Persian, Macedonian, and Roman Empires* in other Letters: But if thou thinkest what I have already writ, to be a sufficient Model for the Compilers of an Universal History, I submit to thy Oraculous Appointments.

In the mean time, I pray the *King Eternal*, who establishes and dissolves all the Empires in the World, and has put into the Possession of the *Grand Signior* those ample Tracts of the Earth which formerly belonged to the Successive Monarchies; to extend the Limits of the *Mussulman Empire* through the Five Zones.

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

## LETTER IV.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale  
of Sidon.

**T**Was a long Time before I could find out the true Secret of Human Happiness. I have for many Years grop'd after it in the Dark; and when I thought I enjoy'd a Prospect of it, as clear as of Things we discern in the Light of a Mid-day Sun, that Sun was little better than the *Sol Mortuo*-

rum of the ancient *Romans*, whose Beams serv'd only to give a faint Mock-Glimmering to the Ghosts, that wander on this side *Charon's Ferry*; and like an *Ignis fatuus* to mislead 'em up and down the dark Suburbs of *Elyssum*, the Fens and Marshes of the *Stygian Lake*. So have I straggled all my Life thro' unknown ways, seeking the Road to Heaven, yet finding nothing but the *Paradise of Fools*.

Sometimes I thought by outward Works of Virtue, to purify my self and gain Perfection. I was punctual in observing every Precept of the Law; and perform'd a few Acts of Supererogation. Considering too much in the Fidelity, and inviolable Fastness of my Wings, the Force of my Religious Passions first formed by Nature, afterwards improv'd by pious Tutors, I strove to make Heroick Flights, and soar above my Guide. But, alas! they were mere borrow'd Feathers which bore me up so long; dead artificial Wings, cemented to my Soul only by Education, Custom, and the Practice of my Fathers; a Composition of Spiritual Wax, or Glew, which could not stand the Brunt of hot and fiery Trials, but soon dissolv'd in my unwarrantable bold Approaches to the Sun. So that, in fine, my Wings dropp'd piece-meal off, and I'd the Fate of *Icarus*, to fall a Victim to my own obstinate Zeal and Rashness.

Surely our Souls are like the *Angean Stable*, which no human Power, Art, or Industry, can ever cleanse, did not the Messengers and Favourites of God, like *Hercules*, teach us the Method of opening a Canal from Heaven, and letting in the Torrent of the River of Purification from *Paradise*.

Our Vices, *Hydra-like*, still start young Infant Heads, as fast as we cut off the Old. Whereas our Virtues are like the *Venetian Treasure*, which being once shewed to the *Spanish Ambassador* in many Coffers of Silver, Gold, and Jewels; the wise *Casilian* desiring to see the Bottoms of those wealthy Chests turn'd up; when it was done, made this Remark,

mark, *Your Riches have no Roots, nor grow, like those my Master does possess i'th' Indies.* So are all the boasted Excellencies acquir'd by human Discipline, more inanimate and dead than the artificial Productions of Minerals, Metals and Stones. No traditional Chymistry of Men, can e'er revive a Soul that's dead to God. Perhaps, some Theological *Paracelsus, Helmont, or Arabian, Isfriqui,* may, from the Ashes of an Original Flower, raise the Fantastick Form of it again; I mean the Colour and Contexture of the Leaves: But none of them is able to bestow the Vital Sap, the Seminal Juice, the Inward Vertue of the once prosperous and flourishing Vegetable. No Mortal can repair what *Adam* once destroy'd. That *Protoplast* has ruin'd us all.

Well then! Must we despair of Remedy? Shall we decamp, and sneakingly retire to Hell, because we cannot take Heaven by Storm, nor undermine it; nor have recourse to Stratagems; nor bribe the Garrison; or make a Party amongst the Celestial Burghers? No, Let's rather lie entrench'd within our selves, till Heaven shall voluntarily open its Gates, and sally forth in Love, to invite and lead us in.

Oh! thrice-happy *Sansone*, thou hast experienc'd what I say. My Resolution is to follow thee, by suffering my self to be gradually abdicated from the World, and from my own Will. Vouchsafe to instruct me in the Method, lest Self-love misguide me to my Ruin.

In the mean while, repose thou in the Bosom of God, which is the Bed-Chamber of Holy Souls.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

LETTER V.

*To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer  
to the Sultan.*

I Shall entertain thee now with a *Medley* of Relations, some containing News of the freshest Date, others only informing thee of things done many Moons ago; yet pleasant enough in the Rehearsal. However, I beg of thee to accept this as a Testimony of my Devoir and Regard; in that I have Abundance of Letters to write, many Friends to gratify, and cannot send the same Matter to all. I am forc'd to parcel out my Intelligence, and suit every Letter to the Genius and Station of him to whom I address. Knowing therefore thy particular Inclinations, I shall present thee with something very agreeable.

No-doubt but thou art acquainted with the Christians *Carnaval*, which is a Time of publick Joy, Licentiousness and Sport. This Year the King and Queen of France observ'd it with wonderful Magnificence.

Among their other Divertisements; they were presented with a Play wherein two Rival Princes, by an ingenious Emulation, strove to outvy each other in regaling a Princess equally belov'd by both. The Representation was very fair, and full of Majesty. On the Right-hand of the Theatre appear'd *Apollo* in the Air, returning to his *Heaven*, after he had chas'd and routed all the *Cyclops*, with the Serpent *Python*. On the Left was seen the same God on the Top of *Parnassus*, in the midst of the *Nine Muses*, scattering Flowers on the Arts and Sciences, which were at the Foot of the Mountain. Then a Veil being drawn aside, discovered a Sea, surprisingly natural and fine. In the midst of which, the Gods of many famous Rivers appear'd seated on Rocks, with *Trisons* and *Cypids* rang'd on each Side  
upon

upon the Backs of *Dolphins*. Then from above, amidst the Clouds, King *Æolus* appear'd, laying his straight Commands upon the *Winds*, that they immediately retire into their Caverns, excepting only *Zephyr*, who, for his soft and gentle Breezes, was permitted to be present at this Feast, after which, came *Neptune* riding in his Cockle Chariot, drawn by Four Sea-Horses, attended by a Train of *Gods* that dwell within the Deep.

Immediately the *Scenes* chang'd into a *Champion*, representing the delicious Field of *Tempe*; where a most excellent and agreeable Comedy was acted, to the Satisfaction of all the Court. I leave the Dances, Interludes, and other Novelties to thy Imagination. Assuring thee, that all was astonishing and magnificent.

But not to entertain thee longer with these empty Trifles, I shall now acquaint thee with something of Importance; which is a Peace concluded between this King and the State of *Algiers*. On the 2<sup>d</sup> of the 3<sup>d</sup> Moon, the Count *de Guiche* brought the Articles of the Treaty to the King, from the Hands of the Marquis *del Marsel*, Lieutenant-General of the *French Fleet* in the *Mediterranean*.

If thou wouldst know the Particulars of this Agreement, read the inclos'd Paper: As for Matter of Fact, all the *French Slaves* at *Algiers* were immediately releas'd upon the Signing and Sealing the Treaty, and deliver'd up to the *French Commander*: with some *French Vessels* also which they had seiz'd. And so dishonourable are their Capitulations, that at the same Time they have yielded up a Ship of theirs, which the *French* had taken from them, for ever quitting all Claim to it.

In the Beginning of *May*, the King took his Journey to *Flanders*, to visit his new Conquests there. This put his Enemies into a great Consternation, fearing that he had some Design upon them. They began to be upon their Guard, and prepare for a sudden Surprise. But the King perceiving their Alarm

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larm by his Spies, sent them Assurance on his Royal Word, that he would do them no Violence at this Time.

However, he soon after sent the *Mareschal de Crequi* into *Lorrain*, with a Force considerable enough to reduce that Prince to Reason, who had not kept his *Parole* with him in several Instances. The Effect of this Expedition was the reducing *Pontamousson*, *Espinal*, *Chaste*, *Longwy*, and all the Principality of *Lorrain* to the *French King's* Obedience: So that the poor Duke is forced to seek his Refuge in foreign Courts.

Noble *Aga*, this Duke is not to be pitied, being very ungrateful, and a perfect Madman. He owes his Liberty and Life to the King of *France*, yet could not forbear plotting against him. Now he is deservedly chastised for his Folly. So may all those suffer, who abuse their Benefactors. But upon the Benign and Good, may the Favours of Heaven rest till the Splitting of all Things,

*Paris, the 13th of the 9th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.*

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LETTER VI.

*To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant at Astracan.*

I Received thy Letter, and perus'd it with much Complacency, finding thy Sentiments very agreeable to Reason. Yet give me leave to warn thee of an Excess which thou art running into. For I have had Experience of its ill Consequence.

Thy Losses have made thee melancholy; and the fraudulent Dealing of thy Correspondents, Factors

H

and



and supposed Friends has taught thee to declaim against Friendship, Men and Business: And not only so, but it seems thou hast taken a Resolution to abandon all worldly Affairs, Pleasures and Engagements whatsoever; and turn *Faqir*, *Eremit*, or *Dervich* at least. For thou art disgusted at human Society, and weary of all Things but Solitude.

I must confess, *Isonf*, these are very generous Thoughts, and pious Resolves. But they are not easily put in Practice. They are Undertakings fit only for perfect Saints, Men of unblemish'd Lives, and free from all sorts of Vice; Persons who have a Stock of Temperance, Chastity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Patience, Humility, and all the other Virtues; a Fund of Magnanimity, which can never be exhausted by any Temptation, Difficulties or Perils that usually assault and environ such as enter into so austere a Course of Life.

Wilt thou be able to endure the unrelenting, rigid Cold of *Winter* in the Desert, where there are no Chimneys, Hearths or Stoves, or any other Method of keeping Fire to warm thee by? Can'st thou sustain the raging Blasts of *Boreas* at that Season, or the killing Tempests of *North-Eastern* Winds, which blow from far, and fill the Air, the Earth, and Sea, with baneful Mists, Frosts, Ice, Snow, Sleet and other chilling Meteors, out of their Eternal Magazines, within the *Arctic* Circle, which *Ovid* calls the *Frigid Zone*?

There are many other Extremities to which a Man's exposed in such a solitary State. Nor wilt thou be less liable to Inconveniencies and Hardships, if thou shouldst ramble as a *Faqir* up and down the World. Much less could'st thou endure the sad Restraints and Mortifications of a *Convent*. Thou'dst hardly live out thy *Novitiate* with Patience. It goes against the Grain of Nature to obey another's Will, in every trifling Matter that he commands. Thou must not eat or drink, but thy Superior will set the Place, the Time, and Man-

ner of thy Diet ; which will be irksome to thy free-born Soul. And then thou must forsake thy amorous Pleasures for ever ; forswearing also the very Thoughts of Money, or of being rich. I tell thee, thou must resolve to become a religious *Drone*, fit for nothing but to mumble o'er thy Beads, or turn the superstitious Round, till thou art giddy ; or dance an Hour together to the Musick of a thousand *Hen's* and *Hei's* hoarsely croaked out in frantick Tones by thee, and all thy Brethren *Derviches*, till ye are sick, and foam at Mouth : Then your Devotions are thought meritorious. Can'st thou digest these sacred Fooleries ? Or grant this to be a rational Service of the Divinity, as some will plead ; who say, we ought to employ each Member, and all our Faculties, in praising him that made 'em ; yet canst thou brook a Confinement all thy Days, to this Religious State ?

I tell thee, *Isouf*, I have been often tempted in this Manner, to forsake the *Sultan's* Service, with all other Engagements of the World, and throw myself into a Convent, or spend the Residue of my Days in some obscure and solitary Corner of a Desert ; yet I found at length, that this was nothing but Delusion, and the subtle Sophistry of that malicious *Dæmon*, who envies Man his Happiness. 'Tis he that whispers Arguments of Discontent and Murmuring into our Souls, watching his Opportunities when any thing gives us exquisite Pain or Grief, to drive us to Despair.

So have I sometimes labour'd under an intolerable Anguish of Mind, besides the fretting Maladies of Flesh and Blood, with outward Crosses in my Fortune. Then have I wished my self in some dark Cavern of the Earth, or on the solitary Top of *Teneriff*, where I should converse with none but *Spirits* and *Dæmons* dwelling above the Clouds. Or else I coveted the melancholy Retirements of the *Libyan* Desert, which affords no other Society than that of Lions, Tygers, Dragons, and other Beasts of Prey.

When these Wishes have appeared too extravagant and wild, I then retrenched my Thoughts, and pitched upon some other manner of Life, equally promising Comfort, yet less threatening and dangerous. I gave my self up wholly to Prayer and Fasting for a while, thinking to hold out thus for ever. So sensible a Pleasure attends these Exercises, that at certain Moments a Man's all Rapture, Ecstasy and I know not what. He is apt to think himself in some new World. A sacred Pride invests his Soul. He seems all Majesty within; an inseparable Companion of the Immortals, and the darling Friend of God. Whereas all this results but from the Ventilation of his Blood by vocal Oraisons; and is no more than a mere natural Operation, whereby his Lungs are artificially breathed, and gently forced to disembogue their over-heated Airs, their thick caliginous Vapours, which fill the Heart, and all the rest of the Vitals with Seeds of Melancholy, Fear, Suspicion, Grief, and other doleful Passions.

But mark the *Zealot*, when his Prayers are over, his Fast is done, and all his fervent pious Discipline is accomplish'd: how like a *Hypocrite* he looks and acts? How formal in his Carriage; or at least, how vain and light? He either heaves out fulsome hypochondriack Sighs, with supercilious Looks, and Chaps set like the Furrows of a fowre-faced *Hadgi*; or else he's tickled into a loud ungovernable Laughter, and all his Carriage is ridiculous and wanton. Either his Hunger, Thirst and Faintness, the usual Effect of such excessive Devotion, makes him peevish, cholerick, and unmortified; or else he is as apish as a Cat.

Human Nature cannot abide along in the same Humour; and those that seem to be always even-temper'd People, like the *Caspian* Sea without Ebb or Flow, are only Counterfeits and Politicians. There is an Art to conceal one's Passions, but there is none that can annihilate them. We change from one *Affection*, Appetite and Desire to another. Our

Inclinations circulate with our Blood. They are transformed each Minute, Hour and Day; they vary like the Wind and Weather. Therefore never think of taking an eternal Pleasure or Dis taste in any thing here below. Prayer is good in its Turn, I mean, the vocal Aspirations. So are Fasting, Abstinence, and other Religious Severeties. But if all Men should be perpetually at these Exercises, God in a little time would have but few Adorers on Earth. The Ground must be left untill'd; the Fields would quickly bring forth Crops of Briars and Weeds, instead of Corn. The Gardens then must turn to Wildernesses. There would be then no need of Millers, Bakers, and the other Trades, whose Livelihood depends upon the Husbandman. And so for want of proper Sustenance, Mankind must quickly perish.

I do not argue against those who seem to be constellated to a solitary Life; or by some special Grace of God, are strengthened to endure the constant Hardships of an Hermitage: Such as the illustrious and great *Mohammed of Mount Uriel in Arabia*, who is our holy Prophet's Tenant and Successor, in the *Cave of Wonders*. Such also is *Ilch Rend Hu*, the celebrated *Bramin of Cachemire in India*, who lives on the Top of an high Mountain, is a hundred and twenty-three Years old; foretels Things to come, resolves all Doubts, gives infallible Counsel, heals divers Diseases, works some Miracles; and in fine, says and does all Things by a Spirit worthy of Admiration.

The Mountain whereon this Philosopher or Prophet dwells; seems to be the *Land-mark* between *Summer* and *Winter*. For one Side of it is always cover'd with Snow, the other with Blossoms, Flowers, Herbage and Fruits. This over-looking a spacious Valley, which they call the *Paradise of the East*; that affording a Prospect little more agreeable or fair, than what the Poets speak of the *Riphean Hill*.

*Ilch Rend Hu* has his Habitation in a Cave or Grot, which passeth through the Rock, as *Virgil's* does near *Naples* in *Italy*, which thou hast seen.

In this mylterious Station, he appears like *Æolus*, Lord of the Weather: For 'tis certain, he commands the Winds to blow or cease at the least Word, within the Verge of his accustomed Walks. If any Person dare profane the Silence of the Place with Words, or other ruder Noise; they are immediately surpriz'd with dreadful Storms of Thunder, Lightning, Wind, and Rain; such as seem to threaten the Dissolution of all Things: Which makes all Men in those Parts hold *Ilch Rend Hu* in great Veneration. He is the only Oracle of the *Indies*. They resort to him from the neighbouring Provinces and Kingdoms, in all their Difficulties. The Grandees of *Persia*, *Tibet*, and *Cathay*, send to him honourable Presents, desiring his Counsel in Matters of Peace and War. Nay, they make devout Pilgrimages to him from the Kingdoms of *Tunquin* and *China*. He is the *Apollo* of the *East*.

*Ifeuf*, it would be some Encouragement for thee and me to embrace a solitary Life, if we might ever hope to attain such wonderful Perfections. But, as we have hitherto liv'd in the World, and stain'd our selves with the common Vices of Mortals, we cannot presume to merit these extraordinary Favours: Our old Habits are rooted in us; and if we have Time and Strength to plant new ones in their stead, yet they will not grow up to Maturity, but with many Years: For, believe me, Cousin, no body becomes a *Devil* or a *Saint* all at once.

Paris, the 6th of the 11th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.

LETTER VII.

*To the Chiaux, Bassa.*

**I**T appears, That the King of *France's* Fortune not only procures him constant Victories and Triumphs in *Europe*, but such a Renown and Character in foreign Countries, as stimulates the most remote Princes, and puissant Monarchs of the Earth, to court his Alliance and Friendship.

Here is at this present, an Ambassador come from the Coasts of *Guiney* in *Africk*, being sent by the King of *Arder*, one of the greatest Sovereigns in those Parts, possessing an absolute and uncontrollable Authority over his Subjects, as the *Grand Seignior* does over the faithful *Osmons*. But we will not compare the narrow Limits of his Dominion with the vast and unbounded Extent of the *Mussulman* Empire, the Inheritance of our sublime *Sultan*, the Lord of the Globe at large. Suffice it, that this Black Prince is a wise Man, descended of a Race of Sages; and, that Policy of State is as natural to him, as common Craft or Cunning to the meanest of the Vulgar. He knows how to make War, or Peace abroad, and to keep his Subjects in awe at home.

Surely there is a Force and Charm in the derivative Blood of heroick and wise Ancestors, which secretly inspires their Offspring with Maxims and Principles agreeable to the Inclinations, Aims, and Purposes of the Family from whence they descend. And where 'tis experienc'd otherwise, it may be supposed that Change of Climate, unhappy Marriages, or some over-ruling Misfortunes in the World, have caus'd the Degeneracy. For so some noble Vegetables of *Asia*, and other Quarters of

the Earth, lying near the Sun, will not prosper, if once transplanted into the cold and barren Soils of *Northern Europe*. Thus Poverty, Disgrace, and other abject Circumstances, chill the greatest Spirits, and spoil their Growth. Yet there is an inborn Excellency in some Natures, which with Evenness supports the Strokes of Fortune, and pushes through all Difficulties to attain its End.

So this great *African* King, informing himself not on'y by *French* Vessels trading in his Ports, but also by other Ships of *Christendom*, of the Grandeur of the *French* King, his Wealth and Puissance by Sea and Land, with the vast Interest and Traffick he has in both the *Indies*, thought it high time to seek his Friendship, whose Enmity would, in all Probability be very fatal to him: For he had heard of his Conquests far and wide: 'Tis no matter, whether by Valour or good Conduct, we make ourselves happy. One is as laudable as the other, in the unequal War we are engaged in with Fate, Providence, and Chance; with Angels, Men, and Devils; with Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

I speak this in reference to the celebrated Prowess, Magnanimity, Riches, and Strength of this *Negro* King; who need not yield to the King of *Benin*, his next Neighbour, and the most potent of all the *South-western* maritime Princes of *Africk*, nor to any of his other Neighbours besides; yet could not think himself safe, or be at rest, till he had sent his Embassy to the King of *France*, offering his Lands, his Havens, his Seas, and whatsoever was within his Jurisdiction, to this great Monarch.

The Address which his Ambassador made to the *French* King deserves Remark. For after the usual Obeisances at the Foot of the Throne, he went up Three Steps, and then prostrating himself three times on his Face and Belly, he clapp'd his Hands in token of Reverence, and put his Fingers on his Eyes, to shew that he was not able to behold the

Lustre

Lustre of so much Majesty. This is the *French* Interpretation of his Carriage: But I tell thee, 'twas rather design'd as a Precedent to the *French* Ambassadors, if any should be sent to *Guiney*, where 'tis the Custom of the Country for all Foreign Ministers to observe the same Ceremonies to the King of *Arder*, and other Princes his Neighbours.

These *Europeans*, because they first found out the Art of Navigation, or at least, first improv'd it to the Discovery of many remote Countries, value themselves too high; imagining, that all the Nations, formerly unknown, are Fools; and know not themselves and their own Strength. They thought 'twas impossible to find in *Africk* or *America*, Empires, Kingdoms, and Commonwealths, as strong and well-govern'd, as those in the Hermitage of *Fa-phet*: But 'tis a damn'd Mistake. For the Most High is impartial in the Distribution of his Gifts and Favours: Those despicable *Blacks*, whom all the Princes and Nobles of *Europe* and *Asia* buy as Slaves, being born of the *Vulgar*, are nevertheless come out of Regions, where Power, Riches, and Wisdom, are as much in their *Zenith*, as in these *Western* Countries.

They are all outwardly Flesh and Blood, as we are, notwithstanding the Contrariety of our Colours. And as for their Souls, they are even just as capable of Knowledge and Ignorance, Reason and Folly, Vice and Virtue, Piety and Prophaneness, Superstition and Atheism, as we are, who pretend to be Lords of the World, and all Things.

May thou and I practise Moderation, and not condemn any of human Race, though they be the *Gaphars* of *Mosambique*. But let us always remember the old *Turkish* Proverb, *That 'tis not good or safe to point in Mockery behind the Grand Signior's Back.* Adieu.

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon,  
of the Year 1670.



## LETTER VIII.

*To Mohammed, the Illustrious Solitary  
of Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

THE grand Root of the common Injustice which Men are guilty of in reference to the Beasts, and of the Intemperance with which they corrupt themselves, I perceive is a false Principle which they have establish'd, denying the Capacity and Use of Reason to all Living Creatures but themselves.

This Error was first publickly maintain'd by the *Peripateticks*, *Stoicks*, and *Epicureans*; and afterwards by *Claudius of Naples*, out of a particular Aversion they had for the Doctrines of *Pythagoras* and *Empedocles*, two famous Patrons of Abstinence.

*Heraclitus Ponticus* undertook to explain the Sentiments of the former *Sects*, and *Hermachus* those of the latter. But both of them seem to confide more in the little Tricks and Arts of Sophistry, than to use true Reason. For at the first Essay of their Skill, they strive to cast a Mist in the Reader's Eyes, by dividing the Generations of Living Creatures, into such as are endu'd with the Faculty of Reason, and such as want it. Whereas thou know'st it is an indubitable Maxim in the *Eastern Philosophy*, that every Thing which partakes of Sense, has also Reason. For, 'tis the Mind alone which sees, hears, &c. the Body of itself being deaf, blind, and void of all Sense. It is evident therefore, that since the Beasts do see, hear and perform all other Actions of Sense, they have also what the *Greeks* call *νους*, or the *Mind*, in them, which is the very Seminary, or native Seat of Reason.

'Tis true, indeed, we cannot affirm, that they possess a Reason so perfect as ours; since that Perfection is acquir'd by Discipline, which the Generality

rality of the Brutes want. They have no Colleges or Schools, where the Arts and Sciences are profess'd and taught by Rules. Nature is their only School-Mistress, and they learn her Instructions with abundance of Promptness and Sagacity. They are educated in the open Elements, as in an Academy, or University founded by the Creator of all Things: where every Thing they encounter, serves as a Book to teach them all the Knowledge which is necessary to their Well-being on Earth. And they need no more.

'Tis manifest also, that some *Species* and *Individuals* are more capable of learning what is taught 'em than others: Even as we discern the same Difference among the various Nations, Families, and Persons of Men. But we do not use to say of inanimate Things, that this Piece of Wood is more apt to learn than another: as a Dog is more tractable and docile than a Hog: Nor of immoveable Things, that This is slower than That: Nor of Things which want Sense; that a Stone is duller of Apprehension than a Piece of Iron. So could we not probably affirm of Animals; that one is more crafty and sagacious than another; more provident, chaste, temperate, cleanly, and the like Epithets; if they were not by Nature capable of Knowledge and Virtue. And yet we daily see all this is true, in comparing one *Species* of Living Creatures with another; nay, and one *Individual* of the same Kind with some of its Fellows:

When *Antipater* accus'd Asses and Hogs of Nastiness, he did not consider how accurately nice and curious the Lynxes and Cats are, which with so much Diligence and Care hide their Excrements, that they can never be seen or smelt again. So the Swallows teach their Young to mute over the Brims of the Nest. All which are Arguments of their Prudence and Discretion. Doubtless, every Animal has its peculiar Gift and Excellency. One is more quick-sighted than another;

this has better Ears than that; a Third surpasses in the Goodness of his Smell, or the Swiftneſs of his Feet. Let not vain Man therefore boast and insult, as if he were the sole Engroſſer of all Wiſdom and Virtue; ſince the Beaſts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, the Fiſh of the Sea, with all the Generations of Reptiles, Inſects, and whatſoever is endu'd with Life and Senſe, poſſeſs their Shares as well as he.

It is manifeſt alſo, that there are various Principles of Folly, Injuſtice, and all manner of Ignorance, Error, and Vice in human Nature, equal to what we can poſſibly find in the reſt of the Animals, whom we ſo much deſpiſe. And 'tis a Queſtion, Whether even the very Sea-Horſe, who murders his Father, and for that Reaſon was by the antient *Egyptians* made the *Hieroglyphick* of Impiety; may not juſtly exchange his Character with ſome of human Race, who make their Parents the continual Martyrs to their Ambition, Pride, Envy, Avarice, and other Vices.

I would fain know, Whether any Man would not take it ill, to be told he is Blind and Deaf, becauſe he cannot See and Hear ſo quick as ſome of the Beaſts? Or, that he is a Cripple, becauſe he cannot outrun a Hart? Certainly a ſtrong Man deſerves that Character, tho' he cannot pretend to match the Strength of a Camel, or an Elephant. And ſhall we then ſay, that the Beaſts have no Reaſon or Virtue, becauſe they cannot diſcover thoſe Qualities ſo artificially as Men.

Besides, do not all Privations ſuppoſe ſome Habits? And is not Madneſs a Privation of the Habits of Reaſon and Prudence? If therefore Dogs, Bulls, Foxes, and other Animals, are known to be ſometimes mad, ſhall we think it leſs fit to ſay of them, that they are out of their Minds, or Wits, than to affirm the ſame of Men? And if *Compos*, or *Non Compos Mentis*, are proper Expreſſions of any Beaſts, when it is ſober, or mad; who, that is not deprived

deprived of *Reason* himself, can deny, that they have the Possession of that *Faculty* by Nature, as well as he?

As oft as I trouble thee with Letters on this Subject, thou may'st conclude, I am newly awaken'd to a Sense of my Error, in not religiously observing the *Sacred Institution* of *Abstinence*; which ought to be the Natural Consequence of these Thoughts: For, in a word, if it be lawful to kill the Animals for the sake of Food, I think we may as well turn *Cannibals*, and eat the Flesh of our purchas'd Slaves, or of our Captive Enemies, over whom we have, by the Law of Nations, an equal Right as to their Life and Death, as over our Beasts.

Abstemious Sage, I leave thee to the Divine Inspirations of the *Genius*, which possesses that *Holy Cave*: I leave thee to the sacred Whispers of Winds from *Eden*, and to the Sweets of an innocent Solitude, which admits no other Society than that of Angels, or Beasts.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1671.



## LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at Venice.

**I** Receiv'd thy last Dispatch, which informs me, that thou art commanded to remove from *Venice* with all Speed possible, and to visit *Naples, Genoa, Rome, Padua, Milan, Florence*, with the other chief Cities of *Italy*: In fine, that thou art not to make a long Residence, or take up thy Abode any where; but after the Manner of a Traveller, to be always in a moving Posture from Place to Place, from one *Province* and *Principality* to another; that thou mayest take a just Estimate of the Strength and Riches, of each State through which thou shalt pass: That thou mayest dive into their Counsels, observe their Motions, watch their Designs, and transmit thy Remarks to the *Ministers* of the *August Divan*, the *Mysterious Cabinet* of the Earth's great *Sovereign*.

There may be less of Profit in such a Peregrination for the present, than in thy constant Residence at *Venice*, where thou art established in a settled Way of *Merchandize*. But thou wilt find abundance more Pleasure: And if thou acquittest thy self successfully, the *Grand Seignior* will reward thy Merit. Besides, thou mayest meet with a thousand Opportunities of Traffick, even in thy Travels: An active and diligent Spirit cannot fail of Means to advance its own Interest in any Part of the World; and thou dost not want a Stock of Money to support thy honest Undertakings.

Thou wilt meet with a new Sort of *Italians*, where-ever thou shalt set thy Foot: That People being strangely mix'd, and descending from several Nations. Every City has a different *Genius*; which  
is

is so remarkable and conspicuous, that they have all got peculiar *Epithets*: As *Rome* the *Holy*, *Naples* the *Genteel*, *Florence* the *Fair*, *Bolonia* the *Fat*, *Milan* the *Large*, *Ferrara* the *Civil*, *Bergamo* the *Subtle*, *Genoa* the *Proud*, *Padua* the *Strong*, *Siena* the *Studious*, *Mantua* the *Glorious*, *Lucca* the *Industrious*, *Ravenna* the *Mild*, *Capua* the *Amorous*, *Urbino* the *Loyal*, *Verona* the *Worthy*, *Brescia* the *Fortified*, *Friuli* the *Wanton*, *Rimini* the *Good*; and so of the rest.

Beware of contracting Friendship with any *Italian*: And if thou dost engage, be cautious how thou givest a just Offence. Thou canst not be too tender in this Point: For as the *Italians* are very constant where they have once pitch'd their Affection, so are they inexorable in their Revenge, where they apprehend their Love abused; and they are the most jealous People in the World. If thou hast made two false Steps, never seek to repair thy Faults by After-Submissions, but fly: For thou hast wounded his *Soul*, and he will never pardon thee, or let thee live to be guilty of another Affront. They have a common *Maxim* in this Case, 'He that wrongs me Twice, 'tis his Fault; but if I let him injure me the third Time, the Blame is my own.

The wisest Course is to be civil and modestly reserved; not to be too frank and open in Discourse, or loose in Carriage. For this lays a Man naked, and exposes him to the Contempt and Censure of such as are more composed and recollected; and this is the peculiar Character of the *Italians*, 'That they think more than they speak, and are many times disgusted at the Person on whom they smile.

When thou art on the Roads in *Apulia* and *Campagna*, when thou beholdest the Beauties of that luxuriant Soil, and thy Smell is ravished with the fragrant Odours of the Hedges, and adjoining Groves; think on *Elysium*, *Paradise*, or whatsoever Place *Nature* has made delightful; and say, I must be in this *Country*, or in some *Region* very like it.

As thou sojournest at *Naples*, remember with what Pleasure *Virgil* pass'd away his Time there. 'Twas in that happy Air, that *Horace* penn'd his admirable Poems. There *Livy* wrote the *Roman History*, and *Seneca* his *Morals*. From thence we have the *Works* of *Statius*, *Claudian*, *Laurentius Valla*, and many other *Learned Writers*.

Forget not when thou art at *Genoa*, the former Glory of that *Commonwealth*; how once she did possess *Sardinia*, *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chios*, and did extend her Conquests to *Pera* near *Constantinople*: How she enter'd the *Black Sea*, planted a *Colony* of *Genoese* at *Cassa*, and stretch'd her Dominion to the River *Tanais*.

Thou wilt find Matter of Contemplation in *Pisa*, *Milan*, *Padua*, and all the Cities of *Italy*. But when thou art at *Rome*, 'twould be a kind of Sacrilege not to cast back thy Eyes, and view her antient Glory, when she was the Mistress of the World; when she had three Millions of Men within her Walls, and a hundred and fifty Millions of Gold in Yearly Revenue: When she kept in constant Pay, at home and abroad, Six hundred five and forty thousand Men. Her Foreign Conquests may be number'd by her Domestick Triumphs, which from *Romulus* her Founder, to *Augustus Caesar*, were not less than three hundred. *Julius Caesar* augmented the *Publick Treasury* with forty Millions of Gold. In the Reign of *Aurelianus*, this City was fifty Miles in Compass, and the Number of her Inhabitants increased to four Millions: And they were prodigiously enriched with the Spoils of their Enemies. *Seneca*, when he died, left seven Millions and five hundred Thousand Crowns behind him. *Claudius Isodorus*, tho' much exhausted by the *Civil Wars*, yet left Four thousand one hundred and seventeen Slaves, three thousand and sixty Yoke of Oxen; and of other Cattle two hundred and fifty seven thousand. There were commonly kept in *Rome* five hundred *Gladiators*, a thousand *Bears*, and a hundred *Lions*. There were always Five hundred  
Men

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Men employed in looking after the *Aqueducts*, and *Baths of Rome*.

When *Cyneas*, the *Ambassador of Pyrrhus*, had view'd the City round, and was ask'd what he thought of *Rome*; He answer'd, *I think all Rome is but One Temple*; (for there were above Four hundred in the City) *Her Senate is an Assembly of Kings*; *She is the Beauty of the whole Earth: The Flower of Mankind dwell within her Walls*.

*Zeidi*, This was the State, this the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Pagan Rome*. But since the Incurfions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Lombards*, *Huns*, and other *Barbarous Nations* of the *North*, *Rome's* Glory is eclips'd, her Honour laid i'th' *Duft*. Whereas before, she lifted up her ftately *Crest* on Seven high *Hills*,—now ſhe is fain to ſtoop, being humbly ſeated in the Plain of *Campus Martius*: being not by a fifth Part ſo large as formerly, nor yet ſo populous.

All over *Italy*, thou wilt meet with Reliques of the *Ancient Roman* Maſteſty and Greatneſs. And, in ſome Places, thou mayeſt encounter Perſons of great Extraction, but very poor, who may not unfitly be call'd the Ruins of *Ancient Nobility*: Such as the Marquiſſes of *Ceva*, the Earls of *Piacenza*, and the Knights of *Bologna*, who are become the Proverb of Illuſtrious Poverty. Such alſo are the Counts of *Lufigniani*, Three of whom were once ſeen upon a Fig-Tree, eating the Figs to keep 'em from Starving. And many *Italian Lords* get their Livelihoods by ſelling of *Piſans*, *Lemonades*, *Effences*, *Powders*, and other Refreshments to the Gentry. Yet they are proud, and when any one addreſſes to them, he muſt entitle them, *Moſt excellent*, *Moſt Illuſtrious*, or elſe they will frown, and be affronted.

*Zeidi*, If ever it be thy Fortune to be made a Lord, I pray Heaven give thee an Eſtate answerable to the Title: For a Lord without Riches, is like a Soldier without Arms, very ridiculous.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

L E T.



## LETTER X.

*To Dgnet Oglour.*

**T**HIS Day something has happen'd to me very prodigious, and I know not what to make of it. About the Hour of *Quindinamasa*, I was suddenly taken with strange Fits of Vomiting: My Stomach was in a *Prodigal*, or rather a *Philosophical* Humour; resolving to cast of all Superfluities, and only retain what was necessary to its Ease and Welfare in this Life. I laboured under a Thousand horrid Agonies, which made me fear, that either an *Imposthume* was the Cause of such violent *Convulsions*; or at least, that they would end in opening the inward Sluices of my Blood, by too much forcing of the *Pectoral* Veins.

Whilst I was busied thus with sad Prefages of a sudden Death (for I dread to be so unawares thrust out of the World,) I long'd and passionately languished for an *Arabian Orange*.

It happen'd at the same Time, my Mother *Onchomiche*, *Daria* and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, were with me in my Chamber, and had been there an Hour, They all stood at the Window to see a *Procession* that was going by. But when they heard the straining Noise I made, immediately they ran to my Bed-side, as *Human Nature*, *Curiosity*, or *Passion*, uses to prompt in such like Cases.

With a faint broken Voice, I told them what I wish'd for; *Eliachim* forthwith gave Order to his Boy, that waited in an *Anti-chamber*, to run with speed, and buy the best *Arabian Oranges* he could find.

The arch young Lad was gone full Thirteen Minutes by my Watch, and then return'd with half a Dozen *Oranges* of *Spain*, (for he could get no other.) But *Heaven*, as I have reason to think, supply'd his  
Negli-

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Negligence, and unsuccessful *Mercating*. For long before he came with that *some crabbed Fruit*, *Daria* spy'd an Orange of *Arabia* on the Table.

No Body knew from whence it came, or what kind Hand had laid it there: They were all equal Witnesses, That there was no such Thing upon the Table when they came to the Bed-side, nor a considerable Time afterward: and when it was suggested, that some of the Company had privately convey'd it thither, whilst the rest were looking another way; *Eliachim* with solemn Vows and Imprecations clear'd himself; so did *Daria*, and my Mother. As for my self, they all were sensible, it was impossible for me to do it, as I lay in my Bed. A general Astonishment possess'd us all; and the Women would needs have it to be a *Miracle*, whilst I greedily eat the *Delicious Fruit*, not troubling my Thoughts with making endless *Scrutinies*, or so much as caring which way it came there, so long as I had the Enjoyment of it.

Yet I ceased to be thus indifferent, when I perceived my *Malady* on a sudden removed by eating of this *wondrous Orange*. And whereas I had lain for Six whole Days and Nights in a continual faint and languishing Condition, not able to get down a Morfel of Bread, now my Spirits grew brisk and fresh; I seem'd like one transformed, or in another World. My Stomach revived, my almost dissipated Vigor rally'd, and I rose cheerfully to eat a hearty *Supper*. These Things, I must confess, put me, as well as the rest of the Company, upon thinking.

I tell thee, upon the strictest Examination possible, I am very well satisfied, that there could be no Design or Trick in the Case: For if there were, no body would be guilty of so many repeated horrid Perjuries in denying it: But every one rather would have been forward to own themselves the Instruments of thus happily and unexpectedly rescuing a poor sick Man from the very Jaws of Death: For I was just then ready to expire.

Whether

Whether there be a *Magick* in the Strength of a Man's Fancy at such Times; and that through the intense Agitation of his exalted Spirits, he moves the *Soul* of the *Universe* by *Sympathy*, to exert some of its hidden and uncommon Faculties, and gratify his necessary Desires: Or whether there be an Order of *Officious Beings invisible* about us, who have the Charge of *Mortals* committed to them, and are bound by the Laws of their conceal'd *Kingdoms* to assist us in Extremities, even to the Height of a seeming *Miracle*, where it cannot be done without, I know not. But 'tis certain, any observing Man may take notice of some extraordinary Passages in the Course of his Life, of which he can give no Rational Account, but must be forc'd to put them on the Score of *Praternatural Causes*. Such is our Ignorance of the *Secret Operations of Nature*.

All the Company were ready to list me among the *Prophets*; or in the Catalogue of *Saints*, for this stupendous Occurrence. But I had other Thoughts of my Self. For comparing this with some former Occurrences of my Life, I presently concluded, 'twas the Fore-runner of some grand, but short Affliction: And so I told them all.

I believe, my *Dgnat*, that *God* will hedge me in with divers Kinds of adverse Circumstances: He will rush upon me on a sudden, like a Troop of *Tartar* Horse, who swiftly spread themselves all round the affrighted Country, and take Possession of the Roads and Passes. They hunt the conscious *Infidels* from Dens and Caves, and other lurking Places in the *Woods* and *Mountains*: None can escape their Chastisement and Revenge. So my presaging *Soul* foretels some sad surprizing Inroads from the *Omnipotens*.

That which I have to do in this Case, is to make speedy Expiations for my past Security and Presumption, to repair the ruin'd Fastnesses of Virtue, and build new ones where they are wanting; to keep strong Guards, and lastly, to retire my self into a  
most

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most profound Humility, and Compliance with the Will of *God*; which is the strongest Fortrefs in Time of a *Divine Invasion*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,  
of the Year 1671.

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LETTER XI.

To Sephat Abercromil, Vanni Effendi,  
Preacher to the Sultan.

THE Character and Fame of thy exemplary Life and profound Doctrine, tho' studiously conceal'd and suppress'd by thy self, have yet made a forcible Eruption, and fill'd the *Mussulman* Kingdoms with the fragrant Odour of thy incomparable Piety and Virtue. Even these remote and *Infidel* Regions of the *West*, are edify'd by thy sacred Rules and Institutions of a Spiritual Life. The *Nazarene Priests* and *Doctors* begin to harbour Emulations of thy *Sanctity*, since they have seen no fairer Draught of true acceptable Religion, than what the *Chaplains* to the *French Ambassadors* at the *Port* have copied from thy Principles, and recommend to their Friends among the *Clergy of France*. Inasmuch as *Francis Malevella*, a blind *Ecclesiastick*, but an *Argus* in the *Sciences*, has publicly espoused thy Theorems and Practices; having in Print, now lately undertaken the Patronage of a contemplative Life, so much insisted on by thee, to which the *College of Sorbonne* have also given their Approbation.

That excellent Man, tho' he has lost the Use of his Corporeal Eyes, yet has a Soul transform'd all over  
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into Light, by which he clearly can survey the vast mysterious *Horizon* of the Invisibile World, and penetrate the most recluse and hidden Secrets of Eternity. The Age is ravished with the Book he published: He has Ten Thousand Proselytes among the Roman *Priests* and *Derviches*. None but the *Jesuits* and *Dominicans* oppose him.

The former of these *Orders* is grown odious throughout *Christendom*, for the impious *Doctrines* they maintain, and the enormous Crimes they have committed: Being notorious *Boutefeu's*, Traytors, Hypocrites, and secret Libertines. Their *Colleges* are esteemed the Shops and Forges of Sedition, Faction, publick Animosities, Broils and Wars, with all the Mischief that is done in *Europe*. The latter are not lov'd in *France*, because they are generally chosen Officers of the *Inquisition*: Which inhuman *Judicature* was first projected by St. *Dominick* their *Founder*, in order to exterminate the *Moor's* from *Spain*. There is a natural and irreconcilable Antipathy between the *French* and *Spaniards*. They mutually abhor each others Customs, Laws, and Humours: But above all the *French* can never be reconciled to that *Infernal Court*, which tyrannizes over the Souls of Men, and punishes them for Thoughts. It is an equal Crime to speak, or to be silent; To pray, or not; to go to Church, or stay at Home, provided you are rich. 'Tis Wealth the *Inquisitors* aim at, not the pretended Safety and Deliverance of the *Church* from Enemies and Rebels.

Therefore the *Dominicans* and *Jesuits* being look'd upon as Favourites and Patrons of the *Inquisition*, and for that Reason hated by the *French*; in vain they argued against *Malevella's* new reform'd Model of Interior Religion, which is but a Translation of the Original *Dogmata* laid down by thee. Thy refin'd Sentiments are prolifick, as the Solar Beams, which by incessant Increases, propagated themselves without diminishing the Illustrious Fountain. Each bright and  
fertile

fertile Atom, by a miraculous Emanation, begets another; they multiply by admirable progressive Issue and Expansion from every Point of the refulgent Centre, till every splendid Particle becomes a Ray of equal Length, and all together produce an entire Orb of Light. Thus thy serene *Ideas* of Religion dilate themselves thro' this dark Side of the World, as fast as they illuminate the *Mussulman Hemisphere*. The honest Sort of *Western Franks* are already, by a *Demi Metamorphosis*, grown half *Mahometans*, capitulating with their Prepossessions, Prejudices, and the Force of Education for the rest.

They go to *Church*, but not to babble over a Thousand vain *Tautologies*, which are taught them by their *Priests*, and to ensure their Memory, are printed in their Pocket Manuals, or Books of Prayer: Nor do they number a long Series of the same repeated *Orations* on Beads, or use any other exterior Form of blind and lame Devotion: But with inward Recollection, Silence, Purity, and fervent Application of the Spirit, they address themselves to *God*; or rather by a certain gradual Passiveness, Oblivion of outward Things, and dying to themselves, they prepare and fit their *Souls* for the Divine Approaches: Thus having barricado'd up their Senses, and made Retrenchments round the Centre of the Mind, to secure it from the last Invasion and Assault of Mundane Objects; thither they retire, desiring Death, rather than to take Quarter by a faint Cowardice, or timorous Apostacy, and surrender to the World.

These People undergo at certain Times, strange Drynesses, Desertions, and Sterilities of Spirit, which are the Torments that compose the most severe and painful Martyrdoms. A common Death, or any violent Dissolution of the Body, is but the Recreation, Sport, or Play of Nature; when compar'd with these tremendous, tragical and dark Annihilations of the *Soul*. A Man at such a Season seems to be reduced to an Eternal *Catastrophe*. His Spirit descends, and

is engulph'd in the Abyſs of *Hell*; or *Hell* comes up to him, and yawning with its horrid Dragon's Jaws, murders the *Soul* with baneful and internal Breath. Yet this they find to be the only near directest Way to *Heaven*. This is the mystick Fence, the Ditch, Bastion and Counterscarp of *Paradise*. He that would scale the Wall, or enter by the Gates of *Eden*, must first pass through these terrible Outworks. This is the streight and narrow Bridge over which each Soul must pass, that would attain immortal Life. *Moses*, *Jesus*, *Mahomet*, and all the *Messengers of God*, have pointed at this as the only Way to our supreme Felicity. Neither was it unknown to the Ancient *Poets* and *Philosophers* among the *Gentiles*. *Orpheus* and *Hesiod* recommended it in their mysterious Verse. *Empedocles*, *Theophrastus*, *Plato* *Plotinus*, *Porphyry*, *Jamblicus*, with many others, improved the Sacred Revelation, adding new Lights unto the blest Discovery. And if we take the History in a right Sense, unless I am deceived, *Socrates* died a *Martyr* to this important Truth. Many of the learned *Hebrew Rabbi's* have asserted it. The *Persian* and *Arabian Doctors*, before and since the *Holy Flight*, have been its Advocates: And let not envy refuse to give some of the *Christian Priests* their due Acknowledgment, who preach'd this Doctrine in the primitive Assemblies, taught it in the publick Schools, and ensured it to Posterity in Learned Manuscripts. Such were *Origen* and *Ammonius*, *Clement* of *Alexandria*, *Simplicius*, *Chrysostom*, *Tertullian*, *Augustin*: And in more modern Times, *Thomas of Aquin*, *Marsilius Ficinus*, *Bonadventure*, with many others.

And 'tis esteem'd the Height of *Indian Religion* to this Day; the *Bramins* delivering it as an Hereditary Article of Faith; and Point of Practice, from memorable Ages. Since therefore all Regions in the World agree in this, notwithstanding their other ceremonial and speculative Differences; doubtless it

is the Voice and Will of God, not the Contrivance or Innovation of Man.

Reverend *Effendi*, it is a common Proverb among the *Christians*. That wheresoever God has a Temple, the Devil has a Chapel. That cunning Spirit, like a *Serpent*, winds himself into outward Forms and Ceremonies of Devotion. But he that builds a *Mosque* in the Centre of his Soul, may bid Defiance to *Tagot*: For that's the Throne of God, near which the *Demon* cannot approach.

May thou and I, live always skreen'd behind our selves; for in that dark Recess from visible Things, the *Eternal* lives to manifest his otherwise invisible Light. Adieu.

Paris, the 17th of the 6th Moon  
of the Year 1670.

## LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand  
Seignior.

**A**FTER all my Scepticisms, I at this Hour believe; there is something of us remains immortal and incorruptible, when our grosser Bodies are dissolved. Call it what you will; an Astral Body, a Ghost, a Spirit, or any Thing else: I am sensible some Part of us will *never* die. What signifies the vain Dispute of Words, the dark Resolves of *Plato's Cave*? Let it be *Substance*, or *Accident*, *Matter* or *Form*, or a Result of all; There is still a certain Portion of our Nature, against which the Strokes of Death, and of ten hundred thousand Deaths, can never prevail. We may be chang'd indeed; and Masquerade it up and down, perhaps through



infinite Worlds, in so many different Disguises; But we can never be annihilated, or made nothing. We cannot be excluded from the eternal List of Atoms. The Loss or Absence of the least Particle from the Universe, would either cause the loudest never-ending Thunders and Lightnings, or an everlasting Silence, Sullenness and Darknells. This mighty aggregate and stupendous Heap of *Beings* would fall to Ruin, if there were the least *Vacuum*, or the smallest *Mite* missing. Steal but the most indivisible Atom from the rest, and down comes all the Fabrick; For one supports another by an inseparable Adhesion, reciprocal Congruity, and mathematical Fitness. They are so cunningly hitch'd and knit together, so closely fasten'd and indented each with other, by the original Art, or Chance, which formed the World, that all the Motions of this grand Machine would at an Instant stop, in such a Case: as does a Watch, when the least Tooth is missing from any one of the contiguous Wheels. Every Thing in Nature is full and pregnant. Neither can there be any other Emptiness save what we think we see in Bottles, or other hollow Vessels, which, when they are void of Water, Wine, or other Liquor, it is but to be cram'd brimfull of Air; which Element insinuates and crowds it self into each diminutive Cranny, Chink, and Pore of grosser Substances; So if the airy Atoms have any Hollownells in them, the smallest Vacancy possible is still supplied with its full Measure of the pure *Æther*; and that again with some Matter more refined, if such there be; or else it drinks full Draughts of immaterial Essences. And by such a subordinate Gradation, human *Souls*, though in themselves perhaps, pure incorporeal Spirits, are yet fasten'd and cemented to our Bodies. Thus is one *Being* successively, and eternally, either a Syringe, or Sponge to another. The Elements inebriate one another by Turns: An universal *Epicurism* and Drunkenness reigns.

So the hot Stomach of the Earth, parch'd with inward mineral Fires, greedily guzzles down the very Salt unpalatable Lees of the Sea, rather than be a-dry: with a thousand thousand gaping Throats, it gulps the Beverage which *Neptune's* deep and mighty Cellar runs withal. It pants, and sucks eternally, the thick ropy Settlements of the *Ocean's* Bottom. These are distill'd again in hidden Limbecks, Cylinders, and other chymical Vessels below, that so the gaping Channels on the Superficies, may be constantly supplied with more refin'd Liquor, through the Springs and Fountains: and yet the Globe not having quench'd it's Thirst with this perpetual Draught, continually sips up the Rain, a Liquor more sublime and pure than all the rest. But this is only on certain Holy-days of Fate, when the Celestial Powers, the Planets, Stars, and Constellations, order a *Du-nalma* for the vegetable Race below, to refresh the Herbs, the Corn, and Trees, with Banquets from the Clouds. Then the big-bellied Tuns above are roll'd out of their hidden Store-houses, and broach'd; the Conduits of the upper Region spout and run with plentiful Showers and Cataracts of Nature's feminal Juice, the radical all-chearing Nectar of Heaven. The greedy Soil imbibes the sacred strong *Cascade*; each joyful Turf is frolicksome, and swallows down large Bumpers of the eleemosinary Wine. Whilst the least dry and crumbling Lump of the late fainting *Glebe*, has Drops and *Supernaculum*s enough to revel on; till party-colour'd *Iris*, the *Major-Domo* of these yearly *Festivals*, perceiving the tender Seeds and Roots are well-nigh fuddled with what at second-hand they have exhausted from the over-laden Ground? makes her Appearance in the Clouds, inviting all the Guests to a splendid Collation of warm Beams and Rays, with which the *Sun* is minded to regale them.

A grateful, soft and chearful Noise was heard throughout the Room before. The Earth and Air were in a merry Humour. Well pleas'd with the

Debauch, they would have sat till Morning at it, being loth to leave their Liquor behind 'em, or change it for dry Meat. But at the Sight of *Iris* every one changed Countenance; an universal *Murmur* ran throughout the *Hall*; they were sorry thus to be baulk'd in the midst of their Mirth: 'Till courtly *Zephyrs* come with their soft Compliments, and tell 'em, it is necessary for their Ease and Health: Then are the Tuns and Bottles removed, with all the drunken Tackle. The Table soon is spread, and cover'd with a rich Course of glittering Charges, sent from *Phœbus*.

That sponging *Planet* only lives by Bantering and Wheedles. The illustrious Figure he makes i'th' World, is always borrowed. He never wore a fashionable Dress in's Life, but what he took up by Tally from the first Source of Lights: For which he's bound to pay so vast an Interest, that he would necessarily become a Bankrupt, did he not repair his broken Fortune, by playing Tricks upon the Earth. Thus whilst he mocks this sublunary World with his pretended Treats, he makes it pay for all with costly Exhalations. He plunders the Elements, picks the Pockets of the Earth, and robs the Treasures of the Sea; Nor can he forbear filching something from the Air; and when he has stolen enough, he sinks away i'th' Dark, and flies to the other Side of the Globe; there to commence new Shams and Cheats upon the *Antipodes*. And all the while, the Stars are full as bad as he: For like a brave Highway-man, that Luminary frequents the publick Way of Heaven by Day; he robs in open Sight of all the World, and leaves a generous *Viaticum* where-ever he borrows any thing. But the Stars, those little Bullies of the Sky, are perfect *Night-Pads*, *Shop-lifts* and *Sharpers*; they skulk about i'th' Dark, through all the private *Alleys* of the *Firmament*, and commit a thousand Murders, Rapes, and other Violences. Some of their *Aspects* are as venomous as the fatal *Eyes* of *Basilisks*; they carry divers kind of mortal Poisons

in their Looks, which they disperse at random in this lower World. They strew the Earth with *Hemlocks*, *Aconites*, and other baneful Weeds. They also scatter up and down the more contagious Seeds of Envy, Avarice, and a thousand black infernal Vices, which take root in human Souls, at our Nativities; and growing up with us, in time bring forth the fatal Fruits of Death. The ugly Race of *Dragons*, *Serpents*, *Crocodiles*, and all the *reptile* Generations, with every thing that's hideous, cruel and destructive on the Globe, derive their Natures, Qualities, Forms and Dispositions from some *malignant Stars* or *Constellations*, if *Astrologers* say true. So do the *scaly Monsters* of the *vast Abyss*; and every *Bird of horrible Figure* flying in the *Air*. They're all the Brood, the Emissaries, Spies, and Agents of the Powers above, sent down on chievish Errands, to prey on other Animals, more innocent than themselves.

There is an *eternal Clause* in *Nature*, whilst every thing is either on the Hunt or Flight. Thus *Heaven* purloins from *Earth*, and that from *Heaven* again. When we are first conceiv'd, our wandering *Souls* are caught, as in a well-baited Trap. And when we die, 'tis but the *Soul's* Escape from one Snare to be soon trapp'd into another. Perhaps a *human Body* may be our Prison again; or we may be attracted by some more agreeable *Embryo*. This magnetick Star may draw us up to *Heaven*, or the wide Jaws of all-devouring *Orcus* may swallow us down into the hungry *Paunch* of *Hell*; which God avert.

Learned *Haly*, let not thou and I be too solicitous about these Things: For all our timorous Forecasts are in vain. But considering the secret Magnetisms dispersed throughout the Universe, and that every thing attracts its Like, let us take care to qualify our selves with celestial Habits and Dispositions; and then we cannot fail of being drawn up to *Paradise*.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon  
of the Year 1671.

## LETTER XIII.

*To the Mufti.*

**I**N Obedience to thy Commands, I shall now proceed, in relating the most memorable Transactions of former Ages, during the four Great Monarchies; observing thy Instructions, not to be prolix, or over-curious in tracing down the particular Successions of Kings and Princes; but rather to relate the Actions of famous Men, the wise Sayings of the Ancients, with such other Remarks, as may be at once delightful and instructive.

"Twill be no Breach of this Rule, to begin where I left off in my former Letter, with the Death of *Darius*, and Succession of *Xerxes*, his younger Son; there being something of Nicety in the Plea between him and his elder Brother *Artabazenes* for the Crown; For this laid Claim to it on the Account of his Primogeniture: But in regard he was born before *Darius* was made King, the Succession was determin'd in Favour of *Xerxes*, who had a double Advantage, in being begot by a crown'd King, and born of *Atosh*, the Daughter of *Cyrus*, who first establish'd this Monarchy.

As soon as *Xerxes* was settled in the *Throne*, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppress'd the Insurrections in that Country. Then he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on board of which were above five hundred thousand Men. He had a Land Army also consisting of Two millions and five hundred thousand Soldiers, of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he march'd against the *Gracians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he caused one Part of his Army to dig a Passage through *Mount Athos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail two a-breast; whilst another part of the  
Sol-

Soldiers were employed in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest; which so discomposed those narrow Seas, that between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge were all dispersed, broken, and cast away.

This so incensed *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourged with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caused others to make a new one.

Here one of *Xerxes's* Eunuchs, and a particular Favourite of the King, sent for a *Gracian* of the Isle of *Chios*, who had formerly deprived him of the Evidences of his *Virility*. And the old Man coming with his Sons to wait on this great Courtier, the Eunuch caused him first to castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in Revenge of his own Loss and Disgrace.

From hence *Xerxes* marched with his Army by the Place where once stood the famous Town of *Troy*, went in Pilgrimage to the Tomb of King *Priamus*; where he sacrificed ten Hecatombs of Oxen to the Ghosts of the ancient Heroes, and to the Divinity of the River of *Scamander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quench'd their Thirst.

After this, he came to the *Hellepont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which cover'd the *Hellepont*, and all the neighbouring Shores; and contemplating the Shortness of Man's Life; and that of so innumerable a Multitude, not one should be alive at an hundred Years End, he wept bitterly.

Then having sacrificed to the Sun, for the good Success of his Expedition; he caused all his Army to pass over the *Hellepont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drank their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfy half his Men and Cattle: For his Army increased all the Way, by  
the

the Accessions of Soldiers out of every Nation through which he passed. Yet *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battel to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships, with a considerable Part of their Army; which, with other Distasters, or Sicknes, Famine, &c. so terrified this great Monarch, that he posted back again as fast as he could, by the Way of the *Hellespont*, which he crossed in a poor Fisher-Boat all alone, leaving *Mardonius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at *Platea* the *Gracians* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, killing above two hundred thousand of them upon the Spot, and burning their Camp and Navy.

*Xerxes* hearing these ill Tidings, fled towards his own Country; and by the Way set Fire to the Temples of the Gods of *Babylon*, and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but that magnificent Fane at *Ephesus*, which was renown'd throughout the whole World.

About this time died *Pagapates*, the faithful Eunuch of *Darius*, who had passed seven whole Years mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias*, the *Lacedemonian* General, who held a private Correspondence with *Xerxes*. And having been twice accused of Treason, and as often acquitted, was the third Time discovered by a Boy, whom he kept as his Minion; and by the Sentence of the *Ephori*, was starved to Death.

Thou hast forbidden me to augment the Bulk of these historical Letters, with Glosses, or Remarks of my own, or else it were a proper Occasion to put thy Holiness in mind, how great a Value ought to be set on a faithful Man; and let Nature itself plead my Excuse for entrenching on thy Orders, whilst I vindicate my self from the Calumnies of the Envious; and beg of thee to rest assured, That no Man on Earth can be truer to his Trust, than the *Arabian* Slave *Mahmut*.

But

But to return to *Xerxes*, He was unfaithfully dealt with by the Captain of his Guard; who by the Assistance of *Spamitres* the King's Chamberlain, and seven other Conspirators, killed him in his Bed with his eldest Son *Darius*, and crowned *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the Treason of *Pausanias*. The King received him into his Favour, and made him Governor of a Province, adding the Gift of five great Cities, to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsely accused by the *Athenians*,) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking Shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom, from the barbarous Ingratitude of his own Countrymen; who, for all his eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgment, than to put to death as a Traytor, the bravest and wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost two hundred Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Gracians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon*, the *Gracian* General, who after the Naval Victory, put his Men on Board the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemies Camp in *Pamphylia*; who taking them for Friends, suffered them to enter their Trenches without Jealousy; and so were all slaughter'd, except a few, who escaped by the Swiftneſs of their Horses.

About this time, *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*, of whom I made mention in my former Letters. And *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and sent against the *Gracians*; rather than fight against his Country, or betray the Cause of his new Master, became a voluntary Victim to his



own Integrity and Honour : For, sacrificing a Bull in his March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Foot of the Altar.

The next War the *Persians* were engaged in, was with *Egypt*; where in a Battle near *Memphis*, they lost an hundred thousand Men. But sending fresh Recruits, they dried up the River *Nile*, where the *Athenian* Fleet, confederate with the *Egyptians*, lay at Anchor. Which so amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them: And the *Athenians* set their own Ships on Fire, in number 200, and returned home with Disgrace, when they had been six Years in *Egypt*. And after this, a Peace was concluded between the *Persians*, and those of *Greece*. And in the fifth Year of the 8th Olympiad, which soon followed, there was an universal Peace throughout the World, which continued till the first Year of the 87th Olympiad, at what time began the *Peloponnesian* War.

In the 4th Year of the 88th Olympiad, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was invested with the Crown. But at a Year's End, being overcome with Wine, and falling asleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Secundianus*, with the Help of an *Eunuch*, murder'd him, and took the Government on himself. He also was soon after dispatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole *Olympiads*, without mentioning any Thing, save the Transactions which made most Noise in those Times. But I am unwilling to slip the Reign of any King, though I speak but two Words of it, that so thou mayest have a perfect Idea of their Succession.

During the whole Series of *Darius's* Reign, History mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels, and Reconciliations of several Provinces in *Greece*, some private Treaties between the *Persian* Governors of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedemonians* and the *Persians*,  
the

the End of the *Peloponnesian* War, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious for a Letter.

I will only rehearse a memorable Saying of *Darius*, on his Death-bed, to his eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, that his Father's End drew near, thus address'd *Darius*: 'My Father, since it is the Will of the Gods to take you from Earth, into their own blessed Society, and that you have been pleas'd, with the Consent of the Nobles, to declare me your Successor in the Kingdom; tell me, I beseech you, by what Methods of Policy you have govern'd this Empire these nineteen Years, that so I may follow your Example.' To whom the King reply'd; 'My Son, be assur'd, That if my Reign has been blessed with greater Success and Peace, than those of my Predecessors, 'tis because in all Things I have honour'd the immortal Gods, and done Justice to every Man.

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possess'd of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with Design to make him privately away; but at the Intercession of his Mother, he releas'd him again, and restor'd him to his Government of *Lydia*.

About this Time, *Plato* the Philosopher being very young, gave an early Specimen of a ripe Wit, in comforting *Antimachus* the Poet, who lost the Garland in a Contest with *Niceratus*, at the *Lysanderian* Feast. For when he beheld the Poet extremely vex'd at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lysander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures, and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist; *Plato* bid him be of good Courage: For, said he, his Ignorance no more diminishes thy Knowledge, than a blind Man's mistaking thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.

When *Cyrus* was return'd to his Government he plotted to depose his Brother; and to win *Lysander* to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all

of Gold and Ivory. *Alcibiades*, the famous *Athenian* Captain perceiving this, design'd to give *Artaxerxes* notice of his Brother's Treason : But by the Way he was murthered himself by some Soldiers, hired for that Purpose by *Lyfander*; who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was armed in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on Fire; and as he was escaping thro' the Flames and Smoke, they, lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brother's Designs; and raising an Army of Nine hundred thousand Men, gave him Battle not far from *Babylon*. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was kill'd, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

*Parisatis*, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him to be kill'd with lingring Torments; and inviting Queen *Statira* the Wife of *Artaxerxes* to a Feast, she divided the Bird *Rhindaces* asunder with a Knife poisoned on one Side, and gave the venomed Part to *Statira*, eating the other herself. Upon which, the Queen died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many Heroes are also recorded, during the Reign of this *Artaxerxes*; as of *Agessilaus*, King of the *Spartans*; *Iphicrates*, *Pharnabazus*, *Tissaphernes*, and *Tiribazus*, *Persians*, with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to intrench on thy Patience, I content my self with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Letter with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes* his Life, who died of Grief for the Death of his Son *Arsames*, whom *Ochus* his Brother had caused to be murthered out of Envy and Jealousy, because his Father doated on him.

If I have not answered thy Expectation in this Letter, blame not me, but the Historians, from whom I have collected these Passages; or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform Greater Actions.

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tions. However, in the next thou shalt hear of the Birth and Life of a great Prophet, even *Alexander*, the Conqueror of all *Asia*. In the mean time, I plunge my self in the Ideas of the Dust thou treadest on, and shrinking into an Abstract of Humility, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon  
of the Year 1671.

*The END of the Third Book.*



LET-



# LETTERS

WRIT BY

*A* SPY *at* PARIS.

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VOL. VII.

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BOOK IV.

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## LETTER I.

*To Pesteli Heli, his Brother, Master  
of the Customs, and Superinten-  
dent of the Arsenal at Constanti-  
nople.*

I Know not well, whether it is my Part to be  
sorry or glad, when I hear thy Son is wild and  
prodigal ; that he is amorous, and very much  
addicted to frolick with *Women, Wine, and Mu-  
sic* ; That he frequents the *Baths and Play-houses*,  
on purpose to make some Interest for his Love, that  
he

he may sometimes get a Sight of beautiful Ladies, and have the Pleasure of being admitted into their Company; that he haunts the Society of *Foreign Merchants*, the Houses of *Christian Ambassadors*, and insinuates himself into the Acquaintance and Familiarity of all *Travellers* who make any Figure in the *Imperial City*.

I protest, it seems difficult in my Opinion to determine, Whether thou thy self hast Reason to be grieved at all this, or not rather to rejoice, as at a Presage of his future good Fortune, since it is a manifest Argument of the Greatness of his *Soul*: And let that alone to work out its own Way to Happiness. Never check a *Generous Spirit*: For such are full of the *Divinity*. They are the *Eagles*, the *Lions*, the *Kings* and *Princes* of the Earth. Their Veins flow with *Sacred Blood*: Their Nerves strut with the Milk of *Paradise*. A thousand Excellencies possess their Hearts, and ten thousand Perfections take Root in their Brains. Whatever of precious is scattered up and down in the *Elements*, meets in their accomplished Nature, as in an *Epitome*, or rich *Compendium* of the brightest *Essences*; an Extract of all that is valuable, good, and lovely in the *Universe*.

Be not discourag'd to see thy Son amorous of Women: 'Tis a Sign of a good Nature. And he is look'd upon as a Monster, or degenerate Person, who feels no Warmths or Passions for that lovely Sex. *Women* are sent into the World on purpose to blow up those gentle Flames within our Breasts, which sublimate our grosser Mould, and make us more refin'd. Love is a sacred Frenzy of the Soul, a Divine Madness, elevating a Man up to the Pitch of a *Santone*, and rendring him the Care of the benigner *Demons*. He is every where safe; having the Favour of *Gods* and *Men*, as the *Roman Poet* expresses it:

*Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque.*

And

And had it not been for thy own Experience of this *Noble Passion*, thou hadst not had a Son to complain of.

Perhaps it makes him expensive and costly in his Manner of Living. He would, no doubt, appear gay and polite in the Eyes of his *Mistresses*: He would be generous and magnificent in his Entertainments, liberal to his Friends and Acquaintance, charitable to all Persons in Distress. And canst thou really blame him for putting in Practice so many amiable Virtues? Is not this better than to see him of a sneaking, sordid Temper, addicted to Avarice, and other *Ignoble Vices*? Remember thy own *Genius*, when thou wert young; what a passionate Delight thou tookest in *Travelling*: Yet, this could not be maintained without great Charges. Consider therefore, that it is thy own Blood, running in the Veins of thy *Son*, which prompts him to a noble Way of Living. And do not thou imitate those Fathers, who by their Severity, teach their Children to degenerate, instead of making them better, or more reformed. They frighten them from the Paths of innate Virtue, for the Lucre of their Gold, take a-bundance of Pains to instruct them in the Methods of Covetousness; as if that alone were the *Zenith* of Wisdom and Virtue, whereas it is in Truth the very *Sink* and Seminary of all Vice.

I will relate to thee a Story which I have heard in *Paris*, which has something in it very singular and remarkable, concerning the Affection and Care of a Father toward his *Extravagant and Prodigal Son*. This old Gentleman had a fair Seat, about ten Leagues from this City, which had belonged to his Family for the Space of Five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very considerable; and having only one *Son*, he gave him the Liberty of managing half his Estate, when he came to the Age of One and twenty Years.

This

This young Spark being of a high Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the Compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to *Gaming, Drinking*, and other lewd Courses, which in a short Time consum'd his Means, and reduced him to great Streights.

About the same Time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases; and among the rest of his sage Counsels, he charged him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a *Bankrupt* again, so as to be forced to sell his Estate, that he would at least not part with that House, which had been so long in the Possession of their Family: Especially he conjured him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he lived, which was the same where he then lay a dying; *For this*, said he, *will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no other Place of Refuge in the World.*

After the old Man's Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life; and, to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony; even that very House it self, which he was forced to sell at last for an Under-price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obeyed his Father's last Injunction; and in the Sale of the House, made *Articles* for the perpetual Claim and Use of that *Chamber* to himself.

It was not long before he had consumed the Money which he had received for the House: So that now his last Support was gone. He try'd to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance: And in Charity they supply'd him at first with small Sums: But when he often press'd them, they grew weary of him, and deny'd to part with any more.

The disconsolate Gentleman, overwhelmed with Grief and Melancholy, returns to his *Chamber*, hoping to find some Ease in that private Recess, where  
he



he might at least have the Privilege of venting his Sorrow in Sighs and Tears.

He pass'd away some Time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old Trunk which stood in the Corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in Hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself and pass away the tedious Minutes. *And yet 'tis natural for People in great Calamities and Misfortunes, to flatter themselves with the Imagination of unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to presage any Good.* Be it how it will, he fell to rising the Trunk, but found nothing, save a Parcel of old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linnen, and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Father's Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him: However, he ceased not his Scrutiny, till he had quite empty'd the Trunk; when, to his no small Astonishment, he found these Words on the Bottom: *Ah, Prodigal! hast thou spent All, and sold thy House? Now go and hang thy self. There is a Rope ready provided for thee in the Beam of the Chamber.*

The young Gentleman looking to the Ceiling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fasten'd to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the Will of Fate, that he should fulfil the Words he found on the Bottom of the Trunk, he immediately took a Chair, or Stool, and placing it just under the Rope, got up and raised himself upon it, that so he might the better reach the designed Instrument of his Death.

He stood not long musing: For Life appear'd now insupportable to him. Wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair he kick'd the Stool away: When behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pulled out a Piece of  
 Square.

square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fasten'd. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great Heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contriv'd on Purpose in the Beam, to put this kind *Sarcasm* on his Son, now sufficiently mortified by so many Sorrows,

In a word, this made so deep an Impression on him, that he grew reform'd, buying all his Estate back again with Part of the Money; and employing the rest in Merchandizing, grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

Dear *Pesteli*, thy Son is Generous and Witty: It is thy Part to reclaim him by Methods agreeable to his Nature. For Ruggedness and Austerity will make him but the worse.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon  
of the Year 1671.

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## LETTER II.

To Codorafra<sup>d</sup> Cheick, a Man of the  
Law.

**H**ERE has happened an Accident of late which testifies the Zeal of the *French* for their Religion, as well as it discovers the rash and unwarrantable Fury of a bigotted *Desperado*. This Person was one of that *Sect* they call *Hugonots*, of whom there are great Multitudes in *France*; and they are diametrically opposite to those of the *Roman* Faith in their Principles, and the Manner of worshipping God; yet are tolerated by the State, to prevent the Inconveniences of a *Civil War*, and the Effusion of Human  
Blood.

Blood. The King chusing rather by Clemency to win them to his Party, than by a severe Execution of the Laws in Force against them, to compel their Consciences in Matters relating to God.

Yet many Men are of Opinion, That this *Royal* Condescension will not have its desired Effect, upon a stubborn and ungrateful Sort of People; who, instead of being obliged to Fidelity and Obedience by such indulgent Favours, are apt to interpret them as Arguments of the King's Impotence and Disability to punish those that resist his Authority, and to harden themselves the more in their factious Insolence: As it will appear by what I am going to relate of a certain religious *Furioso*, a *Hagomat* by Profession. This Fellow coming one Day into the great *Temple* in *Paris*, which they call *Nostre Dame*, makes up directly toward the *Priest* who was celebrating the *Mass*; and waiting a convenient Season to execute his Purpose, just as the *Priest* was elevating that which they esteem the *Sacramental Body* of *Jesus* the *Messias*, above his Head, according to Custom, that it might be adored by all the Congregation; this Russian stepped to him, and striking the Wafer out of his Hand, trampled it under Foot, and then assassinated the *Priest* with his Dagger.

The whole Assembly were astonished at such an unexampled Attempt. They stood still like Statues for a while, and suffered the Villain to pass through the Throng, till he came to the very Gate of the *Temple*: When beginning to rouse out of their Stupor, some run after him, and so he was seiz'd, and carried before the next *Cadi* or *Judge* of *Criminal Causes*, who condemn'd him to have his Right Hand first cut off before the Gate of the same *Temple* where he had been guilty of this Assassine and Prophanation, and his Body presently afterwards to be burnt alive. Which was accordingly executed.

But not thinking this a sufficient Expiation of the Dishonour done to God, the Archbishop of *Paris*  
com-

commanded Prayers to be made, which they call the *Oraisons* of Forty Hours. He appointed also a Solemn Procession of all the *Clergy* to the Temple of *Nostre Dame*, to cleanse it from the Defilement which (according to their Belief) it had contracted by this impious Action. The Sovereign Companies of the City likewise attended these Ceremonies in their Robes of Honour, to testify their Devotion.

Thou wilt not conclude me an *Infidel*, or say that I undertake the Patronage of the *Roman Religion*, if I condemn this Fellow as a Martyr to his own Presumption and Arrogance. The *Romans* and *Hugonots* are all alike to me, so long as they are equally Enemies to the Messenger of God. But it is not decent or wise, neither good Manners nor Policy, to affront the established *Religion* of the Country where a Man lives. 'Twas sufficient that this Russian and all his Brethren had the Liberty of serving God after their own Way. It was an unpardonable Immorality to disturb the lawful Priests of the Nation, especially in so barbarous a Manner, in the very Height of their Mysteries, the midst of their daily Sacrifice, at the *Altar* of their God, where they profess to immolate after a transcendant Manner, no less than the *Body* and *Blood* of the *Messias*.

Doubtless, all *Nations* are zealous for their *Religion*, and we *Mussulmans* should not scruple to put to Death a head-strong *Giasar*, who would presume but to pollute our Sacred *Mosques* by his Uncircumcised Presence; much less should we spare him, if he attempted to offer any Violence to a *True Believer*, as he was adoring the *Eternal Unity* after the Way observed by our *Fathers*, and commanded by the *Prophet*. And tho' these *Nazarenes* are Worshipers of Images and Pictures; tho' they adore that which to all outward Appearance is but a Piece of Bread; yet the Precept of *Moses* ought to be regarded, which says, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the Nations whither ye go to dwell.*

*Venerable Successor of Moses and the Prophets,* vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmus*, that whilst he dwells among these *Infidels*, he may neither make Shipwreck of his Faith by embracing their Vanities, nor yet forfeit his Discretion by any rude, unseemly, or violent Carriage against them.

Paris, 23<sup>d</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1671.

## LETTER III.

*To Dgnet Oglou.*

**T**Here are a Sort of Men among the *Nazarene Ecclesiasticks*, whom they call *Casuits*. These are profoundly vers'd in the Learning of the *Schools*, which (if thou remembrest) honest Father *Antonie*, the Old *Sicilian Priest*, our Friend, used to term, *The Science of Husks*. A dry, chaffy Sort of Knowledge, consisting only of empty vapid Notions, windy *Ideas*, Distinctions made in Sand, which may be effaced, alter'd, or form'd at Pleasure. The very Contemplation of these Metaphysical Trifles, is enough to put one in a Fever; so subtle is the Poison they contain: a Spiritual Venom, which darts like Lightning thro' one's Thoughts, and soon ferments the Soul, boiling our Reason up, to scum and froth it self away in Divine Jargon and *Religious Non-sense*.

These Men will split a Hair in Divinity to make a Scruple, or to disannul it. They raise a Dust in the Eyes of those that give heed to them, and play fast and loose with Human Reason, as it serves a Turn. They'll make a Hog of a Cushion, and turn an Elephant into a Coffee-Dish, with their enchanting *Hac-*  
*eties,*

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*ceities, Identities, Quatenus's*, and the rest of their Learned *Lagerdemain*, the perfect *Hocus-Pocus* of the *Sprbonne*; by which they juggle Men out of their Senses, and frame *Chimera's* far more monstrous than those in the Fictions of *Ovid*, or the more early and mysterious Poems of *Musæus*, *Orpheus*, and *Hesiod*. They teach Men to stumble at a Feather in the Way of a Religious Life, yet not to boggle at a Millstone or a Mountain, where Interest calls for Resolution and Speed. They start more Difficulties than themselves can answer in the Cases of the Poor. But where Plenty of Gold appears, every Thing is made easy and plain. Mere Higglers in Religion; Quacks and Empiricks in Matters of Conscience; murdering a Thousand distemper'd Souls, for one they cure: Pretending to be Guides to *Paradise*, they lead Men through uncouth Paths and intricate Windings, till they are lost in Labyrinths of Error, bordering on the Confines of Hell. And then they leave them to themselves; where, if they make one false Step, they go out of their Bounds; trespass on the *Devil's* Frontiers; and so are either in Danger of a Precipice, or at least of being taken Captives by the outlying Scouts of the *Infernal Kingdom*, from whom 'tis difficult to escape.

There were such as these also among the *Jews* and *Gentiles* of old, and so there are at this Day in all Religions, Men who are severe in *Punctilio's*, and neglect the more important *Precepts* of the *Law*. Nor can the *Mussulmans* themselves be free from this Embarrassment of the Faith and Truth brought down from Heaven.

If thou observest the grave and supercilious Looks of our *Imaum's*, *Mollah's*, *Cadi's*, &c. thou'lt take 'em for the justest Men, the holiest Saints on Earth. Mark but their Discourse, 'tis an Abridgment of the *Alcoran*. They're seen each Morning at the first Hour of *Publick Prayer*, walking before the *Mosques*, or sitting in the *Royal Cemeteries*, under some melancholy

Cypress.

Cypres, reading the Book of *Affonak*, or some other spiritual Treatise. With Eyes cast up to *Heaven*, or humbly fixed upon the Ground, and mimic Postures of their Hands, they act Devotion to the Life: Yet, in their Hearts, perhaps, are studying how to circumvent their Neighbours.

Go to these Persons for Instruction in any doubtful Case, they will hamper thee with far-fetch'd Terms and crabbed Problems; with formal Aspects, and tedious Circumlocutions; stroaking their Beards, and sighing from deceitful Breasts, they will industriously amuse thy Soul with dark *Ænigma's*, and trapan thy Sense in Snares of insignificant and unintelligible Words; striving to make thee believe, they are the *Picklocks* of the *Eternal Cabinet*, if not the *Privy-Counsellors* of *Heaven*: Whereas the way of Piety is plain, and circumscribed with certain noted Boundaries. 'Tis hard indeed for a bewilderd Traveller to find the narrowest Gate, and first Avenue of this sacred Path, amongst so many gorgeous glittering Portals ever standing open, and inviting Men into the spacious Fields of Vice. But when he has once entered the obscurer Pass, he has nothing else to do, but go directly on, without turning to the right Hand, or the Left, only regarding the fixed Landmarks of eternal Truth, invariable Reason, and sound Morality. To speak plainly, a Man's Duty is comprehended in a few easy Rules; and he that goes to render 'em difficult, by knotty, thorny Glosses, throws Stumbling-blocks before the Feet of *True Believers*, and interrupts their Pilgrimage to Heaven.

My Friend, if any pious Scruple trouble thee or me, let us henceforth be our own *Casuits*; and not by blind implicate Faith, enslave our *Souls* to Men perhaps more ignorant than our selves. The *Law* is plain and positive, in necessary Matters. What need we seek to entangle our selves more?

If we perform our *Oraisons* at the appointed Hours, what matter is it, whether we observe the six *Traditionary*

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*onary* Postures, or no ? We that are illuminated, I only speak of such. As for the phlegmatick dull Multitude, 'tis fit they should be curb'd with Discipline, and made to observe the nice *Punctilio's* of Obedience. What signifies the old versatile Turn of the Head, from one Side to the other, as if we thought to catch the *Prophet* peeping over our Shoulders ? Or, where is the Sense of the profounder Mystery of poring on our Fingers with extended Palms, as if we were at *School*, and learning our *Alphabet* ; or imitated the clownish Rusticks of *Armenia* ; who as they work i'th' Fields and Vineyards, will make a Dial of their Hand, a *Gnomon* of a Straw, and lose an Hour in stedfast gazing on their dirty Fists, to know what time of Day it is ? Then the mysterious resting of our Hands upon our Knees, with other formal Ceremonies ; What are they all, but an external Discipline, confirm'd by ancient Custom, and observed for Order's sake ? This need not trouble thee or me, whenever we have occasion to retrench such indifferent Niceties.

Nay, to go farther ; if we should neglect the stated Periods of solemn Adoration, compelled thereto by Sickness, Travelling, or any other Necessity ; be not disconsolate, as if thou hadst been guilty of a mortal Sin. Some supererogating Work of Charity, will cancel ten such Faults as that : Or at least, thou may'st look boldly in the Face of God, when at another Season, on thy Knees, thou makest ample Compensation ; or by sacred Abstinence and Fasting, dispersest all the Mists and Clouds of Guilt, that sat so heavy on thy Soul. The Times are all alike to him that is Eternal. There's no Distinction of Day or Night, with that immortal Essence, who made the Sun and Stars, and is Himself the unchangeable Source of Light.

So, if we should address ourselves to Heaven, without the usual Forms of Prayer, or any Words at all ; we have no reason to be sad, as if our Oraisons were ineffectual and unheard. In the Eternal, High Recess, our silent Vows, and softest Whispers of the



Soul, echo as loud as the most bold, and noisy Clamour of the Tongue. There is a Rank of Spirits among the rest above, on purpose made to wait the secret Thoughts of mortal Men to Heaven. We cannot fail of Audience there, whenever we send the least Ejaculation up, with firm Credentials from the Heart.

In a word, believe my *Dgnet*, That the *Supremely Intelligent and Wise* chiefly regards the Intention and Fervor of our Minds, the habitual Bent of our Souls, with the innocent and pious Actions of our Lives. He is not to be moved (unless to Indignation) by the vain Tautologies of our verbal Oraisons, the nauseating *Crambe* of devoutest Words, common to Hypocrites and Persons of Sincerity, to the most incorrigible Sinners and the greatest Saints. The humble Silence of a Heart resign'd to Destiny, is a pacifick Sacrifice, atoning for the greatest Sins, attracting choicest Favours, Smiles and Benedictions from the Eternal. This is the Discipline of sacred Love, the Rule of perfect Life, the secret Chart of the Elect, whereby they steer their Course to *Paradise*.

Which of the Prophets was a formal *Beaushman*, to number out his Oraisons at Finger's-End, and offer up to God a short and vain Retail of Words, in Recompence of infinite Bounties past, and in hopes of more to come?

When *Mahomet* was pursued by cruel Infidels, and forc'd to make the Wilderness his Sanctuary, and hide himself within the Hollow of an aged Oak, he did not seek to amuse the *Eternal* with studied Forms of Speech, and human Eloquence, or tire th' immortal Ears with a religious long Harangue; as if he thought to ensnare the general Mercy of the *Holy One*, in Trains of artificial and elaborate Language, or catch his more particular Indulgence, in a Trap of subtle Rhetorick. The harmless Saint, with Heart and Face compos'd, with self-denying Thoughts and Looks, stood like a Statue in the

the blessed *Asylum*: Whilst gentle Rivulets of compassionate Tears trill'd down his Cheeks, his Soul was pierced with sacred Pity to his Enemies. He sigh'd and wish'd, in short, whatever blameless Piety could suggest for him and them. Angels immediately carried the prophetick Vows to Heaven. His silent passionate Prayer was heard. The cruel Persecutors, blinded with impious Fury, rushed into the Desert; they spread themselves abroad, and rode at large: One Traytor spurred his Horse thro' thickest Webs of low-entangled Thorns and Under-woods, greedy of the Royal and Majestick Prey; whilst others took the open Paths, hoping to overtake the *Prophet* on the Flight. They seem'd to swim, or fly rather than ride, such was the Swiftness of their Course, fierce was the Cry, re-echo'd from the Hollows of the Rocks and Valleys, (*Mecca, for the Head of Mahomet*). Some stumbled at the out-creeeping Roots of Trees, and broke a Leg or an Arm, by a precipitate Fall from off their Beasts; whilst others had their Eyes struck blind by interfering Twigs. One had his Turbant rudely brush'd off, and Scalp severely shaved, by broken Stumps of Boughs, and Rows of knotty Branches, placed and bent down by Fate, on purpose to avenge the Apostle's Cause on such a Miscreant as this. Another could not curb his Horse from jumping down into a deep Quarry, digg'd in the midst of the Wood, where the proud Heretick dash'd his Skull and Brains upon the Marble Pavement at the Bottom. So sensible and vindictive are inanimate Creatures, when a good Man, a Saint, a Friend of God is wronged. The very Stocks and Stones, and all the Elements are touched with sacred Sympathies at such a Time. The Frame of Nature feels strange tender Passions, Fits and Qualms of amorous Regard. And God himself, if I may so express my self, is roused as from a Trance; and snatching up the Weapons of his Power and Wrath, runs like a Champion to defend the Cause of injured Innocence.

But I forget that I am writing a Letter, and therefore ought to be brief. Besides, what I have said is sufficient to convince thee, that I have an Idea of Religion, far different from that which the Casuists, whether *Mussulmans* or *Christians*, would imprint in Mens Minds.

If thou canst not think as I do, I condemn thee not. Use thy native Freedom; but remember, that tho' Mens Reasons and Opinions vary as do their Faces; yet Truth is *homogeneous*, uniform, and ever of the same Complexion, in all Ages and Nations.

Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1672.

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## LETTER IV.

*To the Kaimacham.*

THE King of *France* has lately made a League with the King of *England*. Whereupon the People, by way of Proverb, say, That *Mars* and *Jupiter* are now in *Conjunction*: reflecting thereby, on the different Temper of these two Princes. The one debonair and jovial, excessively addicted to Women and Wine, yet not forgetting or declining martial Affairs, when his Honour or Interest invites him to take up Arms: The other seeming wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Conquest, and enlarging his Dominions; yet sparing some time for the Enjoyment of himself, and Prosecution of his Amours.

However, both of them now have proclaimed open War against the *Hollanders*, by Sea and Land. The King of *Sweden*, who was before an *Ally* of the *Dutch*, has of late declared himself a Neuter.

And

And the Bishop of *Munster*, who is one of the Electors of the *German Empire*, is engaged in the *French Interest*.

Thus are some of the Princes and States in *Europe* divided already; and GOD knows how far the Breach may extend in time.

'Tis not altogether unworthy of Remark, what different Factions there were of late amongst the *Hollanders* themselves, tho' a *Republick*, pretending to greater and faster Union of Interests than what can be found in any Monarchy. Yet this Commonwealth was rent into three several Parties: Whereof one was headed by the Prince of *Orange*; the other of *John de Wit*, and the third was composed of the *Commons*, without any Chief of Note.

I will not trouble thee with a Character of the Prince of *Orange*: He is already known by Fame at the *Sublime Porte*. As to *John de Wit*, I can give no other Account at present, but that he was a Person, whom Fortune had raised to such an Eminence in the *Commonwealth*, as made him the Prince of *Orange's* Rival, and Competitor for the Supremacy. Therefore he sought to exclude him from all Employments and Offices of Trust, that he might establish himself in his Place.

The third Party, whom we may call *Republicans*, were of Opinion, That it was not for the Honour of the *Commonwealth* to acknowledge any Head; judging that the Establishment or Exclusion, the Rise or Fall of the Prince, or *De Wit*, ought to be a thing indifferent to the *States*. In regard the *Commonwealth* appeared in their Sight sufficient to flourish, under the Protection of her own Arms and Riches, without having any need of either the Prince of *Orange's* Assistance, or *De-Wit's*.

However, notwithstanding these Animosities of the *Hollanders* among themselves, as soon as they found themselves engaged in a War with two such potent Monarchs, they all unanimously chose the Prince

of *Orange*, as General of their *Army* : Remembring the famous Actions of his Fathers, the Princes of the House of *Nassau*, by whose Valour and Conduct they had gain'd and conserv'd their Liberties. On the other Side, *De Wit*, having render'd himself odious to the Vulgar, was by them torn in Pieces ; Such a Destiny oft happening to those who aspire to raise themselves by unlawful Methods, and who are ambitious to be the Ringleaders of a Faction.

The *French* call the Prince of *Orange* a General without an Army ; in regard the *Hollanders* being as yet only upon the Defensive, and their Towns wanting strong Garrisons, their Soldiers are all disposed of this way, so that there is little or no Appearance of a Field Army.

This is certain, the King of *France* is the most gallant Prince in *Europe*. He passes from Divertisements to the Toils of the War ; and from the Campaign returns to his Pleasures again. Thus 'tis difficult to distinguish between his Labours and Recreations ; his Pleasures and his Business. They seem to be so near of kin, that he takes equal Pleasure in both.

'Twas but a little before the first Appearances of this War, that he and his Queen were revelling in the Gardens of *Chantilly*, where a *Royal* Entertainment was prepared for them by Night. The Court attended them thither ; and there the *Roman* Luxury was seen in Royal Miniature. As soon as the Gates were open'd, there appeared an artificial Day ; so light was the Place made with Flambeaux and Lamps : Which being well placed among the Trees with other refin'd Illuminations, adorn'd with Chaplets of Flowers, which presented the Eye with a pleasing Medley of Colours, interspersed with Oranges, Citrons, and other agreeable Fruits, transported the Company with exquisite Delights. All together pretty well resembled a Forest in a Chamber : For the Walls not being far from the Place where the King sat, were hung with Arras, with a Multitude  
of

of Lights burning near the Hangings; and there was a Spring of Water in the middle of the Garden, raising it self after a wonderful Manner into the Form of a high Pyramid; and falling again into three Basons of Marble successively, from one to the other, made a pleasant Spectacle to the Courtiers.

Then a most magnificent Collation was served up with vocal and instrumental Musick, so soft and fine, with a sudden Dew cooling the Air, which had a Smell like Sweet-Bryars, as rendered the Place a perfect *Paradise*. After which followed the King's Supper, far surpassing the other Banquet in all manner of Delicacy and Politeness, as well as the stupendous Abundance of Dishes. When Supper was ended, they were entertained with a Show of something admirable and new in Fire-works. But tho' it be so to them, I will not trouble thee with a Description of it; since thou hast seen far finer and more costly at *Constantinople*, or where-ever the great *Sultan* kept his Residence at the Time of a *Dunalma*.

After this, the King went to see the New Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, which he had order'd not long before. And in a little Time, followed this *Declaration of War* against *Holland*.

So Things go in a Circle from *War* to *Peace*; from *Peace* to *War* again. However, thou wilt the better know by what I have said, how to comport thy self, in case of any Difference between the *English*, *French*, and *Hollanders* at the *Sublime Porte*. God inspire thee with *Climacterical* Wisdom, to adjust all Difficulties in their stated Periods.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon  
of the Year 1672.

## LETTER V.



To Cara Hali, *Physician to the Grand Seignior.*

**T**Hou hast borne with a thousand Impertinencies in my Letters ; and I know not whether what I am now going to write, will deserve a better Character. However, I feel a Spirit within me, checking my stupid Mind, in that I was not before sensible of my Error, but must make so late a Recantation. It is impossible for me to reflect on the vain and trifling Subjects I have all along entertained thee with, and not to blush at so grand an Oversight ; since I then seemed not so much as to regard thy Knowledge and Practice in *Medicines*, which has exalted thee to the Honour of being placed in the Front of those who take Care of the *Grand Seignior's* Health. Much less did I present thee with Matters suitable to thy more interior Knowledge, and that hidden Wisdom, which deservedly ranks thee among the most perfect and accomplished Mortals.

In ancient Times, *Theology* and *Physick* were counted *Sciences* of such a near Relation and mutual Dependance, that one could not subsist without the other. By *Physick* they meant the general *Science of Nature*, otherwise term'd *Magick* : Which comprehended under it the Knowledge of the *Heavens*, the *Elements*, and every Being within their vast Circumference : The Motions of *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, their various *Aspects*, *Influences* and *Dominions* in this lower World : The Nature of the *Winds* and *Meteors*, with their Effects ; the Virtues of all *Plants*, and *living Creatures* ; as also of *insensible Things*, the *Metals*, *Minerals*, and other Substances found both on the  
Surface

Surface of the Earth, within its Concave, and in the Sea.

Such as those of old, were *Apollonius Thyaneus*, with the *Magi* of *Persia* and *Chaldaea*; such as *Hierarchas* among the *Brachmans*; *Tespion* the *Gymnosophist*; *Budda* the *Babylonian*; *Numa Pompilius* at *Rome*; *Zamolxides* of *Thrace*; *Abbaris* the *Hyperborean*; *Hermes Trismegistus* of *Aegypt*; *Zoroaster* the Son of *Oromases* King of *Bactria*; *Evantes* an *Arabian* King; *Zacharias*, a *Babylonian*; *Joseph* a *Hebrew*; with many others of different Nations; as *Zenotenus*, *Kirannides*, *Almadal*, *Thetel*, *Alchind*, *Abel*, *Ptolomy*, *Geber*, *Zabel*, *Nazabarub*, *Tebiti Aerith*, *Solomon*, *Astrophon*, *Hipparchus*, *Alcmeon*, &c. And of later Date, *Albertus*, surnamed the Great, *Arnoldus de Villa Nova*, *Cardan*, *Raymond Lullius*, with a few more not worth the naming.

These contemplated the secret Force and Virtue of celestial and sublunary Things; the hidden Sympathy between them and the mysterious Powers of Nature. Then having by a curious and painful Scrutiny trac'd out the true Genealogies of Things, cast their Nativities, and discovered all their Kindred, Allies, Friends and Enemies; knew by applying in due Season *Actives* to proper *Passives*, how to produce Effects appearing stupendous Prodigies to the Vulgar, and no less than Miracles: Whereas, all this is but a pure Result of Nature, help'd by human Art. So Watches, Dials, Clocks, and Mirrors, appear'd at first to the ignorant World, the Effects of Magick: Especially the simple Natives of *America*, shew'd little more Wit than Apes or Cats, which look behind the Glass, to find the active Figure of themselves, that they saw in it.

And now I am got amongst those poor *Barbarians*, I cannot forget a Passage of a poor *Peruvian* Slave, who being sent by his *Spanish* Master with a Basket of choice Fruit, and a Letter to his Friend; the silly *Ignoramus* being faint, by reason of the excessive Heat; his Journey being also tedious, from



the Town of *Lima* to a Village near the Mountains of *Potosi*, eat up the Fruit by the Way, to allay his Hungry Thirst. However, not having for good a Stomach to the Letter, he deliver'd it safe to the Person to whom it was address'd; never once dreaming that an insensible Piece of Paper could tell Tales. But that discovering his Crime, when he came home, his Master order'd him to the *Bastinado*, to make him sensible of it. Then he was sent again on the same Errand with Oranges and a Letter; and meeting with the same Temptation, he knew not what to do. At last, he hid the Letter under a Heap of Sand: wisely concluding, That if it saw him not, it could never betray his Fact. However, to secure it from all Means of Peeping, he spread his Mantle over the Place, and then fell roundly to his Banquet; thinking he should now have no Accuser. In fine, he eat up all the Oranges, and was worse bang'd for his Pains than the Time before.

Generous *Hali*, thou see'st I am fallen into the same Error for which I made Apology at the Beginning of this Letter: But thou can'st easily forgive such Crimes as these. Suffer me only to relapse thus far, That I may mention the Mathematical Magicians; such as *Archytas*, who made a *Wooden Pigeon* to fly; and *Albert the Great*, who taught a *Brazen Head* to speak: Not forgetting him unknown by Name, who gave to the Statues of *Mercury*, *Voluble Tongues*, and *Elegant Languages*; by whose *Mechanick Art*, a *Brazen Serpent* learn'd to hiss: and Birds of the same Metal with other Helps, out-vy'd the Nightingales and Thrushes in their Melody.

I will not omit the execrable Practices of *Necromancers*, or such as invoke the Dead; and with nefarious Ceremonies, Rites and Sacrifices, call to Aid Infernal Spirits; bind them in Crystals, or some other Vehicle; and then adore 'em as the ancient *Romans* did their *Lares* and *Penates*. These are their Oracles which they consult in all Emergencies; and  
by

by their Help, work Wonders in the World, foretel Things future, and reveal the most remote and hidden Secrets, whether past, or present. Nor is this a Fable, or an Old-Wife's Tale ; for unless the experienced Nations of the Earth had found some real Evils from Wizards, Magicians and Witches ; they would not have made so severe Laws against them, as to aim at their Extermination from the Earth.

Neither need we admire, that Women are as much addicted to these cursed Vanities as Men ; since they are naturally more inquisitive into Secrets, and less cautious of being imposed upon : They are prone to Superstition ; and from their Infancy, bred up to observe their Dreams, their Moles, and other Marks upon their Bodies. They covet all the Depth of Palmistry and Physiognomy ; besides a Thousand other little Follies.

If they meet a Man in the Street at first going out, they are encouraged, and take it for a Sign of their good Fortune. But if one of their own Sex encounters them, they curse the undesigning Female, and return home again. They observe Fatal Days and Nights, and certain Critical Hours, wherein they try Experiments to know their future Husbands. They brew enchanting Philters for their Lovers, and intoxicate them with Liquors, wherein young human *Cupids* have been boiled with Herbs, as powerful to effect their Wish, as those that *Circe* or *Medea* knew. In short, there is no Species of *Sortilegy*, or Divination, which vain and young Maidens are not practis'd in : Which has a fair Disposition, or Introduction, to the blackest Kind of Magick.

But blessed are they, O Pious and most Learned *Hali*, who being profoundly skilled, and daily conversant in the Science of Nature, have never tainted themselves by any unlawful Commerce with Spirits Unclean, Infernal, and Enemies to God. They are Divine Magicians, having Celestial Characters, the hidden Name of God imprinted on their

Souls, whereby they are able to attract the Angels, and make the highest Spirits obey him.

*Hali*, God grant that thou mayest be one of this venerable and happy Number. Farewel.

Paris, *5th of the 4th Moon*  
*of the Year 1672.*

## L E T T E R VI.

*To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Grand Seignior.*

**I**T has been a long Time since the Christians have openly published Libels against our *Holy Lawgiver*, and the Book which he received from the Hands of *Gabriel*, one of the chief Princes of Heaven: They affirm for an undoubted Truth, That *Mahomet* himself compos'd that Volume of Light, by the Help of *Nestorius* a Christian Monk, and *Abdalla* a Jew: And that it is but an artificial Medley, a *Hotch-potch*, or, *Gallimaufry* of Pagan, Jewish and Christian Principles; cunningly suited and blended together, in order to gain Profelytes of all Religions.

I protest by the Veneration I owe to the Eternal God of Heaven, That I really believe the *Alcoran* to be of Divine Original. Such is the inimitable Elegance of the Stile, the Brightness and Force of its Reasons and Arguments, the wonderful and charming Contexture of Things *Historical*, *Moral* and *Divine*; that all the Writings in the World beside, seem to be flat and insipid, compar'd with this Sacred and Stupendous *Pandect* of Wisdom. Yet, I must confess,

I know not how to answer the Accusation of the *Nazarenes*, because I have never read any *Mussulman* Treatise, that undertook to refute these Calumnies: Which makes me apt to think, there is none such extant. For I have made diligent Enquiry, discours'd with several learned Doctors of our Law: but can gain no Satisfaction in that Point.

Perhaps, our Fathers in former Ages were ignorant how the Messenger of God had been traduc'd by the Christians; or if they knew it, yet they disdain'd to answer such malicious Lyes. And as for these modern Times, the Zeal of Religion is grown too cold among the true *Believers*. Every one is carried away with Self-Love, whilst no Man will be at the Pains to defend the Truth, or manifest the Errors of our Enemies. Besides it is now impossible to disprove what they say concerning *Nestorius* and *Abdalla*; unless we could produce Authors of unquestionable Authority, who liv'd in *Mahomet's* Time, and so could give a more exact Account of his Life, than those that came after them.

However, if we consult common Reason, we shall find it very improbable, That Three Men of such contrary Principles, as a *Jew*, a *Christian*, and a *Pagan*, should all voluntarily agree and jump in one Design of brewing their several *Religions* together, and drawing such an Extract from them as could suit with neither of their Parties singly, and was like to have all of them together for its Enemies and Persecutors: There was no Ground for them to expect the Conversion of any *Jews*, so long as the *Alcoran* asserts *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, to be the true *Messias*, the Word and Breath of God, Worker of Miracles, Healer of Diseases, Preacher of Heavenly Doctrine, and Exemplary Pattern of a perfect Life; denying that he was Crucify'd, but affirming that he *Ascended into Paradise*. Whereas the *Jews* call him an *Execrable Impostor*, *Magician*, *Seducer* of the Nations; and finally, by way of extreme Derision, they term him the Man that was hang'd on a Tree.

Neither

Neither was the *Alcoran* like to find any better Entertainment among the *Christians*, for this last Reason; in that it denies the Crucifixion of the *Messias*, which is the Basis whereon all the Superstructure of their Religion is built: 'Tis the Angular Stone of *Christianity*. Besides they could never be reconcil'd to Polygamy, Circumcision, abolishing of Images and Pictures; nor to a great many other Things which the *Mussulman-Law* enjoins. Especially they could never brook the Denial of the *Trinity*.

And for the same Reason, this suppos'd, patch'd Form of Religion would have been as little welcome to the *Gentiles*, in that it took from them the Multitude of their Gods, and asserted the Unity of the Divine Essence. So that all Circumstances being weigh'd, it appears that the *Alcoran*, since it has had such Success in the World, could not be forg'd by those Three, nor compos'd by any human Pen; but is of Divine Original. Besides, had there been such a Triumvirate known in the Case, the *Cora's* of *Mecca*, and other Mortal Enemies of *Mahomet* and his Doctrine, would not have spar'd to upbraid him with it: And if they were not known to the *Arabians*, who were conversant with him, how came the *Christians* to be inform'd of this private *Cabal*, who were altogether Strangers to *Mahomet* at that Time?

Consider well these Things, and thou wilt have no Reason to give Credit to the Calumnies and lying Aspersions cast on the *Apostle of God* by *Unbelievers*; but being more and more confirm'd in the Undeified Faith, wilt glorify God, who has guided thee in the right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*, and those with whom he is displeased.

*Orchan*, as thou art endu'd with great Learning, I counsel thee to employ it in defending the Cause of the Prophet, who cou'd neither write nor read.

Paris, 15th of the 6th Moon  
of the Year 1672.

L E T.

LETTER VII.

*To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

**H**ERE has been hot Work this Summer in the *West*. The King of *France* has made such swift and large Conquests on the *Hollanders*, that they have hardly had Time to consider their Losses, and the Number of their Towns fallen into their Enemies Hands.

It always falls out so, when this Monarch goes in Person to the Campaign, as he did this Year. In a very little Time he took *Burich, Orsay, Rimberg, Vezel, Rees, Enmerick*, and many other Places. Yet this Success was allay'd with the Death of the Duke of *Longueville*, who fell a Victim, either to his Dullness or Temerity, in not hearing, or not receiving the Cries of the Enemy, who demanded Quarter as the *French* were passing the *Rhine*. He was shot with a Musket-Bullet: And the Duke of *Enguin*, his Cousin, very narrowly escap'd; for they were both jointly engag'd in the same Action.

The Death of this Prince is much lamented, not only by those of his Family, but by the whole Court and City, as being in the Flower of his Time, having signaliz'd his Valour at the Siege of *Candy*, the Conquest of the *Franche-Compte*, and other warlike Expeditions. And they discourse, as if he had been design'd to stand Candidate for the *Polish* Crown.

I am the more particular in this Relation, because the Enterprize of the *French* King in passing the *Rhine*, is look'd upon as one of the most hardy and bold, that ever was taken in Hand. In all the Histories of these Parts, there is not one Example of so surprizing an Expedition. And the Success answer'd their Expectations: For the *Hollanders* were

extremely daunted and disheartened by the News of these Exploits. In a little Time *Arnheim* and *Nimeguen*, were reduced to the King's Obedience; with the Fort of *Skin*, and Towns of *D' Oesburg*, *Bomel*, *Zutphen*; *Deventer*, the Metropolis of a Province; with *Weifet*, *Tongres*, *Maseick*, *Dortemain*, *Elbourg*, *Woerden*, *Arnheim*, another Capital City, with many more Places, too tedious to be rehears'd.

In a Word, Such are his expeditious Marches, his sage Counsels, his never-failing Success, that the People think it not Flattery to call him a second *Alexander the Great*, *Tamerlane*, *Scanderbeg*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, and all the great heroick Names in the World.

To speak the Truth, the Kings of *France* have all along made an illustrious Figure in the World. And their famous Exploits in War, with their Heroick Actions in Time of Peace, afford sufficient Matter for the highest Panegyricks, without an Occasion of *Hyperbole's*. Which made one of the *Roman Musfi's* in a Letter to the King of *France*, thus express himself: 'By how much the Royal Dignity transcends the State of other Men, so far is the Monarchy of *France* exalted above all the Kingdoms in the World.' Pope *Urban IV.* said, that the King of *France* was as the *Morning Star* in the *Firmament of Princes*; brighter than all other Kings, a perfect *God on Earth*. 'Tis asserted by another Author, That by the King of *France's* Shadow, the whole World is rul'd. And such was the Esteem that Pope *Clement* had for this Monarchy, that he granted a hundred Days Indulgence to every one that pray'd for the King of *France*; to which Pope *Innocent IV.* added Ten Days more.

'Tis a Maxim in the *Salique Law*, That the King of *France* never dies. But this indeed is altogether as true in *Spain*, *Great-Britain*, and other *Hereditary Kingdoms*, till the Succession fails. For then it degenerates to an Elective Monarchy, or otherwise into Aristocracy; or last of all into Democracy, or a Republick.

But

But *France* is yet free from these painted Forms of Slavery. Her Kings are masculine and vigorous; her Queens chaste and fruitful. There never wants an Heir apparent to the Crown. And this secures the Nation from a thousand Calamities, which attend Elective Monarchies, and more popular Forms of Government.

What Injustices, Cruelties, Massacres, and all manner of publick Grievances were complained of in *Rome*, after *Claudius Caesar* had bought the Empire of his Soldiers? What Bickerings between the Senate, the People, and the Armies? Each Party would have an Emperor of their own chusing; one Province was emulous of another: So that sometimes there have been twenty or thirty Emperors together, all claiming the Sovereignty. And when there were but two, such was the obstinate and strong Dispute between them, that they have been forc'd to share the Empire equally, as the only Means to prevent its utter Dissolution. Hence sprung the first Institution of Collegues in the Empire. And this was the Root of those Factions and Divisions, which increasing and growing up with Time, branch'd forth into smaller Schisms; till at length, by the Ambition of some, the Misfortune or Carelessness of others, or at least their want of Power and Courage; that mighty Empire was cantoniz'd, rent in pieces, and dwindled into that narrow Dominion which it now possesses under the Tutelage of the *House of Austria*. And there appear no Hopes of its ever being restor'd again to its pristine Grandeur, unless the *Bourbons*, with their growing Fortune, shall crown the *Eagle* with a Chaplet of *Flower de-Lys*, and change the Seat of the *Western Monarchy*, from improsperous *Vienna* to all-conquering *Paris*.

In a Word, *Henry IV.* began the Design; *Lewis XIII.* carried it on, and this present King has so far improv'd it, by his matchless Fortune and Courage, that in all Probability, this or the next Age will see it brought to Perfection.

Accom-



Accomplish'd Minister, I bow my self with abundance of interior Veneration, to the Dust of thy Feet: I affectionately kiss the Border of thy Robe, and bid thee a devout Adieu.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1672.

## LETTER VIII.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of  
Austria.

THY Letters make me very restless and inquisitive; they awaken new Doubts and Scruples in my Breast, instead of removing or satisfying the old ones. Fresh Queries start in my Mind; and the more thou labourest to fasten me in thy narrow Superstition and bigotted Zeal for the Intallibility of the Pope and the *Roman* Church, the looser I grow. My Soul is like a wild Colt in the Wilderness, that tosses up his Head, snuffs the Air in Indignation, and scorning the Bridle of Servitude, neighs for Joy at his native Liberty, scampering at large thro' the solitary Waste; nor can he be wheedled by human Craft to lose his beloved Freedom, or change it for a tame Captivity.

I have revolv'd in my Mind the Ages that are past, and the Years of untraceable Origin. I have examin'd the Times and Seasons of the World, recorded in History; from *Adam* to *Moses*, from *Moses* to *Jesus*, and from *Jesus* to these present Days wherein we live. After all, I find that the *Memoirs* of former Transactions are cover'd with great Darknes; yet there are not wanting some Glimmerings of Light, to direct a diligent Mind, and impartial Lover of Truth.

*Jesus*

*Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was of the Stock of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. He was educated in the Law of *Moses*, which he observ'd in all Things to a Tittle : And in his Life-time he said, *Think not that I come to destroy the Law, but to perfect it.* His Apostles observ'd the same Rule, and in all Things were strict Observers of the stated Precepts. So were the Primitive Christians, even to the keeping of the *Jewish Sabbath*, besides the first Day of the Week, appointed for the publick Celebration of their own *Mysteries*. They abstain'd from Blood, and from Things strang'd, and from all unclean Meats, and such as were sacrific'd to Idols. They had no *Images* or *Pictures* in their Churches, Chapels, or Oratories. In fine, they observ'd all the necessary Purifications, and ador'd *One God* with Unity of Heart, and lively Faith and good Works. Whereas thou see'st, the present *Roman Church* follows quite contrary *Maxims*. They give the Lye to our Lord's own Declaration ; and positively say, that he came on purpose to abolish the *Law*, and introduce an Universal Liberty ; that we may now as freely banquet on the Blood of slain Beasts, as on the Milk of the Living ; and eat of *Swines Flesh*, and other abominable Food, with as little Detriment to our Souls, as on the Flesh of Lambs, or other clean Creatures allow'd by the Law of *God*. How can this hang together, or be credited by any Rational Man ? 'Tis no wonder there are so many *Libertines* and *Atheists* in the World, when they find *Christianity* to be a meer Heap of palpable Contradictions.

To this thou wilt answer, according to the common Rule of *Divines*, that during the *Primitive Times*, the *Apostles*, and all other *Christians*, observ'd the Law of *Moses*, for fear of giving Scandal to the *Jews*, of whom great Numbers were converted to the *Christian Faith*, when they saw that the Followers of *Jesus* did not deviate from the Institutions of the *Seniors*, the *Statutes* of the *House of Jacob* : But  
that

that afterwards, when the Gospel was preach'd far and wide on the Face of the Earth, and that many of the *Gentile Nations* were brought over to the Church; it was no longer necessary, for the sake of so contemptible a People as the *Jews*, to scandalize all the rest of the World, and impose on them a Yoke which they were not accustomed to bear; and which would tempt them to shake off *Christianity* it self, rather than submit to so intolerable a Burthen: Therefore the Church, to facilitate as much as in her lay, the Conversion of the *Roman Empire*, which then extended it self over the greatest Part of the Earth; accommodated her Injunctions, Precepts, Manners, and Ceremonies of Religion, to the present Humour and Mode of those Times. And whereas the *Gentiles* eat of all Meats indifferent; so they were taught, that this was agreeable to the Will of our Lord *Jesus*, who came to rescue Men from the Slavery and Bondage of *Mosaick Superstitions*.

By the very same Rule they introduc'd the Use of Images and Pictures in their Churches; And the Vestments of the Priests, the Ornaments of the Altar, the Tapers, Lamps, Incense, Flower-Pots, and other Religious Gallies, were fashion'd according to the Patterns they received from the Priests of *Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana*, and the rest of the *Heathen Deities*. Hence the Festivals of the Gods and Goddesses were turn'd to Holy-Days of Saints: And Temples before consecrated to the *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, were afresh dedicated to the *Apostles and Martyrs*. Thus the very *Pantheon* it self in Rome, or Temple of all the Gods, in Process of Time, by an Ecclesiastical Dexterity, was converted to the Church of *All-Saints*. In a word, *Christianity* in all Things seem'd no other than *Gentilism* in Disguise. And it must be thought a *Pious Fraud*, thus to wheedle so many Millions of Sinners into the Bosom of the Church, whether they would or no.

Oh!

Oh! Father *William*, dost thou not blush at these trivial Excuses, for the manifest Violation of the Laws of GOD? Can Man be wiser than the Omnipotent? Or will he presume to correct the Ways of him that is perfect in Knowledge? Is the *True Religion* to be propagated by imitating the *Idolatrous Rites of Infidels*? Or by prostituting the Sacred Injunctions of Heaven to the Caprices of human Policy? Did ever any wise Lawgiver condescend to alter and new-model his Laws, to humour a peevish captious Subject? Would he add or diminish any Thing for the sake of gaining a Faction or Party? And can we think, that GOD ever design'd, or can be pleas'd to have his Divine Laws garbled and mixt with prophane Indulgencies, Dispensations, and Amendments of *Mortals*? As if he had been ignorant what he did, when he divulg'd his Statutes, and wanted the Counsel of his Creatures to help him out at a dead Lift.

Was that Tenderness to be only shew'd to the *Jews* for a Time? And were they for ever afterwards to be scandaliz'd? In vain does the Church daily pray for the Conversion of that People, whilst by her Doctrines and daily Practices, she hardens them more in their Infidelity. The *Æthiopian Church* is a standing Witness against her to this Day, where the *Christians* from all Antiquity, even from the Times of the Apostles, have kept that Part of the *Law of Moses*, which relates to Cleanness and Uncleanness, and prescribes the Choice we are to make of Meats allowed to be eaten, forbidding those that are execrable, and an Abomination. Hence it is, that there are more *Jews* converted to the Christian Belief in that Country, than in any other Part of the World besides.

It was, in my Opinion, to begin at the wrong End, thus to neglect the Salvation of the *Jews*, our elder Brethren, from whom we receiv'd the Oracles of GOD, and run to proselyte the *Gentiles* by such preposterous Methods, as render'd us in a manner as  
much

much their Converts, as them ours: Since we shuffled our Religions together at random, and made a Lottery of divine and human Institutions, exchanging one Species of Superstition and Idolatry for another; bartering *Jupiter* for *Peter*, and *Mars* for *Paul*; *Venus* and her *Cupid*, for the *Virgin Mary* and her Child *Jesus*. A *God* for an *Apostle*; and a *Demy-God* for a *Martyr*: Whilst the Law it self, which is the Foundation and main Prop of *True Religion*, lies neglected and trampled under Foot.

The Christians of the *East* seem more excusable than we: For, tho' they are not so punctual in observing all the Niceties of *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, *Meats*, and *Drinks*, &c. as those of *Ethiopia*: Yet they will not taste of Blood, or any Thing *strangled*. And their Ecclesiasticks abstain from all manner of Flesh, during the whole Course of their Lives. They observe also many Purifications, and wholesome Rules of Life. Whereas we of the *Latin Church* wallow in all manner of Filthiness like Swine; and bless our selves, as if we were the only true Catholicks, the Elect of God; in the high Road to *Heaven*. I am at a loss what to think of these Things; neither can I ever hope to see the *Jews* converted, till these Offences are remov'd.

There is a Rumour spread up and down of the *Wandering Jew*. I suppose thou hast heard of such a Man. He is now at *Astracan*, and preaches every where, that there will be a *Reformation of Christianity*, after the Year 1700. That the *Jews* shall be converted; and all this to be perform'd by the admirable Gifts of an *Englishman*, who shall restore *Truth* to its Primitive Lustre and Integrity. They say, he will cause the *Images* and *Pictures* to be utterly destroy'd, and the *Law* of *Moses* to be kept, so far as relates to *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, &c. That in his Days, the Temple of *Solomon* shall be rebuilt, and the World shall put on a new Face.

Father *William*, I would not have thee despise these Things, since they have been long foretold by  
Joachim

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*Joachim* the Abbot, by *St. Methodius*, by *Nostradamus* the French Prophet, and by many other eminent Persons, whose Writings are extant, and many of their Predictions are already come to pass. The Roman Church manifestly stands in need of a Reformation: And since the Governors of it cannot be prevail'd on to set their Hands to so pious a Work, we know not but God may effect it by the Means of a Stranger, some obscure Person at present, but whose Light may shine hereafter through all Generations.

Father *William*, thou wilt pardon the Liberty I take in discoursing about these Things, and remember, that 'tis a Work of Charity to bear with the Imperinencies of others. However, I thank God I am out of the *Purlieu* of the Spanish Inquisition.

Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1672.

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LETTER IX.

To Codabafrad Cheick, a Man of the  
Law.

I Have a Kinsman by Blood, residing at *Astracan*, in the Parts of *Muscovy*: His Name is *Isonf*, a Man of an ardent Spirit, and active Wit: a great Traveller, and one who makes good that Character, by the solid Remarks he has made on the most important Things in his Way, thro' *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*. For he is not in the Number of those who come home from foreign Countries, only laden with Vanities and Trifles.

From him I receive frequent Dispatches, since his being settled at *Astracan*, in Quality of a Merchant,  
where

where he improves his Estate to great Advantage, enjoys the innocent Pleasures of human Life, without suffering himself to be tainted with the Vices which are unprofitable, troublesome, and bring Scandal to a Man's Reputation. For some Vices, thou know'st, pass into the Predicaments of Virtues, when Interest or Necessity gives an Indulgence.

There is a mutual Intercourse between my Cousin and me : And among other Letters which he sends me, I receiv'd one lately ; wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the *Wandering Jew*, of whom I have made mention formerly in one of my Dispatches to the sublime Port, is now at *Astracan*; that he preaches openly in the Markets, and at the *Bourse* or *Exchange*; not refusing private Conversation with any that desire it.

There is a great Conflux of People from all Nations, and of all Religions to that City. He carries himself with an equal Indifference to every various *Sett*, and they all seem mightily taken with his Doctrines. The chief Thing he aims at in all his Discourses is, that there will be ere long an universal Change of *Religion* over all the Earth, and that every Nation on the Globe shall worship one God, obey the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and embrace One *Faith*. When he insists on this, he seems to be void of all Doubts and Hesitations ; speaks magisterially, like a Prophet, who has receiv'd a sure and certain Revelation of the Thing he foretels. But when any dispute with him, not in Spirit of Captiousness, but to sift the Truth ; he freely condescends to answer all their Objections with solid Reasons, and to convince them by their own Principles, that it must be so.

He says, that about the Year 1700 of the *Christian Hegira*, the invincible *Osmons* shall break down the Fences of *Europe*, and shall overflow all *Christendom* like a mighty Torrent, that has over-topp'd its Banks. In those Days there shall be great Desolation  
in

in Hungary, Poland, Germany, France, and other Regions of the West. Only Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, and other Countries of the North, shall remain untouch'd. But above all other Nations, he says, Italy will be made a perfect Wilderness, her Cities laid in Ashes, her immense Wealth plunder'd and carried away by the greedy Tartars, Arabians, and Turks, who will spare neither Age nor Sex, putting all to the Sword, especially the Ecclesiasticks; none of which shall escape the publick Vengeance, save three Cardinals, sincere and holy Persons, who shall fly into England for Sanctuary by the Way of the Sea.

That Island, he says, shall become the Refuge of all such who can escape the Calamities involving the adjacent Countries. Thither they shall flock with their Wives and Children, and all their Wealth, when they shall hear of the approaching Terrors, the present Devastations of *Italy*, and the universal Conquests of the *Osmans* : The King of the Country shall receive those distress'd Fugitives with open Arms, and shall assign them certain Portions of Land, where they may build Houses and Habitations for themselves and their Families; there being abundance of waste Ground in that Island, which they may manure and improve to their own and the publick Advantage.

After this, says he, shall arise a certain Man in *England* from his obscure Center; a Person fill'd with all manner of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, endued with the *Spirit of Prophecy*, of a graceful Aspect and elegant Speech, of a compos'd Gravity, and calm Address; a Man mild, innocent, temperate, chaste, and merciful above the rest of human Race. People shall let their Eyes fall on the Ground, when they meet him in the Streets, even before they know what he is; overcome by the Lustre of Modesty, Grace, and Virtue which shines in his Countenance. A Person highly beloved of God and Man.

This Man shall meet the three fugitive Cardinals  
in an Hour of Destiny. Then that which lay long  
L smothering.



smothering shall suddenly burst forth into a Flame. The Light of GOD shall be diffus'd thro' his Soul; his Heart shall be like a Lamp, and his Tongue shall utter marvellous Things. When he opens his Mouth in divulging the Mysteries of GOD, his Words shall be like the Sparks of an eternal Fire, kindling Flames of Love in the Breasts of the Hearers. The Cardinals shall rise from their Places, and run to embrace him. A Council of the chief Bishops and Priests of the Land shall be assembled by the King's Order, where the three Cardinals also shall be present; and after mature Deliberation, with unanimous Consent, they shall call for the Holy Oil of Consecration, and shall anoint him: They shall proclaim him the Great Father, and Patriarch of the Faithful; the Director of such as would go to *Paradise*.

He shall shew them a new Pattern of the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; or rather the old and true one, free from the Corruptions and Errors which have been superinduc'd for many Years. Their Hearts shall yield as to an Oracle, and the King of the Country shall approve of their Counsel. So shall all those of the Noble and Vulgar, whose good Fate is written in their Foreheads. As for the rest, they shall remain in their Incredulity.

This holy Person shall reform the Errors of all the Christian Churches, utterly abolishing the Use of Images and Pictures, convince the *Jews* of their Infidelity, and chase away the Darkneis of Superstition from the Earth. He shall argue with Reasons so forcible and cogent, so clear and demonstrative, that none but the wilfully obstinate will resist the Truth which he divulges, or oppose his authentick Mission. Thousands shall be converted by the Dint of his Words, and ten thousands by his exemplary Life. For he shall go up and down preaching and doing good Works throughout *Great-Britain*, till the Number of his Proselytes is compleat. Then he shall send Apostles and Messengers into *Swedeland*, *Denmark*,

*Denmark, Muscovy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, who shall also convert an innumerable Multitude to his *Law*. Foreign Princes shall send their Ambassadors to the King of *Great Britain*, and to him ; for he shall be at the King's Right Hand. They shall enter into *Leagues* and *Covenants*, and all the Christian Princes shall be at *Unity*. Mighty Armies shall be rais'd in the *North*, who shall come down and give new Courage to the oppress'd *Nazarenes* of the *West*. They shall all take up Arms, and chace the *Osman*s back again to their own Country, recovering the Wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an universal Agreement of the Christians, this holy Person shall be proclaim'd the Great Pastor of the *Church*. A prodigious Army shall be gathered together out of all the Christian Nations, to conduct him to the *Holy Land*, and to crown him in *Jerusalem*. They shall vanquish and exterminate the *Osman*s out of *Palestine*, and all the adjacent Regions. Then shall *Jerusalem* be rebuilt gloriously ; and the *Temple of Solomon* with *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*. That City shall be the Seat of the *Christian Musli*'s, this new Patriarch and his Successors, to the Day of Doom. Then shall the Eyes of the *Jews* be opened : They shall acknowledge *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* to be the *True Messias*, whom they have so frequently cursed. In a Word, he says, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*, People of all Nations, shall resort to *Jerusalem*, or send thither their Gifts and Presents. It shall become the Mistress of the whole Earth.

*Sage Cheick*, this is the Substance of what my Cousin *Ihsuf* acquaints me with concerning the *Wandering Jew*, and his new Doctrines. The Censure of which I leave to thee, who hast a discerning Spirit, and art able to distinguish Truth from an Imposture. God only knows what is hid in the Womb of Futurity. Every Age is pregnant, and brings forth strange Events. Yet when 'tis over, all sounds like a Dream. The World it self is no better ; and I

that write this, am but, methinks, the Shadow of a Vision or Trance. I hardly know whether I'm asleep or awake whilst my Pen seems to move. Therefore, it being very late, I lay it aside, and bid thee adieu: Praying that thou and I may have the Happiness, even in this Life, to taste the sweet Slumbers of *Paradise*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon  
of the Year 1672.

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### LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

**I** Think all the sensible Word ate inquisitive into the Life of Cardinal *Richlieu*. He was the Pole-Star of Statesmen, whilst living: And now he is dead, his *Memoirs* and *Maxims* serve as a Chart and Compass, by which the Politicians steer their Course to avoid the Rocks and Shelves which threaten a Kingdom, or Commonwealth, both in the Tempests of War, and the Serene Calms of Peace.

Thou hast formerly receiv'd some Remarks from me, on the Life of this great Minister; yet I am not surpriz'd at the Contents of thy last Dispatch, which require a farther Account of him. No Body can know too much of a Man who was the Miracle of his Time; and not only startled the wisest of Contemporaries, by his prodigious Actions; but has puzzled all that survive him, to trace his Footsteps.

Undoubtedly, *France* owes to his Conduct all her present Grandeur, with the Hopes she has of increasing it. To him she is indebted for her Conquests in *Flanders*, *Sicily*, *Catalonia*, *Piedmont*, and the

the *German Frontiers*. 'Twas he first taught her the compleat Way to humble her insolent Neighbours, and to suppress her rebellious Domesticks. He much abated the troublesome Weight of a Crown, and made it sit lighter on the Head of *Lewis XIII.* Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, his Successor in the *Prime Ministry*, acting by the same Principles, render'd it as soft and easy to the present King, as the *Grand Signior's Turbant*. In a Word, thro' the Efficacy of *Richlieu's* Politicks, *Lewis XIV.* is become the most absolute Monarch in *Christendom*. For he either undermines or over-reaches his Enemies, by specious Treaties of Peace, where he is sure to have the better on it; or he runs them down with the Force of War. To conclude, he has a long Head, and a long Sword, which all will confess that have to do with him. And this is the pure Result of *Richlieu's* Memoirs.

Yet after all, that Minister had his blind Side too, as well as other Mortals. Publick Virtues, and private Vices; State Perfections, and Personal Frailties. He served his Master with a Zeal and Fidelity, with a Wisdom and Courage difficult to be match'd; but he served himself after the common Manner of Men. He indulged his favourite Passions, which were Love, Jealousy, and Revenge.

There is a Letter of mine register'd in the Archives of the *Sacred Porte*, wherein I mentioned a particular Amour of this great Prelate. Besides this, he had several Intrigues with the Dutchess of *Elbeuf*, the Countess of *Saifons*, and other Ladies of prime Quality. Nay, there are not wanting such as confidently report, that he had two Children by one of his own Nieces. And Verses were spread about on that Subject.

As he cherished this soft Inclination to Women, so he was naturally jealous of all Rivals, whether of his Love or Interest. He would never suffer any Man to live, whom he once suspected to be in a Capacity, and to make the smallest Advances to thwart his Designs.

For this Reason, he gave the most considerable military Offices, both by Sea and Land, to Ecclesiasticks, who depended on him ; which occasion'd a certain waggish Poet to pass this Jest on the publick Administration :

*Un Archevêque est Admiral,  
Un Gros Evêque est Corporal,  
Un Prelât President aux Frontieres,  
Un autre à des Troupes guerrieres,  
Un Capuchin pense au Combats,  
Un Cardinal à des Soldats,  
Un autre est Generalissime ;  
France je croy qu'icy bas  
Ton Eglise si Magnanime,  
Milite & ne triomphe pas.*

Reflecting hereby on the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, the Bishop of Chartres, the Bishop of Nantes, the Bishop of Mande, Father Joseph a Friar, Cardinal de Valette, and Cardinal Richlieu ; these being the Chief Commanders of the Land and Sea-Forces.

It will make thee smile, perhaps, to read an Epitaph that was made on that Father Joseph above-named ; who being esteem'd a very infamous Man, and lying interr'd in the same Tomb with another Friar named Father Angel, provok'd some satirical Wit to put this *Sarcasm* on him :

*Passant, nest ce past chose estrange,  
De voir Diable auprès d'un Ange ?*

I believe Father Joseph was the worse below'd for being Cardinal Richlieu's Confessor. It was observ'd that he died suddenly, without confessing himself : which occasion'd another Epitaph to be made on him :

*Sauve*

*Sous ce Tombeau gin un bon Pere,  
Qui eut tant de Discretion  
Que pour être bon Secrétaire  
Il mourut sans Confession.*

Every body suspects the Cardinal had a Hand in his precipitate Death, to prevent his telling of Tales: For he knew all his Secrets; and the Cardinal was known to be with him when he died. It was during the Siege of *Brisac*, a City on the *Rhine*, which was then upon the point of surrendering to the *French*: And the News coming to the Cardinal, just as Father *Joseph* was in his last Agonies, he came to his Bed-side, and laying his Mouth close to the poor Fryar's Ear, cried as loud as he could, *Courage, Courage, mon Pere, Nous avez pris Brisac.* A strange Cordial for a dying Man; and somebody made these Verses on it:

*Ite Cucullati, vobis si Purpura ridet,  
Emergitur Inferni Munere Pontificis.*

There is another Instance of this Cardinal's Revengeful Temper and his Cruelty. One Day the Duke of *Orleans*, who hated him mortally, went to his Palace, under pretence of giving him a Visit, but really with a Design to stab him. However, as soon as he came into the Cardinal's Presence, his Nose fell a bleeding. Which appearing to him as an ominous Prefage of what he was going about, he was struck with some Remorse, and frankly confessing his Design to the Cardinal, begg'd his Pardon. That cunning Minister dissembling his Resentments, knowing the Duke was not a Man of Resolution enough to undertake so bold an Action, unless he had been extremely animated by somebody near him; he presently reflected on Monsieur *Puytaillant*, the Duke's chief Favourite. Immediately he decreed his Ruin, and to effect it with more Ease, he pretended an extraordinary Friend-

ship to him, offering him one of his Nieces in Marriage. Monsieur *Pyulaurent*, who suspected not the Train which was laid for him, embraced the Proposal with much Joy, as hoping thereby to raise and establish his Fortune under the Protection of his potent Uncle. In fine, he married the Cardinal's Niece, but lived not to enjoy her; for on the very Nuptial Day, the Cardinal caused him to be arrested and sent Prisoner to the *Basilie*, where he was poisoned by a Fryar, in a Glass of Wine. As soon as he had swallowed the fatal Potion, the Fryar told him, *It was necessary for him to confess his Sins that very Moment; in regard he had but a few Minutes to live.* Monsieur *Pyulaurent* threw the Glass at the Fryar's Head, giving him two or three swinging Curses, and then fell on his Knees to Confession; which being perform'd, he expir'd.

Sometimes the Cardinal was very singular and ingenious in the Execution of his Revenge, as if he endeavour'd to persuade the World, that he fulfilled the Law of the *Talib*, which requires an Eye for an Eye, and punishes by an exact kind of Proportion. As it happened in the Case of the Dukes of *Montmorency* and Monsieur de *Bassompierre*. These were the Heads of a Faction, which constantly opposed the Cardinal and his Party. He was the grand Eye-sore, the chief Obstacle of their design'd Prevalence at the Court. Wherefore, if they could but once remove him out of the Way, they thought themselves sure of the King's Ear in all Things. To effect this, they consulted together how to dispose of him. The Duke of *Guise* was of Opinion, he should not be kill'd, in regard he was a Prince of the holy Church; but that he should be sent to *Rome*, there to attend the proper Affairs of the Ecclesiastical Function, among the rest of his purpled Brethren. The Duke of *Montmorency* was clearly for taking off his Head. But Monsieur de *Bassompierre* was against both these Methods: For, said he, *If he be sent to Rome, he will be always plotting of*

Mis-

*Mischief against us. And it would be an eternal Blemish to France, if the Purple of the Holy Church should be stained with Blood. Let us send him close Prisoner to the Bastile, where he may spend the Remainder of his Days in writing learned Books.*

The Cardinal, who had his Agents busy about in all Parts, soon was informed of this Consult: And he retaliated every Man's Sentence upon its own Author. For he banished the Duke of Guise, confining him to Rome; he beheaded the Duke of Montmorency; and imprisoned Monsieur de Bassompierre in the Bastile, where he lay till the Cardinal's Death.

I could insert a great many more Remarks concerning Cardinal Richlieu: But I am afraid of offending by Tedioufness. If thou commandest me, another Letter shall present thee with more Varieties.

In the mean Time, with humblest Obeisance and Respect, I desist, and take my Conge; wishing thee a long Life on Earth, full of Honour; and a Fame without Blemish, when thou art translated to Heaven.

Paris, 15 of the 1st Month  
of the Year 1673,

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## LETTER XIV.

*To Mufu Abu'l, Yahyan, Professor  
of Philosophy at Fez.*

**T**HOU hast laid a grand Obligation on me by thy last Dispatch, whose learned Contents have opened my Eyes; or rather drawn back the Veil which covered the Interiors of *Africk*, from the View of Strangers. Now I stand as it were on the



Top of a high Mountain, from whence I take a clear Prospect of those fair Regions, inhabited by *Blacks*. I survey the *Paradises* of the *Torrid Zone*, a most fertile and populous Climate ; though blind Antiquity could not discern a Blade of Grass growing there, nor any of human Race fetching their Breath.

My Mind revels in perfect Voluptuousness, and all the Faculties of my Soul banquet on the Contemplation of that most delectable Precinct of the World. Oh, *Africk* ! Thou may'st be called the *Bazee*, or *Marcat*, where Nature exhibits all her choicest Wonders. Thy Mountains are higher than the Clouds; their Tops are inaccessible. They approach the Borders of *Paradise*. On them fall the Rivers of *Eden* in mighty Cataracts. The Noise of the precipitate Waters is heard afar off, like the Sound of remote Thunders. It deafens the Ears, and astonishes the Minds of Mortals. The ambitious under-growing Rocks are proud of the glorious Cascade; and envy those that shoot up above them which receive the sacred Flood at the first Hand, from the very Wings of *Gabriel*.

Happy are the Valleys which lie beneath, and are yearly impregnated by the Heavenly Deluge. The grateful Fields and Plains in humble Acknowledgment, make the Returns of Corn and Fruits in due Season. The Marshes of *Ægypt* are as the Gardens of *Asia*, and the Banks of the *Nile* as the fenced Seminaries of *Babylon*, fragrant and abounding in all Sorts of vegetable Delicacies.

My Heart is ravish'd with the Speculations of these Things. I am full as the Moon, and cannot utter my Sentiments in order. Visions of *Æthiopia*, *Morocco*, *Fez*, and the Land of *Archers* invade my Eyes, I behold the beautiful Provinces of the *South* in a Trance ; I stand gazing in Ecstasy on the shady Groves of *Benin* and *Arder*, the Haunts of lovely *Demons*, the *Genii* of the upper Element ; who daily descend to these refreshing Solitudes, and converse with their younger Brethren, incarnate mortal *Demons*, the Sons of Men.

I con-

I consider with Admiration the Monsters of *Africk*, the Creatures of the Sun and Slime. With contemplative Horror, I draw near the Dens of Dragons; the Purlieu of Crocodiles, and other amphibious Animals, which lurk among the Reeds of *Nile* and *Niger*, to trapan with feigned Cries the unwary Traveller.

In fine, I am moved with superlative Devotion and Joy, when I pursue thy accurate Description of the principal *Mosque* at *Fex*. Methinks I see the stupendous Fabrick making its lofty Advance towards Heaven. My Eyes revere the holy and magnificent Structure, on the outside adorned with stately Towers and Minarets, and covering fifty hundred Paces in its Circuit. But when my Fancy enters in by any of the one and thirty Gates by Night, I am dazzled with the insupportable Splendor of so many thousand Lamps, as burn within that most illustrious Temple. I admire with proportionate Veneration, the Character thou givest of all the other Magnificences in that ancient and noble City, with whatsoever else thou sayest of the whole Kingdom, and the adjacent Regions.

In answer to thy Request, I will in another Letter send thee a short Pourtraiture and History of *Constantinople*; but now I am interrupted by Company. Besides, my Letter would be too long.

I beseech thee to cherish that Friendship which thou hast hitherto shew'd me: And let me have the Honour of thy frequent Conversation by Letters. For though I live in a populous City, yet my Life seems like that of an Owl or a Pelican of the Desert, extremely solitary and dejected.

*Paris, 19th of the 3d Moon  
of the Year 1673.*

## LETTER XV.

*To the same.*

**S**UCH is the Zeal I have to demonstrate how highly I value thy Friendship, that I would not suffer this *Post* to escape without gratifying thy Expectations. I just now dismiss'd my Company, and having Time enough, will entertain thee with an Abstract of what I know to be most remarkable in the State of *Constantinople*, both at present and in ancient Times.

In the first Place, it will be convenient for thee to know, That this City was formerly called *Byzantium*, from one *Byzas*, Admiral of the *Spartan* Fleet, under *Pausanias* the King of *Sparta*, who laid the first Foundations of it. The Story is this :

In old Time the *Grecians* having a mind to build a new City in some Part of *Thrace*, and being at odds about the Choice of a Spot of Ground suitable to so great and important an Undertaking, they at last agreed to consult the Oracle of *Apollo*. They did so, and were answer'd, *That they should lay the Foundation of the City right over-against the blind Men ;* For so the Inhabitants of *Chalcedon* were called, because when they were, upon the same Design of founding a new City, they could not discern between the Fertility of the Soil on that side the *Propontis* where *Constantinople* now stands, and the Barrenness and Desert State of the Ground where they built, on the other Side.

*Pausanias* therefore busying his Mind about these Things, and pitching right upon the Sense of the Oracle, caus'd the Foundations of the City to be laid exactly over-against *Chalcedon* ; And when it was finished it was called *Byzantium*, as I have said, from *Byzas*, who had the Oversight of the Work.

It

It retain'd this Name many Years and Ages, flourishing in a high Degree among the other Cities of *Greece* and *Thrace*, being esteem'd the Gate of *Europe* and *Asia*, by which the mutual Commerce of both those Quarters of the Earth was interchangeably held up.

But after the Days of the *Messias*, there arose an Emperor of *Rome*, whose Name was *Constantine*. This Prince, as it is recorded in *Roman Histories*, saw a Vision in the Air; when he was at the Head of his Army, marching against *Licinius*, and preparing to give Battel. He and all his Soldiers beheld the Figure of a Cross, with these Words plainly engraven in the Firmament: *In hoc Signo vinces*: *Constantine* took this for a good Omen, and caused a Standard of Silver to be made exactly after the same Form: To which he appointed fifty Standard-Bearers, to carry it by Turns, and to guard it: For it was exceeding rich, being emboss'd all over with Rubies, Diamonds, Pearls, and other precious Jewels of the *Orient*. He built a Pavilion also for the glorious Idol; and being instructed in the *Christian Law* by *Eusebius Pamphilius*, and other learned *Mollah's*, he was at last baptized by *Sylvester* the Pope.

This great Monarch, as the Story goes, being very pious, and having conceiv'd a profound Veneration for Pope *Sylvester*, left him the Dominion of *Rome*, and a great Part of *Italy*, whilst he removed the Imperial Court to the *East*, and took up his Residence at *Byzantium*, which he augmented with innumerable stately Edifices; striving, if possible, to equal it with the Majesty and Grandeur of *Rome*. He collected whatsoever was precious and beautiful in all the *East*, to adorn the City withal: Witness the Palaces of superb Architecture, the admirable Height and Form of divers Obelisks and Pillars, all made of Marble, Porphyry, or Jasper. Not to insist on the prodigious Strength and Firmness of the Walls, the costly Aqueducts, with other serviceable Things: At last, that he might consecrate himself to immortal Renown, he called the City by his own Name, *Constantinople*, or the City of  
Constantin-

*Constantine*: By which Name it is known even to this Day. It was also called *New Rome*, after it once became the Seat of the *Christian Emperors*: In whose Possession it remain'd, till it was taken by *Mahomet II.* invincible *Emperor* of the *Ottomans*, the Year 1453, according to the *Epocha* of the *Nazarenes*; on the third Day of the Week which they call *Pentecost*.

It had been a grand Neglect and Oversight in any Prince so potent and politick as *Mahomet* was, to suffer such an Opportunity to escape as Fortune offered him, of taking the most opulent and glorious City in the World. For there was an irreconcilable Schism broke forth between the Churches of the *East* and *West*. There were two or three Popes at the same Time, quarrelling in *Rome* for the Supremacy; there was a War of fifty Years standing between the *French* and the *English*, which unhing'd all the Courts in *Europe*. The *Christians* had long before, (by dear-bought Experience, the Loss of many hundred thousand Men, and infinite Sums of Money, consum'd in those vain and rash Expeditions which they sanctified with the specious Title of the *Holy War*.) found, that it was not easy to wrest one Town of Strength out of the Hands of the tenacious *Musfulmans*; much less to defend it long, or save their most important Cities from the Fury of a *Turkish* Reprizal. They were sick and surfeited with the visionary Stuff of *Peter the Hermit*: and all Illuminato's like him, grew out of Fashion. Every Prince and State in *Western Christendom*, began to mind their own Interest; no more enthusiastick Tales of that Kind would go down: The great ones had open'd their Eyes.

Besides, he that was then Emperor of *Greece*, *Constantius Paleologus*, was look'd upon by the *Christians* as a Tyrant, the Off-spring of Tyrants and Usurpers. The *Grecians* still retain'd the black Memoirs of those horrid and nefandous Tragedies, acted by *Michael Andronicus*, *John* and *Mannel*, the Predecessors and Ancestors of this *Constantine*. And they had such a particular

ticular Aversion for his Government, that tho' there were infinite Treasures of Gold and Silver in the Hands of the rich Citizens of *Constantinople*, when that City was besieged by *Mahomet II.* yet no Man would part with the least Sum of Money to support the *Publick Cause*: but chose rather, in a kind of a revengeful and desperate Sullenness, to fall into the Hands of the victorious *Osmans*, than to afford their hated Sovereign any Relief.

Thus fell that Queen of Cities, the Glory of all the *East*, under the Power of our puissant Emperors, in whose Possession it remains to this Day; and may it so remain till the Moon shall be in her last Wane, and the Sun shall cease to shine on the World.

In the mean Time, I will entertain thee *en passant*, as the *French* call it, with a short View of the chief Magnificences in *Constantinople*.

That which first draws the Admiration of Travellers, is the glorious Structure of *Sancta Sophia*, a Temple consecrated to the Eternal WISDOM by which the Worlds were made: Built by the Emperor *Justinian* with inimitable Magnificence; tho' afterwards spoiled and plunder'd of its chiefest Ornaments, by the greedy Soldiers of *Mahomet II.* whom I have so often mentioned; and six Parts of it entirely subverted by succeeding Emperors.

Pity it was, if furious and ill-grounded Superstition was the Cause of such deplorable Ruins. What can be said of those who demolished the *Sub-Tana* of the Third Temple, celebrated in the universal History of the World? That of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, 'tis true, was the Pattern; yet 'twas not much beyond *Solomon's* boasted *Temple* at *Jerusalem*, without Iron, Pins or Nails, or other Work of the Hammer, excelled but a little in the Artifice and Symmetry. Indeed, the Lustre of *Sion's* Mosque was more radiant and glorious in Workmanship of Gold, the Walls and Floor being over-laid with that Metal, and the Roof on the Outside was, as it were, studded with Spikes of beaten Gold so thick, that there

was not Room for a Bird to perch between them. And this was done to prevent the Prophanation of the Temple by their Muting on it.

When the Sun shone in its full Strength, the Covering of the Temple, thus adorned, looked like a Firmament glittering with innumerable Stars.

But to return to the *Mosque* of *Santa Sophia*; let us consider it in its primitive State, and we shall find some excellent Curiosities. Among the rest there was a Candlestick or Sconce of beaten Gold, so admirably contriv'd, that it spontaneously fed the Bowls of seven Branches, with a constant Stream of Oil, which by equal Measures flow'd into them from the Hollow of the Shaft. So that if the Flame but of one single one had wanted Aliment, all the rest must have been extinguished at the same Time.

The Walls of this glorious *Mosque*, within and without, present the Eye with nothing but white Marble, Porphyry, and other precious Stones. The Roof is of a prodigious Height, cover'd with Lead without, but proudly ostentous of its inward Ceiling, which is divided into Vaults and Arches richly adorned with Golden Fret-work, and supported by Pillars of Cyprian Jasper, purest white Marble and Porphyry. There is a Marble Stone in the *Mosque* had in great Reverence by the True Faithful, because the Tradition goes, That on it, Mary the Mother of Jesus, wash'd the Infant Prophet's Linen.

There are also under the *Mosque*, innumerable Vaults or Oratories, full of Altars and Sepulchres: But there is no Access to them, in regard the Doors are walled up.

In a Place not far from these, you find ten huge Vessels full of Oil, reserved there ever since the Days of *Constantine the Great*, yet remains uncorrupted, being of Colour white like Milk. It is an inexpiable Crime for any, but the *Grand Signior's* Physicians and Surgeons to use or touch it. And they compound certain Medicaments with it, for the Service of him and his *Serail*.

Now

Now I remember what I have read in a very authentick *Historian*, concerning an Oyl made by certain Holy Persons, who only had the Secret of it: As the Story goes, it was extracted from the Leaves and Chips of Wood which are found floating in the Rivers that descend out of *Paradise*. This Oyl they compounded with our Ingredients, and performed Cures therewith, which were esteemed miraculous. It was sent from one Prince to another, as a Sacred and Invaluable Treasure: Till at last it came into the Hands of the *Eastern Patriarchs*, who presided over the *Christians* of the *Greek*, *Armenian*, and *Egyptian Churches*, who pretend to the only True Mystery and Power of making it at this very Day. And that though the Ancient *Popes* of *Rome*, were formerly presented with a yearly Portion of it, so long as they remained in Communion with the *Patriarchs* of the *East*; yet after *Victor* had once made the fatal *Schism*, which never could be healed since, the Holy Favour was denied to his Successors: Who instead of the Original Genuine Oil, were forc'd to counterfeit it, using a spurious Unguent, to preserve the Authority of their Religious Sacraments. And hence they say, it comes to pass, that few or none are ever healed by the *Extreme Unction* of the *Latin Church*.

God knows, whether this be Truth or no. But I am apt to think, that the Ten Jars of Oil before mentioned, which lie under the *Mosque* of *Aja-Sophian*, are Relicks of the Ancient *Patriarchs* of *Constantinople*; who had the Secret of compounding the mysterious Extract.

From the Place where these Vessels are kept, you descend into the *Dormitories* of Royal *Ottoman* Carcases, the Sons of our renowned Emperors. From thence you pass into Two Caverns, one leading directly to the *Seraglio*, the other extending it self under the Buildings of the City, by a vast long Tract of Ground. I know no Use there is at present of the former Cave: But the latter serves for a *Work-room* to certain poor Silk-Spinsters. This



This Letter would be too tedious, if I should describe all the other *Mosques* and Buildings of Note in *Constantinople*. Wherefore, not to tire thee, I will reserve what remains to be said of that Glorious City for other *Dispatches*.

In the mean Time, with an affectionate *Conge* of my Soul, I bid thee Adieu: Praying God to let thee crop the choicest Flowers of *Human Happiness*.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon  
of the Year 1673.

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## LETTER XVI.

*To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal  
Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

**N**OW I will perform the Promise I made thee long ago; which was to present thee with an *Idea* of the different *Strength* and *Policies* of these *Nazarene Kingdoms* and *States*: wherein, I will begin with *Germany*; which is, as it were, the last Retrenchment of the declining *Roman Empire*.

The *Annals* affirm, that in the<sup>d</sup> Reign of *Charles V.* when the *Mussulmans* invaded *Austria* with innumerable Forces, that Emperor opposed him with an Army of 90000 Foot, and 30000 Horse. *Maximilian II.* went beyond him, and raised 100000 Foot, and 35000 Horse. Neither was Corn dear in so vast an Army. It is certain, that the *German* Emperor can, upon Occasion, send into the Field 200000 expert Soldiers. It is moreover observed, that from the Year 1560 of the *Christian's Hegira*, even to these present Times, there has been no War between *France*, *Spain*, and the *Netherlands*, wherein many Thousands of *Germans* have not serv'd.

*Thine*

Their best *Infantry* is gather'd out of *Bavaria*, *Austria*, and *Westphalia*: And their choicest *Cavalry* come out of *Brunswick*, *Juliers* and *Frankendal*. Both Foot and Horse fight better, or more successfully in an open Plain or Field, than in narrow Covert Places; such as Lanes and Woods, &c. For they are not good at taking Advantages of Ground, or at politick Skirmishes, and cunning Ambuscades. They have not Patience to lie long waiting the Enemy's Motions, neither care they to divide their main Body into Fragments, or Detachments; but they love to wedge themselves all together in Form of a Triangle, and so march with grave and slow Pace, that so they may break through their Enemies, and confound their Order, which they esteem a certain Step to Victory. They fight better also under a Foreign *Commander*, than a *General* of their own *Nation*. They cannot endure the Hardships and Afflictions of a long Siege; but when once they begin to smart for Want of Provisions, they soon capitulate, and surrender. Neither have they more Patience in a Camp, to bear the Injuries of Weather; but they make Haste to set upon the Enemy, and decide the Quarrel in a pitch'd Combat: Wherein, if their first Onset fail, they seem like Men stupify'd, astonish'd, or in a Trance; not knowing whether they had best to renew the Assault, or to fly: And if they once fly, there is no rallying them again. Yet these Armies are not rais'd without a vast Expence, nor maintain'd without a greater, being cumber'd with a Train of Women, Children, and Servants; who consume the Provisions of the Soldiers, so that many times they starve for want of common Ammunition Bread.

Their Horses may be called rather strong, than sprightly and bold; being for the most Part taken from the Plough, or other Rural Drudgeries. In a word, they're like their Riders, phlegmatick and dull; having this also peculiar in their Constitution, that at the Sight of Blood they shrink, and are ready to faint: Whereas the *Spanish* Horse gather fresh Courage from this Spectacle.

The *Germans* also have considerable Forces by Sea ; but they seldom make use of them, unless it be against the *Danes* and *Swedes*. Besides all this, their Auxiliary Armies are not to be forgot, which they receive from *Italian* Princes, from the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Lorain*, and sometimes from the trusty *Suisses*.

But there are two Things chiefly wanting in this *Empire*, amidst all its numerous Forces : One is, Unity and Concord among the Subjects ; another is, a fix'd Resolution and Readiness to enterprize any Thing of Moment. Their *Hans-Towns* are always jealous of the Neighbouring Princes. And these again give them Occasion to suspect their Power, and hate their Interest, which they so often employ against them, by encroaching on their Privileges. Then the *Catholicks* and *Protestants* are always quarrelling : And one Sect of *Protestants* perpetually persecuting another. Hence it falls out, that the Princes go so unwillingly and rarely to the *Diets* : And when they come there, they spin out so much Time in adjusting their private Pretensions, Claims and Privileges ; in performing of State-Ceremonies ; and in deliberating concerning the Publick Good ; whilst every one contradicts his Neighbour, and labours with all his Might to establish his own Opinion, and get it pass'd into a Decree by the Sanction of the *Diet* ; that before they come to any Resolves, an expeditious and potent Enemy might rush into the Heart of the Country, and even take all their Northern Blockheads Prisoners.

The *German Empire* is *Elective* ; and the Power of choosing *Cesar* is in the Hands of Seven Princes. These are first, the *Archbishop* of *Mentz*, *Grand Chancellor* of the *Empire* ; in whose Custody are the *Archives* and *Decrees* of the *German Diets*. The Second is, the *Archbishop* of *Triers*, or *Treves*, *Great Chancellor* of the *Empire* for *France*. The Third is, the *Archbishop* of *Colen*, *Great Chancellor* of the *Empire* for *Italy*. The Fourth is, the *King* of *Bohemia*, Cup-bearer to the *Emperor*. The Fifth is, the *Count Palatine* of  
the :

the Rhine, Master of the Imperial Palace. The Sixth is, the Duke of Saxony, Marshal or Sword-Bearer to the Emperor. The Seventh and last is, the Marquess of Brandenburg, Great Chamberlain, or Treasurer of the Empire.

There are reckon'd 25 Politick Princes or Dukes of the Empire, 6 Marquesses, 5 Lantgraves, 9 Archbishops, and Bishops 47; Abbots who enjoy the Title and Dignity of Princes 12, Abbots of a lower Degree 52. With innumerable others, too tedious to be named. They reckon also 82 Counts of principal Note, besides many of a meaner Figure. They number 49 Barons and Free Lords, 90 Hans-Towns, and 10 Circles of the Empire.

In the German-Diets, this Order is observed: When the Emperor is placed in the Throne, the Archbishop of Triers takes his Place just over against him: He of Mentz sits next to the Emperor, on his Right Hand; the Second Place belongs to the King of Bohemia; and the Third to the Count Palatine of the Rhine. On the Emperor's Left Hand, the Archbishop of Colen takes the first Place; the Duke of Saxony the next; and the Marquess of Brandenburg the Third.

The Hans-Towns which acknowledge no other Lord but the Emperor, are governed by their own Municipal Laws and Privileges. In some of them the Common People bear Rule; in others a Mixture of the Commons and Nobles; and many of them wholly obey the Nobility.

No Man salutes by the Title of Emperor, him whom the Princes have elected to that Dignity, till he be crown'd by the Pope or Musti of Rome. They call him Caesar, or King of the Romans, or King of Germany, but not Emperor, till the Coronation is finish'd. Nor does the Emperor, even after he is crown'd and establish'd in the Throne, exercise an Absolute Power in all Things; Affairs of Importance being generally referr'd to the Publick Diets or Diavans of the Empire; where the Electoral Princes deliberate all Things; On whom the very Power of the Emperor himself depends. These

These *Diets* are very confus'd and tedious, in regard the Princes seldom appear there in their own Persons, but send their *Ambassadors* and *Deputies*, who yet have not full Power to conclude any Thing without particular Orders from their respective Masters. So that a prodigious deal of Time is taken up, in sending *Couriers* to inform the Princes of all emergent Counsels and Transactions, and in waiting for their express Instructions and Answers again.

In a word, considering the Diversity of Interests carried on by the *Electoral Princes*, their mutual Feuds and Dissentions, Domestick Animosities, and Foreign Engagements, both on *Religious* and *Political Accounts*; 'tis a Miracle that this tottering Empire stands so long, and does not fall to Ruin: Especially being environ'd, and almost continually assaulted by Three Potent Enemies; the King of *Sweden*, the King of *France*, and our invincible Monarch: Not to mention the frequent Incurfions of the *Muscovites* and *Tartars*; the Revolts of the *Hungarians*, *Transilvanians*, *Bosnians*, *Croats*, and other Nations, which are counted Members of the *German Empire*. But he abounds in Men and Money, with all other Necessaries to support his Wars: There not being a more rich and populous Region on Earth, than *Germany*.

Sage *Hamel*, when the determin'd Period is come, God will abase the Pride of these *Infidels* by the Hands of the *True Believers*; The Riches of the *West* shall become the Spoil of *Eastern Heroes*; and the *Posterity* of *Shem* shall take Root in the Cities of *Japhet*.

May'st thou live till that Time, to triumph in the Glory of the House of *Ishmael*, when they shall be exalted more than in the Ages that are past.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon  
of the Year 1673.

L E T T E R   X V I I .

*To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Seignior.*

**T**HY Memory is like the Smell of Incense; refreshing as Wine of *Tenedos* in a Goblet of pure Gold. When my Heart is almost dead with Melancholy ; when I can find no Pleasure in Company abroad, and the very Elements of which I am made, frown upon me ; when the Time of Night forces me to come home sighing as to a Prison, and the Hangings of my Bed-Chamber look dull, and seem to be painted with horrid Tragedies : In a Word, when every Thing in Nature appears in an angry threatening Fit, then I think of thee, my Friend, and that Thought relieves me. Thy beloved *Idea* is a perfect *Talisman*, working Wonders in my Soul. It charms or countercharms, as my Occasions do require. No Fears or Grievs, or other melancholy Passions dare abide its Energy : As soon as it appears, each baneful Thought is gone ; the Troops of sad *Chimera*'s vanish like the Morning Mist before the Sun. Thou art as a strong Tower or Fortress, where I can take Sanctuary from my Enemies : An impregnable Citadel, seated on the Top of a high Rock ; from whence I can look down with Scorn on my Persecutors beneath, possessing my self in perfect Security.

I dare not so much as vent my Thoughts to another, tho' a *Mussulman*, for fear of some untoward Consequence : So industrious is the Malice of most Men ; so vigilant and studious for an Opportunity of doing Mischief. And as for these *Infidels*, my Conversation is for the most Part *Histrionick*. I am constrained to act to the Life a very zealous Christian, and a *Catholick* : When, God knows, my Heart keeps not Time with my exterior Actions and Words.

Not

Not but that there are *Scepticks* among the *Christians*, as well as among *True Believers*: But they are generally very private and reserv'd: For open Blasphemy, or what is reputed so here, is certainly punish'd with Death.

I sometimes meet with ingenuous and candid Souls, with whom I can discourse freely, and like a Man that doubts of many Things, which others currently believe. Yet we dare not trust each other too far, nor the very Air in which our Words vanish, after it has help'd to form 'em; lest some sly envious *Demon* should catch the transient Sound, and reverberate the yet articulated Body of Particles which made it, into some inquisitive Ear to ruin us. For there are certain busy gossiping *Echo's* scatter'd up and down the Elements, which are always list'ning to the Words of Mortals: And if the spiteful *Elves* can but take hold of any Syllable to do a Man an Injury, they are big till they have vented it. Yet they make no Shew or Noise, but whisper out their Tales in Secret; sometimes in dead of Night, when Men are fast asleep; at other Times when they are deeply musing on the hidden Things of Nature. For 'tis only to the Wise, the Sage, the Noble and the Great, that they reveal these Passages, because 'tis such alone have Ears to hear them. They haunt the Bed-Chambers of Kings and Princes, to tell them News in Dreams. They are the swiftest Couriers in the World. For they have Wings, and fly from Court to Court, and from one Climate to another in a Moment's Time. They are always buzzing in the Ears of *Statesmen* and great *Politicians*, to whom they shew the dark Intrigues of Foreign and Domestick Enemies. Thus are Conspiracies and Plots of Rebels oft discover'd, though managed never so secretly. They visit now and then the Closets of *Philosophers*, and such as love the Sciences: Men of abstracted Souls; whose Thoughts are volatile and pure, their Fancies lively and vegete. To these they unfold the covert Mysteries of Nature, and shew  
them

them Things to come. They frame the Idea's of remote, unknown Events, which they imprint upon the ductile Minds of Prophets and holy Men: Inspiring them with strange and unaccountable Presages of what shall shortly happen to themselves or others, whether it be good or evil. For these busy-bodies are the Daughters of the World's great Soul; and they inherit an universal Sense and Feeling of whatsoever happens in the Elements. 'Tis true, some Knowledge they acquire by Study and Observation, even as we Mortals do; but at a far swifter Rate. Their airy Bodies do not so oppress their intellectual Faculties, as our gross Hulks of Flesh do ours. We're forced to dig and plough, or to sow and harrow for small Returns of Science. Our Soil is barren, it must be manured and cultivated with Art and Cost, before it yields a tolerable Harvest of what deserves the Name of solid Knowledge. But these defecate Tenants of the Air, have no more to do, but to be merely passive, and they strait learn every Thing: For the eternal *Sapience* wanders through the Universe, to seek out such as will or can imbibe her free Impression. She voluntarily slides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the sublimer *Genii* of the Air, bask in an open Orb of intellectual Light, because they are embodied in the most refined and purest Matter: Whereas we Mortals must be thankful for her Illuminations by Retale. She only shines on us through Chinks and Crannies of our dungeon Flesh: And yet but seldom so in direct Beams. Few Men can boast that Privilege. The greatest Part walk only in the uncertain Twilight of Opinion; or at best, in the faint languid Glimmering of human Reason; which, like the Moon, conveys the Original Light of Science to us by Reflection, and at a second Hand. We are fain to learn from Books, from Conversation, and Experience.

Courteous *Hali*, thou wilt pardon the Confusedness and want of Order in this Letter, when thou shalt con-



Under the Force of Melancholy which first prompted me to write it. For, being very sad, and overcast with Clouds of dark and gloomy Thoughts, which different Passions caused to jostle one against another in my troubled Mind, I knew not how to escape the Tempest better than by writing to thee, my learned Friend, tho' only to express my Circumstances. For when I began, I knew not what to say; but 'twas an Ease to write at Random, any Thing to breathe my Heart, and ventilate my Spleen. But the specifick Remedy of my Grief, consisted in addressing to thee, my dear Physician, whose very Remembrance is a *Catholicon*, Proof against all my Maladies.

Adieu, thou *Æsculapius* of the *Ottomans*, and live for ever.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon  
of the Year 1673.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Professor of  
Philosophy at Fez.

**T**Hou shalt see, that I am a Man of my Word, and will keep my Promise: For this Dispatch contains a farther Description of *Constantinople*, which I engag'd to present thee with in my last.

This famous City is sixteen Miles in Circuit, and contains Nine hundred thousand Inhabitants. 'Tis divided into three Parts, by the Intercourse of certain Arms of the Sea; and almost forms the Figure of a Triangle. The Walls are of an incredible Height, and encompass seven Hills within their Extent. One is near the *Grand Signior's Serail*: Another is in the opposite Corner of the City; which leads to *Adrianople*. Between two others, there lies a Plain, which is called the great Valley. In this

is to be seen an Aqueduct of admirable Contrivance and Structure, the Work of *Constantine the Great*, who by this convey'd Water to the City from seven Miles Distance. *Solyman II.* augmented it, by opening a Current of Waters two Miles beyond the Source of *Constantinople*, which run through seven hundred and forty Pipes into the City; besides those which serve the *Mosques*, the *Baths*, and Houses of Purification.

At the Extremity of the Town is seen the antique Building of a Fortress, which is called the *Castle of the seven Towers*; a Work of inimitable Architecture. There is a Garrison in it of two hundred and fifty Soldiers; not one of which dares to set his Foot out of the Castle-Gates, without the Leave of the *Vizier Azem*, unless it be on two certain Days in the Year; that is, the first of *Beiram*, and *Ramezan*.

In this Place formerly the *Ottoman* Emperors us'd to lay their Treasures of Gold and Silver, their Arms and Ammunition, their Books, and whatsoever they esteem'd precious. But *Amurat* the Son of *Selymus II.* translated all these Things into the *Serail*; where they have been kept ever since: And this Castle is turn'd into a Prison for Kings and Princes taken Captives by the *True Faithful*; as also for rebellious *Bassa's*, and other Persons of Quality. Here *Coresqui*, *Vayvod* of *Moldavia*, was shut up in the Year 1617 of the *Christian Era*. And in the Year 1622 of the same Date, the rebellious *Fanizaries* imprison'd their Sovereign Lord, *Sultan Osman*, whom afterwards they strangled in the same Place.

There are above two thousand *Mosques*, Oratories and Sepulchres, within the Walls of *Constantinople*. I have already describ'd that of *Aia-Sophian*, in my last. It remains now, that I speak of four others, built by some of our former Emperors. The first and chiefest, was built by *Sultan Mahomet II.* to express his Gratitude to God for the taking of *Constantinople*. It is a magnificent Structure, raised according to the Pattern of *Santa Sophia*. He

caus'd a hundred stately Chambers to be built round about it, both for the Service of the *Imaum's* and *Mollah's* who belong to the *Mosque*; and for the Entertainment of Strangers, let them be of what Nation or Religion soever. He rais'd also fifty other Chambers without these, for the Use of the Poor: And endowed the *Mosque* with sixty thousand Ducats of yearly Revenue.

The second *Mosque* was built by *Bajazet II.* the Son of this *Mahomet*. The third was built by *Selimus I.* The fourth, by *Solyman the Magnificent*. The three last of these Princes lie buried each in his own *Mosque*, under Monuments of a superb Figure: Innumerable Lamps burning over them, and round about them, Night and Day, whilst certain *Mollah's* pray by Turns, without ceasing, for the Health of the departed Royal Souls.

But the last of these *Mosques*, which was built, as I have said, by Sultan *Solyman*, far exceeds all the rest, and comes not short of *Sancta Sophia*, in the Richness of Marble, Porphyry, and other excellent Materials.

The *Greeks* have forty Churches and Chapels in *Constantinople*, wherein they perform the *Nazarene* Worship. The *Armenians* have four. Those of the *Latin* Communion have a College annexed to it for a certain Number of *Jesuits*. This is seated in *Pera*, which is a kind of Suburb to *Constantinople*.

The *Jews* have great Liberty in the Imperial City. Their Habitations are contiguous, taking up nine Principal Streets; and they have eight and thirty Synagogues.

The Walls of the City remain very entire, and are double towards the Land. There are nineteen Gates in them; one of which is call'd the *Holy Gate*, in respect of a vast Multitude of *Christian* Saints who lie buried in a Chapel hard by it. It was thro' this Gate that *Mahomet II.* made his triumphant Entry into *Constantinople*, on purpose, as it were, to prophane the reputed Sanctity of the Place,

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Place, and insult o'er their false Gods; whilst he came to establish the Law and Worship of the only True God, Creator of Heaven and Earth.

There are abundance of antique Monuments in the City, as Pyramids and Obelisks of admirable Figure and Contrivance. In one place, there are three Serpents of Marble, stretching themselves to the Height of two Men, and mutually twisting about each other. The Report goes, That these were erected by a Magician at the Time when the Citizens were much infested with living Serpents, and that by this Enchantment they were freed.

One of these has a Wound in the Neck, which was given it by *Mahomet II.* when he rode into the vanquish'd City. For, he beholding the horrid *Idol*, and guessing right, that it was the Work of some Magician, was moved with holy Zeal and Indignation. Wherefore, couching his Spear, and giving Spurs to his Horse, he ran full tilt against it, and wounded one of the Serpents in the Neck, which is seen to this Day.

In the same Pavement there stands a very elegant Column of rustick Workmanship, as they call it: The Marbles of which it consists, being fastned together without the Intervention of Mortar, Bitumen, or any other Cement. It has within, a winding Stair-Case by which one may go up to the Top.

In this Place, which is called the *Hippodrome*, the *Ottoman Grandees* exercise themselves on Horseback, and sometimes the *Grand Signior* himself: Especially on great Festivals.

Round about it, there are above two thousand little Shops of Taylors or Botchers, for the Use of those who would have their Garments mended, scowr'd and polish'd at a small Price. And yet out of this so contemptible a Trade, the *Grand Signior* receives a yearly Custom of eleven thousand *Zequins*. By this thou may'st take an Estimate of his other Revenues, which flow into his Coffers from all Parts of so vast an *Empire*.

There are above forty thousand Ware-houses, and Shops of Merchants, Brokers, Pedlars, Hucksters, and such

such like Callings : Each Trade having their proper *Bazar*, or Market, according to the Quality of the Goods they sell. But there is one more eminent than all the rest, which is called *Bastian* ; where are Goldsmiths, Jewellers, and such as deal in any manner of fine costly Things. This Place is environ'd with very strong Walls, six Foot thick, and is shut up every Night by four double Gates, and at other Times as Occasion requires : So that it looks like a little well-fortified Town.

In this wealthy Market, there is a Gallery or *Piazza* neatly arch'd and supported by twenty-four Pillars. Under this, there are abundance of little Shops, six Foot long, and four in Breadth. Here all those precious Commodities are expos'd to Sale on Tables or Counters, and with their Lustre dazzle the Eyes of such as pass by.

Thou may'st also conjecture at the vast Gains of these Merchants, by the Rates which they pay to the *Grand Seigneur*, only for their License to sell in this Place. I have known one Man, that was my particular Acquaintance, give yearly two thousand Franks for this Liberty ; and he told me, That no Man could enjoy the Freedom of the Place under that Price, unless he had great Favour shewn him, which is very rare ; and even then it would not be much abated.

As one passes from this Market one Way, there arises a stately Column of Porphyry begirt in many Places with Iron Hoops : And little distant you see another more lofty than this : It is called the Historical Column, being engraven all over with the Figures of Men. In this also, there is a Stair-case to the top, but much broken, and in danger of falling, if it were not strengthened and held together with vast Hoops of Iron.

The next Thing worthy to be seen, is the old Palace of *Constantine the Great* : Worthy I say to be seen only for its Antiquity ; for it is no very elegant Building ; yet it has this Commendation, That it stands  
in

the purest and most wholesome Air of the whole City.

There is another Market also wall'd in, besides that of the Goldsmiths, &c. which has a *Piazza* supported by sixteen Pillars. In this are sold all Manner of Silks. And a little way off from this, is the *Bazar* where they sell Slaves. So great are the Gains of this Traffick, that those who use it, pay to the *Grand Signior* by way of Custom, the Yearly Sum of sixteen Thousand *Zequins*.

The Vintners, Victuallers, and Sutlers, who sell Wine to the *Christians* and *Jews*, and privately to the *Mussulmans*, pay yearly Fifty Eight Thousand, Seven Hundred and Eighty Eight *Zequins*. The very Fishermen of *Constantinople*, who live along the *Strand*, pay the Yearly Sum of Twenty Nine Thousand Three Hundred Ninety four *Zequins*. The Corn-Market, where all Sorts of Grain, Pulse, Meal, and Flower, are sold, pays yearly into the Treasury 14 Purfes of Money, each Purfe being worth a Thousand, Six Hundred, Thirty and Three *Zequins*. The *Egyptian Merchants* who bring their Goods from *Alcaire*, to sell them at *Constantinople*, pay 24 Purfes. The Freight of all Foreign Merchant Ships, make up 180 Purfes of Gold. I have mentioned the Value of each Purfe before. The great *Shambles* without the City, pays 32 Purfes. There serve in this Place 200 Butchers, over whom there is a *Præfect* or *Master*, without whose Consent no Man can kill any Beast, unless it be in the Case of *Corban*. Nay, so great is the Authority of this *Præfect*, that the *Jews* themselves are forc'd to ask his Leave to kill their Beasts after their own Fashion. The Reason why the *Shambles* are without the City, is for Purity sake, lest the City be polluted with Blood.

It is impossible to cast up the prodigious *Revenue* which arises to the *Grand Signior* from the Sale of *Hungarian* Sheep and Oxen, in the 10th and 11th *Moons*. But thou may'st comprehend that it is very great, when sometimes in one Day's time, there are sold 25000 Oxen, and 40000 Sheep.

Neither

Neither is it more easy to reckon up his Incomes from the Sale of Houses, Skiffs, Galleys, Saicks, and bigger Vessels. Besides, it would be too tedious for one Letter. What shall I say of the *Tribute* which the *Jews* and *Christians* pay, amounting Yearly to a prodigious Sum of Money? Time, Paper, Ink, and Human Patience itself would fail in rehearsing so many Particulars.

But thou mayest frame a Regular Judgment of the immense Riches which the *Grand Signior* is possessed of; when thou shalt know, that there is a *Mint* in the *Imperial City*, where Four Hundred Men perpetually labour in coining new Money, having a *President* or *Overseer*, who supervises the Work, who must be a *Gracian*, by a special Privilege granted to that *Nation* by our *Munificent Emperors*; because the Mines of Silver and Gold, are within the Limits of the *Gracian Empire*. So that none but *Greeks* are admitted to assist at this curious Artifice.

The *President* is obliged every *New-Moon* to send into the *Serail* Ten thousand *Zequins* of Gold, and Twenty Thousand in Silver. For such is the Pleasure of the *Great Sultan*, that the *Royal Palace* should always abound with fair new Money.

Sage *Murza*, assure thy self, that *Constantinople* is the *Grand Treasury*, *Exchequer*, or *Bank* of the whole Earth; where all the Riches of the *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*, and of the *Seven Climates*, are refunded and laid up as in their proper Centre. But I have more to say in another Letter concerning this glorious City. Only *Time* just now gave me a Prick with the End of his Scythe, to put me in Mind of an urgent Affair, not to be neglected this Moment. Wherefore, in Haste, Adieu.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon  
of the Year 1673.



T H E E N D.





